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Old-Time Railroading

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OCTOBER, 1935

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Vol. XVIII No. 3

Formerly RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—*Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

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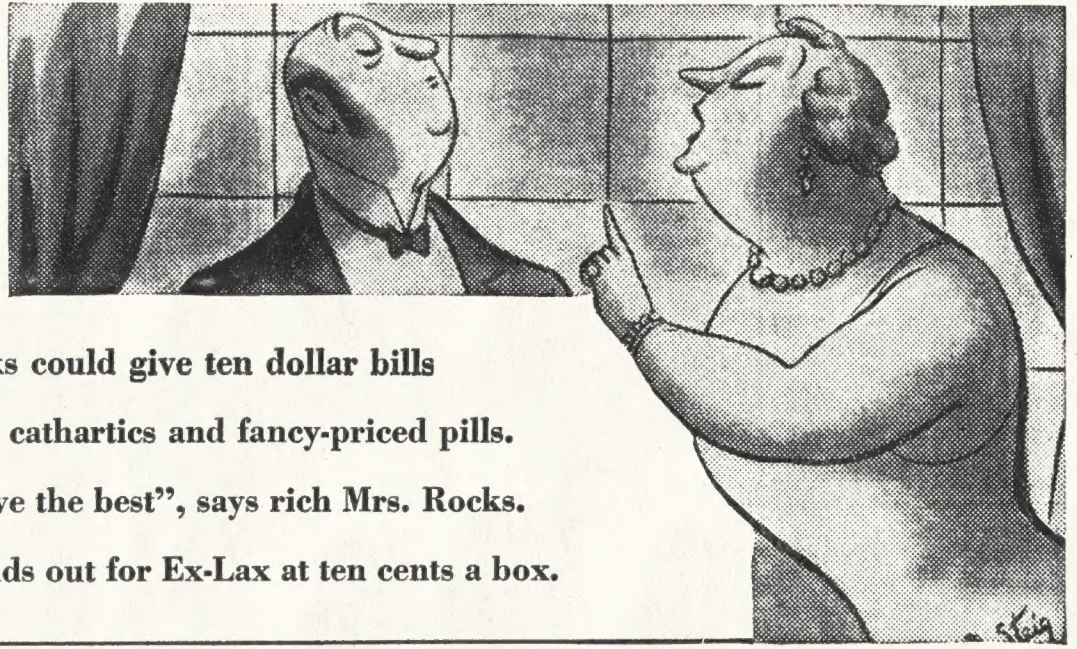

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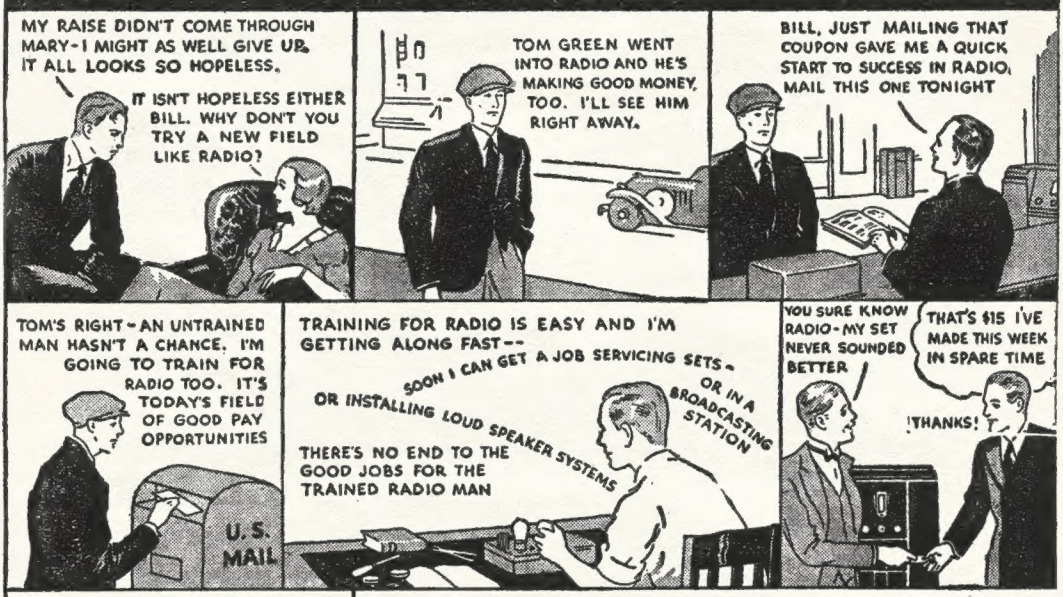
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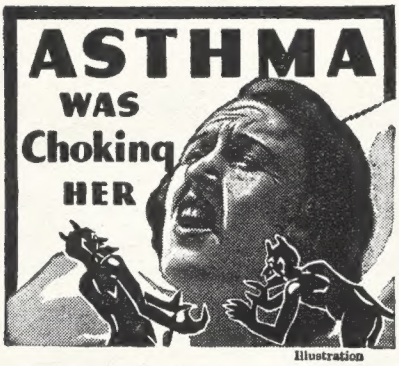

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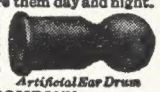
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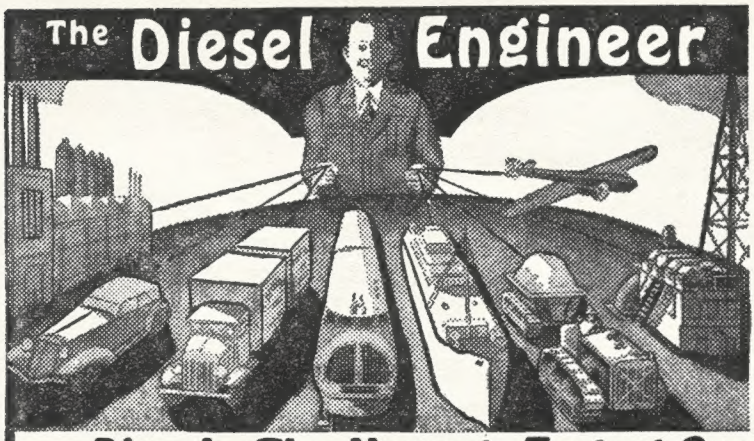

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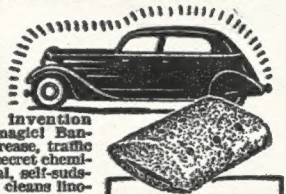

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R. H. ("Turkey") Moore, Snapped about Seven Years Ago in the Plaza at Lima, Peru

The Boomer Trail

The True Tale of My Thirty-five Years as a Railroad Man on Two Continents

By "TURKEY" MOORE

IN these troubled days of depression, unemployment, relief rolls, bread lines, suffering and a generally doubtful outlook, it will sound strange to the younger generation to be told there was a time when work was more plentiful than the men to do it, and that the job looked for the man and not the man for the job.

Yes, sir, a man did not have to cater to the boss, nor kiss his wife, his man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox nor anything else in order to hold his job; and it was more common for a boss to plead with an employee who had quit than it was for an employee to plead with the boss.

Such conditions produced the very vivid and all-too-human member of society known as the boomer. He represented many trades—machinist, boiler maker, telegraph operator, sheet metal worker, painter, and printer; but as trainman or engineman he flourished in his greatest glory. He drifted all over the Western World, working when, if, and as it suited him. Though he was willing to labor hard and knew his trade thoroughly, he took "noth-

"Turkey" Moore Began Railroading in Atlanta, Ga., in 1898, and Held His Last Job as Railroad Man in La Union, El Salvador, a Few Years Ago. In Those Turbulent Years He Worked In and Out of Almost Every City Shown on This Map, Besides Covering Western United States, Alaska and South America (See Map on Page 36). He Wrestled with a Throttle on Rascon Mountain, between Cardenas and Tamasopo; He Flirted with Death on the Terrible Grades out of Acambaro; He Was Thrown into Jail in Guadalajara; and He Rode His Engine Through a Caboose and Eight Cars near Celaya. All These Are a Small Part of His Life Story as Printed Here, Which in Turn Is Condensed from a Book He Hopes to Have Published Soon

ing from nobody." He simply didn't have to.

When I was discharged from the Army at the close of the Spanish-American War I chose the railroad as my life work. I wanted excitement, thrills, and the grand feeling that surges through a man when he's headed for new places.

By contrast, my war record had been neither brilliant nor thrilling. My company had encamped at Tampa, Florida. There I put in the next several months digging up palmetto roots and eating embalmed beef, for which I drew the munificent sum of $15.60 every thirty days. I remember having seen only one Spaniard while serving my country. He was not a soldier, but a cigar maker whom I met in a bar room. We drank together, and contrary to the usual Spanish custom, he invited me to his home to meet the family!

Considering myself a man, since I had just passed my eighteenth birthday, I began railroading as a passenger brakeman on the Atlanta & West Point out of Atlanta, Ga. The lack of actual experience was no serious obstacle in those days, for business was good. One night I threw a switch before the wheels had passed over it. The hard-hearted railroad company decided that it could get along without me after that.

Thus my boomer career started. Had the company been more lenient, I might have spent my entire life with it as

many men do, gaining promotion and a position of responsibility and becomig a reliable member of society instead of a drifter with no fixed purpose in life. But once the wanderlust gets into a man's blood, seldom does he steady himself and quit his wanderings until the time that he has outlived his usefulness.

Heading west, I drifted into Meridian, Miss., and went to work on the old Queen & Crescent as switchman. I found yard work somewhat monotonous, so I resigned and left for Mobile, Ala. I was sitting on a bench near the switchmen's shanty there when the L. & N. night yardmaster came up and asked: "Are any of you fellows switchmen?" I said I was.

"Take that lead engine," he snapped back. I did so, and followed the engine the rest of the night. That was how easy it was to go to work in those days—no application, no medical examination—nothing to do but grab a lamp and hit the ball.

The weather was bad. I didn't have proper clothing for the work, and after several nights of discomfort to obtain a few dollars, I quit and grabbed a string of rattlers for New Orleans.

At that time New Orleans was one of many boomers' paradises. Thousands of them blew in each fall for the cane rush. They began drifting in during the late summer, for the cane began to move in September, when there was a great demand for men in all classes of train and engine service. The city was noted as being one of the cheapest places in the United States to live. Hundreds of saloons served a ten-cent lunch; there was also the famous French market, as well as many others of its kind, whose food was so cheap that one could live for almost nothing and live well on it, to boot.

I went to work on the Illinois Central shortly after my arrival in New Orleans, again as a switchman in the yards, and remained there about three months. One day I was not feeling well. I wrote a note to the yardmaster telling him I was sick, and asked to lay off.

The mistake I made, however, was of writing the note on saloon stationery. Although the yardmaster himself was one of the biggest booze hounds in the city of New Orleans, he fired me for violation of rule "G." While I was not guilty, my records say I was, and I could never work for that company again in my life.

The Texas & Pacific was hiring brakemen. By now the cane rush had begun, and I went across the river to work for that company. Business was booming. Men from all over the United States and Canada were there. This section of Louisiana is as level as a floor, and a small eight-wheel engine could easily handle fifty to sixty cars.

After the cane rush ended, I drew my pay and continued west, landing in Galveston, Texas. I wanted to get into engine service so I called upon the master mechanic of the Gulf, Houston & Henderson, and hired out as fireman. I had practiced while braking and had become a fairly good tallowpot, so I got a tryout on a run known as the "news train," which handled the early morning papers to Houston, about fifty miles. Since the schedule was one hour and five minutes with a speed restriction over the bay bridge, nearly four miles long, we generally ran sixty or seventy miles an hour. Because we pulled only one car it was not difficult to keep steam up.

While on the G. H. & H. I asked the master mechanic of the Santa Fe for a

job, and was hired. I quit the G. H. & H. and went to Temple, a division point about two hundred miles north, which served the great cattle country. Each spring this division used to deliver many thousands of cars of poor cattle out of the prairie country to the northern ranges, and furnished work for a great number of boomers. The cattle rush, like the cane rush of New Orleans, had to be handled quickly; therefore the tonnage was light, and trains were fast and numerous.

MY nickname is "Turkey," which is a funny nickname in any language, but it lasted through my life, and I am known by it to thousands of people over a large part of the world. I got it there on the Santa Fe. At that time Texas was wide open. Dance halls, saloons, gambling houses, and so on constituted the only amusements. I had made friends with a number of young fellows about my age, and we usually spent our spare time together. It was a great life.

Christmas was approaching. One day I suggested that we buy a turkey, have it cooked at the Harvey House, rent a hall above one of the saloons and throw a stag party. This met with the approval of the boys and I was told to make arrangements. Christmas Eve arrived, and a bunch of us were celebrating in an appropriate manner when I remembered the feast we had planned and went out in search of the principal item of food.

It will always be a little doubtful just where I acquired the noble bird, but it is possible that I bought him. At any rate, about 3 A.M., when I walked into the saloon with a large turkey under my arm, I found the boys still whooping it up. The celebration continued until after daybreak, when a member of the party whose name was Dill suggested we feed our bird.

"All fowl should be fed early," he argued. He left to make the necessary purchase and returned dragging a bale of hay, which, strange to say, the turkey would not eat. It seemed to affect Dill, for he bemoaned the loss of money in the purchase, and he offered to eat it himself provided that it was treated with a liberal application of whisky. This was done, but Dill's efforts failed, and shortly afterward, when the party broke up, our turkey and hay were left at the saloon, and we never saw either again.

Some time later Dill quit and went away. Weeks afterward a letter was received at the Y. M. C. A. addressed to "Turkey" Moore. I took the liberty of opening it and found that it was from Dill, who said he did not know my initials, but guessed that a letter so addressed would reach me. From that day until this I have been known as "Turkey." I never saw Dill again, but heard later that he was killed at Shreveport while working on the Kansas City Southern.

After reading in the Brotherhood magazine that the Florida East Coast was converting its engines from wood-burner to coal-burners and was in need of firemen, I went to the office and quit. At Galveston I took a steamer to Key West, Florida, whence I took another coastwise steamer to Miami and thence a train to St. Augustine, where I was hired. This was before the road was built into Key West, when its southern terminus was Miami.

Remaining there all winter, I quit and returned west when business fell off in the spring. By this time I had joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, so riding was easy; and the boomer spirit had entered my being.

MUCH railroad mileage was being built. It called for many men. The roads already in operation had a great amount of seasonable business, the busy and dull spells coming at regular intervals. The Northwest rejoiced in its wheat rush; the Southwest and South their cotton and cane rushes; Texas sweated through its spring stock boom; Florida and California welcomed their fruit and tourist seasons.

Realizing it was to their advantage to do so, the railroads agreed that a member of any of the railroad organizations having proper credentials would be given transportation over the division provided he was not needed there. This was a help to everybody, since it gave the railroads a surplus of men to draw from, enabled the boomer to ride without embarrassment, and relieved the conductors from being asked by a member of their crew to haul brothers in their own organizations.

It was unpleasant at times, however, for a fellow who wanted to go to a particular place to ask for a pass and be given a job instead! In such an event he had to invent an excuse to get away. The usual method was to fail on the medical test (by now a physical examination had been put into effect on most of the trunk lines). I had such an experience in Missoula, Montana. I was on my way to Seattle and upon requesting a pass to Hope, Idaho, was asked if I was looking for a job. I answered in the affirmative, and was informed that I could go to work there, for they were in need of firemen.

I made out the usual application and went to the doctor for examination. I pretended I could not hear the tick of his watch. He then brought out a loud alarm clock, and when I still claimed inability to hear it he knew I was faking, and he gave me an O. K. on my report. This was distinctly what I did not want. That night when I was at a cabaret looking at a show, the caller came after me. I pretended illness and he called some one else, marking me on the sick list.

Next morning, upon going to the roundhouse and finding myself marked up sick, I told the master mechanic that I did not care to work for the Northern Pacific.

"What in hell do you want, anyway?" he asked in a very ungentlemanly fashion. I replied that I wanted a pass to Hope.

Turning to his secretary, he said: "Give this boomer a pass and get him out of town; there is no use in trying to make a man work who doesn't want to."

Well, he was right, and I left that night for Hope.

Another custom prevalent at that time was the one of providing a meal ticket for the traveling brother. The members of a local lodge were assessed a pro-rated amount to buy a ticket entitling a wandering member to three meals and a bed, provided he was in good standing and needed assistance.

The card was usually left with the secretary of the lodge, who as a general thing was some rail who had been hurt and was running a cigar stand, pool room, or a small time gambling joint. He would test the applicant out. If he found him worthy would give him an order for his requirements. Thus a man could always ride, eat, sleep and go to work.

Rule "G" on most roads reads as follows: "The use of intoxicants on duty is prohibited. Their use or the frequenting of places where they are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal."

This was the best known and least

I Was on My Way to Seattle, and upon Requesting a Pass to Hope, Idaho, I Was Asked If I Was Looking for a Job

regarded rule in the entire book. During the years I was a boomer, discipline was more lax than it is now, and due to a lack of amusements in the small western towns in which most of the railroad terminals were located, and to the fact that most employees were unmarried, saloons were the principal hangouts. The call boy always went to these places before looking elsewhere when a man was needed. Officials were aware of this violation, but most of them were men who rose from the ranks, and who often liked to drink also.

All old-timers will remember "Hee-haw Mike." I never knew his last name, although I worked on a number of railroads at the same time he did. He was celebrated from coast to coast and in Mexico, but aside from the latter, I do not think that he played any of the foreign countries.

The story is told that Hee-haw once asked a home guard for a meal. The fellow had no use for boomers and replied: "I am in hard luck myself, my wife is sick."

Mike waited for him to say no more.

"Hell," he interrupted, "I ain't lookin' for no lovin'; dammit, I want sumpen to eat!"

Another time Mike went into a restaurant in Dallas, Texas, accompanied

by a fellow boomer. They had the usual railroad order of ham and eggs, and when they finished eating Mike walked up to the cashier and asked: "What if a fellow ain't got no money; how are you goin' to collect?"

The cashier was a tough, husky mug.

"I would kick the so-and-so to hell out of here," he calmly announced.

Hee-haw turned his back to the cashier, pulled up his coat, bent over, and said: "Take out for two."

Down to Old Mexico

WELL, I drifted around over the country for the next three years, until one morning in January, 1905, I found myself in San Antonio, Texas, stone broke but on my way to Mexico. There I met a boomer fireman whom I knew and solicited a stake. With the dollar and a half he gave me and the pass I got from the I. & G. N., I left for Laredo next morning.

At this time all the engineers, conductors, train dispatchers and officials on the railroads in Mexico were Americans, while the firemen, brakemen, telegraph operators, track and shop men were natives of the country. Occasionally an American fireman or brakeman with a few years of previous experience would be hired. This was done with a view to promotion, and a young fellow who attended to business would gain recognition much more quickly than he could hope to in the States.

The passenger train leaving for Mexico City was due out at 4 P.M. Since the fireman was a Mexican, I asked the engineer to square me with the conductor to Monterrey, the first city of importance after leaving the international boundary.

On the train I met an American who proved to be an engineer. He told me that the Cohuila & Pacific, operating out of Saltillo, needed a hoghead. This company did not pay standard wages, and therefore a qualified engineer would not work there unless up against it, but with my firing experience I might be hired as an engineer. Then, after I gained some experience, I could quit and get a job on the Central or National, both of which paid standard wages. Thinking it all over, I went to the conductor and asked him if I could remain on board and go through to Saltillo instead of getting off at Monterrey.

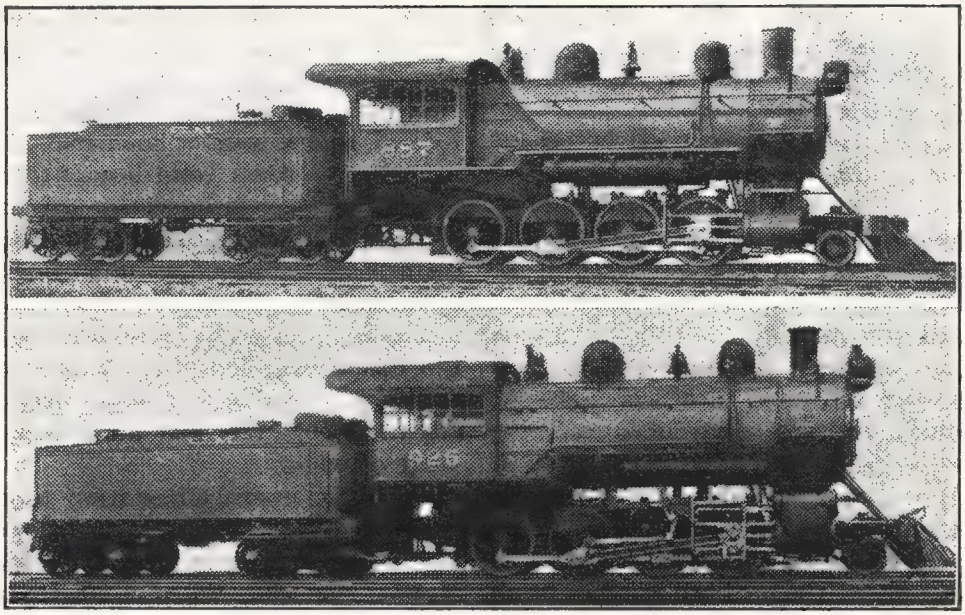
"Go as far as you like; the farther you go tonight the worse you will hate yourself tomorrow," he replied.

I remained on the train, arriving in Saltillo at 2 A.M. The next morning I had breakfast at the lunch counter, where I paid my last centavo and walked out of the restaurant as free of money as John D. Rockefeller is from hair.

When I arrived at the roundhouse the first man I saw was a boomer engineer called "Overtime" Brown, whom I had known several years before in Florida.

The first question he asked was: "How are you fixed?"

I remarked that I wasn't fixed at all, upon which he reached in his pocket and handed me a ten-peso bill. That was the way things were done in Mexico then—no fussing or stalling. What you needed was just passed to



These Two Consolidation Types Were Built by the American Locomotive Co. for the Mexican Central Soon After It Adopted Oil as Fuel. Both had 21x26 Cylinders, 55-Inch Drivers, 200 Lbs. Pressure, Exerted 35,440 Lbs. T. F., But No. 925 (Lower) Was Equipped with Piston Valves and Was Slightly Heavier

you, and there the obligation ended. These fellows had come into Mexico in identically the same condition I had, and were merely following the custom. During the next several years I spent in Mexico I did the same thing many times, giving away hundreds of dollars to newcomers.

But there was no job in Saltillo. I took an early morning train for San Luis Potosi, the next division point, 242 miles farther south, arriving there in the early afternoon. As I alighted from the train a young man walked up. "Have you eaten yet?" he asked.

I replied that I had not, and he said: "Come on in." We went into the restaurant, where I had dinner. He had noticed the Brotherhood button on my coat lapel, hence the invitation.

AFTER several pleasant days in San Luis Potosi, I went to Cardenas, where the master mechanic put me to work, assigning me to Engine 718 with Johnnie Bowersock, a hoghead whom I had known and fired for on the old Houston & Texas Central.

Cardenas is situated on top of Rascon Mountain, about 5,000 feet above sea level. The climate is delightfully cool and the mountain very beautiful, but at that time it was considered the most dangerous place to railroad in Mexico. The division between Cardenas and Tampico, 159 miles, was also a tougn job for a fireman, requiring three tanks of coal to bring a train over it from Tampico (at sea level).

The company furnished coal passers on all engines here, and because it paid them only a peso and fifty centavos a trip the firemen had to feed the coal passers. This cut into his wages considerably. But it was impossible for one man to do the job alone, and since the coal passer was usually a peon, his food was cheap. He did not care to

go into the restaurants along the line, but preferred to eat in the little places where a huge stack of *tortillos* and beans cost a few cents.

There was only one oil burner on the Mexican Central at that time. This engine, the 752, had been equipped by an oil company to make tests of the heavy crude oil being produced in the newly developed fields. The oil tank was equipped with a coil heater. A pipe line connecting the main reservoir to the oil tank furnished pressure, which was controlled by a reducing valve, and for additional safety a "pop" or safety valve was placed on top of the tank.

Matters had proceeded quite satisfactorily. The final test was just being concluded, and the railroad was ready to sign a contract with the oil company.

Just at the last minute, however, an accident occurred. Two officials, one from the railroad and the other from the oil company, were sitting on camp stools on top of the oil tank watching the performance of the engine. The burner got stopped up and the oil could not flow freely. The fireman became excited on account of the presence of the big shots, and instead of blowing out the burner as he should have done, he unscrewed the safety valve, placing a nut on top of it, thereby permitting the pressure to increase.

The reducing valve was not operating properly; a high pressure soon built up; and the oil tank exploded, blowing the two officials out into the jungles and plastering them with an excellent coat of heavy Mexican crude oil. They were not hurt much as the speed was low at the time, but they were so dirty and mad that the fireman was promptly relieved from further service and the engine towed into Cardenas, where the tank was repaired and the engine tied up for word from Mexico City.

Upon reporting for work, I was informed by the master mechanic that he had got orders from headquarters to place engine 752 in service and had assigned me to her. Thus I became the first oil-burning fireman employed by the Mexican Central.

The engineer assigned with me was Bill Shannahan, known to all of us as "Shanny." He was a good egg, a first-class engineer, and an excellent judge of whisky.

One night I was getting ready to go out when the call boy, a Negro named Jim Davenport, came to me. "Mr. Moore," he said, "I wish that you would come with me and see if you can do anything with Mr. Shannahan. He is jes' the bes' satisfied man I ever seen. I can't get nothing out of him but a smile."

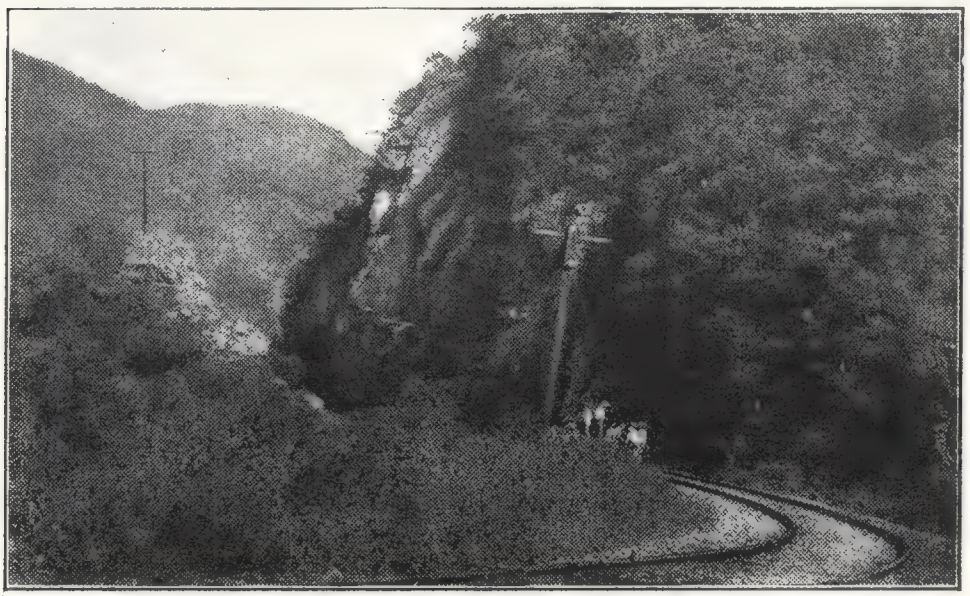
I went with Jim and we found Shanny asleep in a coach. He was lit up like a church. I tried to wake him but all I, too, could get out of him was his big Irish smile.

We were due out in an hour and something had to be done, so I picked Shanny up on my shoulder and carried him to the engine. Jim helped me put him on his seat. Then I oiled around and got the engine ready. We coupled onto the train and the conductor brought the orders, handing them up without looking to see who received them. Shanny opened the throttle and we were on our way. He handled that train like an expert, and within ten miles was sober as a judge! Nobody except myself and old Jim ever knew that he had had a drink.

I fired the 752 five months, and on September 3, 1905, I was examined, promoted to engineer and assigned to

engine 745 as a regular man. Quite different from the present, when one has to fire until he is an old man, and then is marked up on the extra board for practically the rest of his life!

BY this time a more educated class of Mexicans had taken up railroading, and were filling positions which Americans had previously filled.



Scene on Rascon Mountain, Between Cardenas and Tamasopo, on the Old Mexican Central. Note the Steep Grade and Sharp, Unbanked Curve

One day a Mexican conductor came into the dispatcher's office claiming that he had been discriminated against. Two brothers were train dispatchers, one the chief and the other a trick dispatcher. They tried to convince this Mexican he was wrong, but he became so violent that the brothers had to throw him downstairs. They were rewarded by being arrested and tossed in jail.

A big, white bulldog used to hang around the roundhouse. The engineers liked him, and fed and petted him. He would go for rides in the cabs and was great company. One day a conductor who was drunk said that he was going to prove that bull was a O. R. C. dog and not a B. of L. E. dog, so he bought some red, white and green ribbon, tying it to the bull's tail in a pretty bow.

Now, the national colors of Mexico are red, white and green. When some of the shop men saw the dog all decorated up, they went to Master Mechanic Charlie Roberts and complained the Mexican flag had been insulted. Charlie was already worried, for he was working hard trying to get the brothers out of jail, but he explained to the men that no insult had been intended, that the O. R. C. was the conductors' organization and that their colors were the same as the Mexican republic, and that it was all a joke anyway.

However, the Mexicans continued to insist their flag had been insulted. Finally Charlie got mad and said: "Oh, to hell with the Mexican flag," so he too was arrested. Now we were in a

mess. Both dispatchers and the master mechanic were in jail!

At this time, Elihu Root, then Secretary of State under President Theodore Roosevelt, paid a diplomatic visit to Mexico, bringing his daughter with him. Society made most elaborate preparations to entertain these notables. We engineers and conductors decided secretly to allow Mr. Root and party to enter Mexico, but once he was on Mexican soil, to refuse to handle a train on which he was riding until the State Department had taken action in these cases.

Our secret must have leaked out (although we tried hard to prevent it), for just before the distinguished guests crossed the border all three of our men were released by orders from Mexico City and were never even tried.

A few years ago Rascon Mountain (the "Alligator" Division) was the most discussed piece of track in North America. It was difficult to keep men there. Many boomers were familiar with it and it was frequently said that a man who could work on Rascon Mountain could work anywhere in the world.

This was not alone because of the heavy grade and sharp curves—there are many mountains with equal or heavier grade—but because of inefficient braking power and lack of cooperation by train crews. Any cars left in side tracks or in yards would be robbed of their retainers by peons, who sold the brass they contained to junk dealers. All cars left unguarded were likewise robbed of brake hoses, with which the peons used to make sandals. It was funny to see an old Indian walking along with a piece of brake hose split a few inches and pulled over each foot.

Quite frequently the only help the engineer had in getting down the mountain was a few cars of badly operating air brakes, and hand brakes set by an indifferent class of native brakemen. The grade averaged four per cent (a four-foot rise in a hundred feet) for twenty miles, and there were five tunnels.

Construction of this track had been very difficult. It was necessary to cut into solid granite in order to make room for the right-of-way. In many places a retaining wall had to be built in order to provide a place to lay the rails. The clearance between a train and the side of the mountain was just a couple of feet, while on the opposite side the three-thousand foot deep canyon dropped within two to five feet from the end of the ties. Should it become necessary for a man to jump off, there was certainly little to choose between.

Near a place called Zacate, on the right side of the track, was a crater of an extinct volcano. Just below Zacate was a sidetrack named Cafetal through which a straight length of track ran for almost a mile. Most of the runaways occurred here, and a switch tender was maintained to take care of them. Upon receiving a signal from a train, he would throw a switch which caused the train to leave the main line and enter a safety track built upgrade.

THE following incident happened before my time, but was told so often and with so few contradictions that I do not doubt it. A train consisting of a bogey engine, two cars of silver bullion and a caboose was reported by the operator to have passed Verastegui. After it was time for this train to have arrived at Cafetal the dispatcher inquired about it but was told

The Wrecker Turned Over and Fell Down the Canyon, Too, Until Stopped by the Engine and Other Debris

by the operator there that she had not arrived.

The dispatcher instructed the operator to hike up the track. Walking from Cafetal to Zacate, the operator found unmistakable evidence that the train had headed down into the crater. The ties were marked and the track slightly damaged, but nothing whatever remained of the train or crew. There was a very sharp curve at the approach to Zacate, and it can only be assumed that the engine failed to take this curve and was running away, and headed right down into the big hole. The next day plumb bobs were let down more than 6,000 feet, but no bottom was found. Another mystery of Old Rascon went unexplained!

While I was there Jack Ehly was an engineer on No. 3, a passenger run between San Luis Potosi and Tampico. He made a stop at Espinazo, a flag station. As he halted the engine trucks dropped off of the rails and the engine careened badly toward the left side.

He called the conductor, but even while they were discussing trying to re-

rail her she turned over and went down the canyon 700 feet before the underbrush and boulders stopped her. The fireman was killed. The wrecker attempted to pick this engine up after machinists had dismantled her.

Although the wrecking boss was experienced and careful, and took all precaution such as anchoring the crane to the rails and putting his outriggers as securely as possible, the first pull caused the fastenings to break loose. The wrecker turned over and fell down the canyon, too, until stopped by the engine and other débris. When I left the division this wreckage was still there, and I suppose that it will be there until Judgment Day.

As I have said, the peons robbed the railroad of equipment. At least one bad accident was caused by this practice. No. 2, a fast night passenger train, was wrecked near Lagos, and the engine crew and several passengers were killed. Investigation showed the track had been tampered with. Railroad detectives and the Government looked into the causes of the spill. They found a number of spikes at a blacksmith shop owned by an old peon.

Upon being questioned, the old man admitted that he had taken the spikes from the track, since they were just the right length and size to make mule shoes. He said he meant no harm, and he had taken only a few, leaving many still there! He was tried and given a life sentence in the salt mines at Vera Cruz. The judge did not condemn him to death because of the old fellow's ignorance.

I REMAINED on this division eighteen months, but I got tired of it, and requested a transfer to the main line at Aguascalientes. The transfer was granted; I learned the road, reported for work and made my initial trip on New Year's night of 1907.

Quite a number of locomotives had been converted into oil burners by now, and some American firemen had been hired. Among the engineers and conductors there were men from all countries where railroads are operated, but most of them were Americans. English, German or Australian engineers did not seem to grasp the American system of railroading, and although many came there, few remained any length of time.

One of my pals, Tommie Davidson, was a great character. He had been around the world, served in the army during the Spanish-American War and had fought in several battles in Cuba. After getting out of the army he began railroading and came to Mexico. He was not very tall, but was heavily built and strong, as well as being most agreeable—until someone tried to give him the worst of a deal. He got into trouble several times in Aguascalientes, and always got out.

But one day while in Mexico City he was lured into an argument with a Spanish bull fighter in George Kingman's Guardiola Hotel. A bull fighter keeps himself in excellent physical condition, and this fellow as well matched in size and weight with Tommie, but like the majority of the Latins, he preferred fighting with a knife. Tommie unhitched his .45 and hit the bull fighter over the head so hard it bent the trigger guard of the gun. The fellow took the count. Tommie ran out, got into a hack and told the driver to beat it.

The driver was so long in getting his steed started that the police arrived and took the situation in hand. The officers tried to get Tommie to surrender, but he shoved his gun in the

face of one and pulled the trigger. The trigger guard had been bent, however, and the gun would not function, so finally Tommie had to give up. They put him in Belen Prison and tried him.

Tommie's defense was that when the officers came up that he had offered to surrender and had handed them his gun, the intention of which they misinterpreted. The judge thought seriously over the case, and while he had his doubts, he gave Tommie the benefit of them and fined him 200 pesos. I don't doubt Tommie was trying to deliver his artillery to the cops but I have a hunch he was trying to deliver it to them one bullet at a time.

Believe it or not, Tommie was one of the few boomers who cut it out, married a nice woman and settled down to a life of industry and sobriety. The last time I saw him he was living in El Paso and had a good job.

Among the boomer engineers who drifted in was one named Slattery. He caught a helper job on Zacatecas Mountain. It paid well, averaging about 500 pesos monthly. I saw him often and each time he told me that he was saving money. When he got $2,000 in gold he was going to quit, go to Kansas City and open a saloon. He economized carefully, doing his own washing and buying nothing except absolute necessities. He didn't even shave for more than a year, and thus managed to grow the most luxurious growth of alfalfa I ever saw in Mexico.

One day while walking down the street in Aguas, I met a nice-looking, well-dressed man. I did not talk to him, for I did not recognize him.

"What's the idea of not speaking," he shouted. I recognized Slattery's voice, and then the man himself. He was going to celebrate tonight, he explained.

Now, if Slattery had carried out his resolutions, in all probability he would have realized his ambitions and would have opened a first class nose-paint parlor in K. C., and he might have lasted until old Father Volstead put him out of business. But he made the fatal mistake of visiting Mother McClure's place the night before leaving. The result was that he remained in Aguas until his last nickel had gone, and the next time I saw him he was on the road and was again trying to save up a stake with which to buy a saloon.

Bad luck overtook him, however. He got into trouble and was pulled off for investigation. The assistant superintendent, who conducted this investigation, was a big, none-too-gentle Irishman named Charlie Burke. Slattery got mad.

"Why you ain't so much," he told Burke. "You look like a thirty-cent clerk to me."

Burke smashed the boomer in the nose, and he went down and out.

When he got up Burke asked him: "What do I look like now?"

"You look like Mr. Burke to me," Slattery replied. But he was fired for insubordination, and he headed south.

ONE of the crack men of the division was not a boomer. He had been promoted from fireman and had remained until he had a nice passenger run between Aguas and Jimulco, a passenger division farther north. His name was Bert Hull. Young and very good looking, Bert had one weakness, and that was women.

All the Pullman porters knew Bert, and when some pretty girl got tired of riding the Pullman the porter would often ask her how she would like to ride on the locomotive. Most girls have a desire to ride on an engine, any-

way, so it was not uncommon for one of us fellows to be in the siding for No. 1 or No. 2 when Bert and the 132 would come rushing by sixty miles an hour with from one to three pretty girls on the engine with him.

Bert would not bar age nor looks when it came to female association. When Carrie Nation, the famous apostle of temperance, came into Mexico to get her cousin out of an insane asylum, she happened to be on Bert's train, and she, too, took a ride on the 132 with Bert. He said she was a great old sport.

Just at that time there was a big wreck on the south end at a place called Leon. Two freight trains had a meeting point there. Engineer Sam Hinkley, on the approaching train, expected to find the other train in the side track and came into the station too fast. One box car went entirely through the waiting room of the passenger station. Fortunately no one was hurt, and both crews jumped to escape injury. However, it was an awful mess to clean up.

The train Carrie was riding on was delayed for some time at Leon by the wreck, so she left her Pullman and walked up to where the wrecking crew was cleaning up. Placing her hands on her hips, she looked very challenging.

"Whisky caused this wreck," she said. "I know it."

Tom Gudgell, conductor on the wrecking train, replied: "You are right; the engineer is coming down there now. He is still drunk."

"Red" Robinson was Tom's engineer. Both his legs had been broken in a wreck recently, and he walked like a man with two wooden legs. Carrie rushed up to him.

"You drunken brute," she yelped, "what do you mean by making a beast of yourself and causing such a wreck?" Red was so surprised that he went to back up and fell over a barrel of *tequila* which had been unloaded out of the wrecked cars. Carrie continued to abuse him. Finally he got up.

"Oh, forget it, lady," he said, "I wasn't even in the wreck. I am the engineer on the wrecking train."

But Carrie was mad, and she noticed that Red was chewing tobacco, so she bawled him out for that.

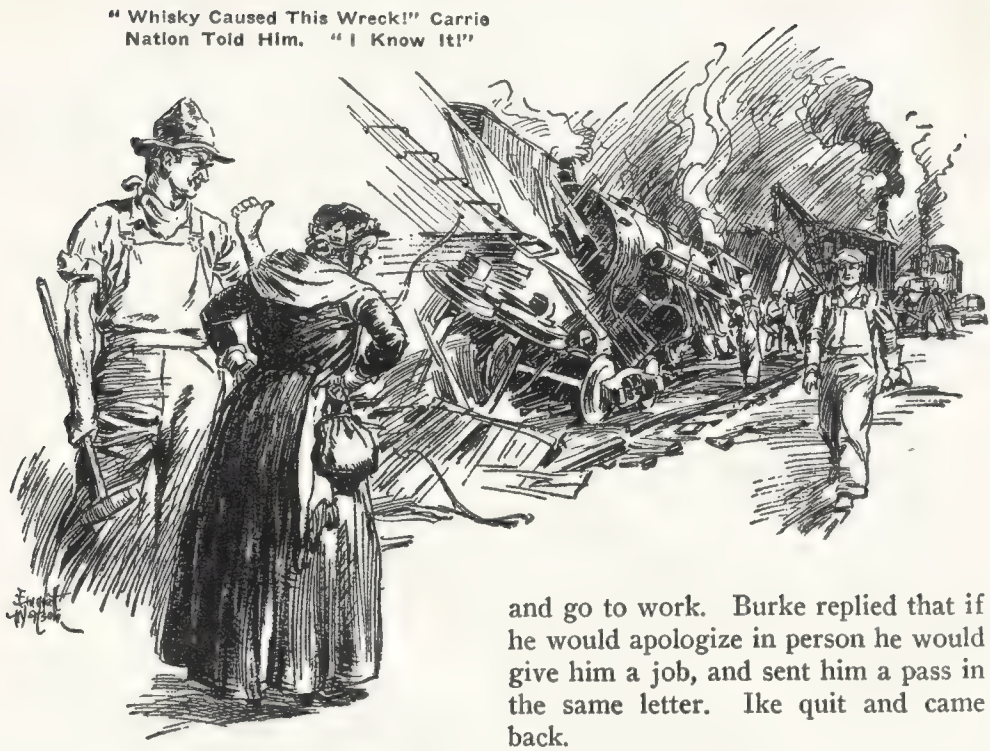
"Throw that tobacco out of your dirty mouth, don't you know it will deaden your brain?" she screamed.

Red replied: "If I had any brain I wouldn't be in Mexico, but if you want to bawl somebody out go jump on that fellow, he is the one who had the wreck." He pointed to Sam Hinkley.

Sam was a peculiar fellow. He was religious and packed a Bible in his grip, but he also liked his liquor, so when Old Carrie rushed up to him and began her tirade, Sam took his Bible out to prove that he was a preacher, and he and Carrie had quite a revival together while the wreck was being cleaned up.

Sam was fired for the wreck and went to the States. I afterward heard he got a job on a new railroad out of Wichita Falls, Texas. One of the first men employed, he soon had a passenger run. The track was soft and a speed restriction of about twenty miles an hour was placed on it, but Sam had got very religious by then. He would speed up, arriving at stations fifteen or twenty minutes in advance of his schedule, and would wave his arms and preach a sermon while waiting for leaving time. This didn't last long, however, for Sam was canned.

ANOTHER old boomer engineer who was my particular friend was Ike Rood. Ike had worked every-



"Whisky Caused This Wreck!" Carrie Nation Told Him. "I Know It!"

where and knew everybody in the railroad world. While running out of Aguas he had had an engine failure and was called into Charlie Burke's office to explain it. Burke was mad and started to bawl Ike out. Ike had known Charlie when he was an engineer, so he did not feel like being bawled out by one he did not consider his superior. He came right back at Charlie. Among his remarks was this: "Well, you may think that you are a big man, but I don't. You can fly as high as you like, old gobbler, but you will have to light some time."

Charlie considered this insubordination, and fired Ike for calling him an old gobbler. Ike got his time and went to El Paso. He worked several months there, but when winter came he did not like cold weather, so he thought it over and wrote Burke asking his pardon, and that he would like to come back and go to work. Burke replied that if he would apologize in person he would give him a job, and sent him a pass in the same letter. Ike quit and came back.

Arriving early in the morning, he met Burke and told him he was sorry he had called him an old gobbler. Burke said it was O. K. and to tell the roundhouse foreman to mark him up on the board.

I was just going to breakfast when Ike came along. I invited him to go up town to the *El Recreo* and have breakfast with me.

After the meal Ike said: "Damn, it sure burned me up to have to apologize to that red-necked chaw."

We had another drink—in fact we had several. With each one Ike got madder and madder at having apologized to Burke.

After a while he announced: "I am going down and see that guy."

Walking into Burke's office he lit into the official.

"I have thought it over and am still of the opinion that you are an old gobbler and nothing more," he de-

cleared. So Burke fired him again and Ike left town.

Across the Tropic of Cancer

ABOUT 1907 or 1908 there was a great deal of railroad building in Mexico. The Southern Pacific was extending its line from Guaymas to Guadalajara. The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient was stretching forth from Kansas City to Topolobampo on the Pacific; two rival roads were building out of Acapulco to Mexico City; the Mexican Central was constructing two more stretches of track, one from Tampico to Mexico City, the other from Guadalajara to Manzanillo.

In 1907 came the panic in the States. Many railroad men were laid off, and some of them came to Mexico, where they all got jobs. We were far behind with our business, for it had accumulated to such a degree that every siding and yard track in Mexico was blocked.

On October 27, 1907, I was called to take out the wrecker from San Juan. I got ready in a few minutes, wheeling the big hook to Celaya. When I arrived there I received a message to set it out and pick up a tonnage train of ore. This I did. I had no block signals, and most of the telegraph offices were closed for the night. In a few hours I was right behind a double-headed train without knowing it.

This particular part of the road was as level as a floor, and I was whipping along about fifty miles an hour. Just before arriving at Salamanca there was an easy curve, which marked the place to shut off and to begin braking.

I slammed the brakes into emergency, opened the sand lever and grabbed the whistle. Then we hit. The fireman jumped off and broke his leg, but I did not have time to do anything, so I rode the old 827 through the caboose and eight cars. When we stopped the only wheels of my engine on the rails were the back drivers. All the rest had been forced off by wreckage, and the engine was standing on an incline.

After the dust settled I got off and looked around. Before long the police came, and I was thrown in jail.

Mexican laws worked rather peculiarly. Influence often went a long way, so after the wreck had got well under way toward being cleared, Super Jack Clegg sent over to a *cantina* and bought a box of cigars and a bottle of cognac. He then sent for the *Jefe Politico*, or judge of that district. Jack offered him a drink and a cigar and then started a pleasant conversation with him. He and the judge drank, smoked and had a good time.

When the old judge was feeling pretty mellow and at peace with the world, Jack brought up the subject of the wreck, telling His Honor that it was unavoidable, and that I was a fine fellow and a good engineman. The judge had the police bring me over from jail so that he could size me up. Evidently I must have made a fairly good impression, for he turned me loose and, although I remained in Mexico three years, I never heard anything more about it.

The doctor afterward told me about Ruhlin, a deadheading* fireman on the train I hit. Ruhlin asked him if he was going to die and the doctor simply remarked he was badly hurt. A few

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** To "deadhead" is to ride on a pass.*

minutes later Ruhlin asked for a cigarette, which the doctor gave to him. He closed his eyes as he smoked, and then opened them and said: "It's all off, doc; good-by."

I felt bad about it, but it was not my fault. The trouble was, of course, that there had been no flag out. The conductor had sent one back, but instead of protecting the rear of his train, the brakeman came back to the caboose and was cleaning his lamps. This was just after daylight, and day signals had been put out. Poor Ruhlin was back in the caboose taking a little nap when the wreck occurred. The brakeman ran away and never even returned for his time.

Living conditions were good on the main stem, but in terminal towns only. Along the line few provisions were made for decent food and since the division between Aguascalientes and La Colorado was a long one, and the hours likewise long, it was often an unreasonable time between meals. To take care of us the peons would establish little places where they sold grub.

I well remember one at Punta, a little town at the foot of Zacatecas Mountain. An old Indian woman had a little 'dobe house near the track, and all day she would squat patting out *tortillos,* a kind of bread made of hand-ground corn. The house was surrounded with naked brown children, and the family sow with her brood of young ones was eternally nosing around in search of something to eat.

The meal would consist of some *tortillas,* a dish of *frijoles* (beans) and black coffee. No tables or chairs were furnished, and the diner had to stand or squat, as suited him best.

The place was amusing, to say the least. Children and pigs were always hungry and trying to steal something as the old lady served her guests. She never lost her temper, but would slap the kid anywhere that happened to be handy, and should one of the hogs likewise intrude, he would get the same kind of slap on the side of his head. The old lady was not at all perturbed, but would go right on patting out *tortillos.* It never occurred to her to wash her hands after inflicting corporal punishment on her family or livestock.

I REMAINED on the main line until May, 1908, when I received a letter from a friend named Bill Estes suggesting that I transfer to Guadalajara. He had fired for me out of Aguas, and I had been instrumental in getting him promoted. So pleased with the city was he that he wanted me to come down there also.

Guadalajara is a beautiful town located on the west slope of the divide, 5,200 feet above sea level. Frost is unknown, and a hot day is just as rare. It is eternally spring. The most beautiful women, the most luscious fruits, and the most delicious food stuffs of Mexico come from the city.

On May 5th I arrived there and reported for duty. The super was named Banks, and Old Man Schu was master mechanic. Schu was a stickler for three things: sobriety, industry, and loyalty to the company. But as he had a rather hard bunch to deal with, he met with little success in his efforts to get them.

No less than five men named Moore were working on this division at the same time. The Old Man was often confused as to just which one he wanted to call on the carpet—and he usually wanted one of us. The nicknames of the other four were "Smiley," "Deefy," "Deery," and "Billy."

Mexican Central Train Coming Into El Abra, Between Tamasopo and Tampico, 28 Years Ago

Smiley always wore a derby hat on the engine. Not being able to understand why one should wear such an uncomfortable headpiece, I asked him about it.

"I have worn a derby ever since the accident," he replied.

"What accident?" I queried.

"I was running an engine on the Great Northern," he said. "The weather was cold and I was wearing a cap with flaps tied over my ears. A friend asked me to have a drink and I did not hear him. I have worn a derby ever since."

As for Deery, he was a mighty hunter. Billy was a regular American fireman. Old Deefy was a great boomer, and while a good engineman, was very unreliable. He was working on the Interoceanic out of Pueblo and walked into the master mechanic's office one morning.

"Got my time made out?" he wanted to know.

"Are you quitting?" asked the M. M.

Deefy answered: "Quitting? Why, I quit last night down the road about forty kilometers. I wouldn't have brought the damn engine in, only I wanted sumpen to ride on."

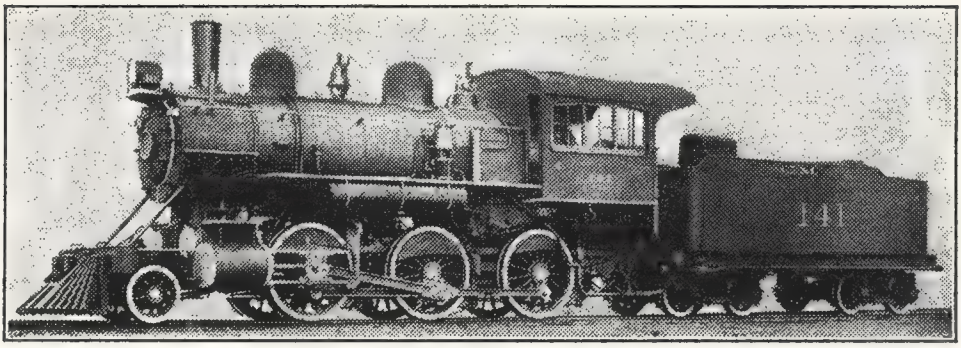
And he really had! He had set the train out in a blind siding, bringing the engine into Pueblo alone and saying nothing until the next morning.

ONCE I came into Guadalajara about 2 A.M. after a twenty-two hour trip. I was dirty, tired and hungry. There was but one all night restaurant in the city, and it was crowded with men and women. I sat down, and when the Chinese waiter came up I ordered ham and eggs and a cup of black coffee. The waiter went out to get it, but brought back a beefsteak and potatoes. I refused to accept them, so he picked them up and carried them away and did not bring me anything.

I waited a long time, and when no waiter appeared I went into the kitchen to see what was the matter. I found the waiter standing by a meat chopping block doing nothing. I asked him if he was going to bring my order.

"In a little while," he answered. He did not even have it on the stove, and that made me mad. I slapped his jaws. He reached for the meat cleaver, and I for my gun. I beat him to it. He dropped the cleaver and put both hands up over his head. However, I was sore by then, so I busted him over the head with the gun and he went down.

As I hit him he hollered, and it



No. 141, an Old Mogul Built by the American Locomotive Co. for the Mexican Central in the Coal-Burning Days

seemed that all the Chinese in China broke loose and swarmed out of every nook and corner in the house. Now, I had a good friend who had put in seventeen months and had paid a two thousand peso fine for smoking up a bunch of Chinese. I thought of this right then and I beat it.

I hadn't gone far, however, before the commotion attracted the police and a mounted officer rode me down. I stopped and immediately was surrounded by at least three hundred people. Just at that moment I spied one of my room mates, Jack Conety, in the crowd, and he asked what the trouble was. I handed him my gun. He took the gun, but the lieutenant of police saw me give it to him, so he examined it and handed it back to me. But I passed it on to Jack again when the officer wasn't looking.

Charges were preferred against me by the Chinese for assault with deadly weapons. I was taken to the general jail. We prisoners were lined up in a column of twos, and were supposed to keep step in the military fashion. However, my marching partner was a one-legged peon who walked with a home-made crutch, so it was difficult to maintain perfect step with him.

Later I was taken in before His August Majesty to plead my case. The judge must have heard something of me in advance, for as soon as I was brought before him he asked: "Were you drunk last night?"

Now, being drunk in Mexico was the least of all offenses, and the maximum fine for it was five pesos, so I instantly grasped the idea.

"*Si, Señor,*" I replied.

"*Cinco pesos,*" he announced, and called the next case.

The Chinese made an awful uproar. The injured man was there with enough rags wrapped around his head to have bound up half the wounds of the battle of the Marne, but the judge would not let a single Chinaman testify. Evidently he liked Americans.

The trouble now was that I did not have the five pesos. My money was in the bank, but I had no check book with me. I was taken back to the bull pen, where I talked with the foreman, who I authorized to send my watch to a pawn shop and soak it for ten pesos. This he did, and in a short while the messenger was back with the pawn ticket and money.

I paid my fine. The foreman asked me if I was going to buy a drink. I had just four pesos left. I handed them to him, telling him to send for

some beer. He did so, and soon a man was back with a gunnysack full of bottles. The foreman, all of the prisoners and myself proceeded to blot out those many bottles of beer.

I remained at the jail nearly all day and had a good time. While I had lied to the judge in telling him I was soused when arrested, had he seen me when I left he would have been assured I had been truthful.

When Old Man Schu heard I was in jail he was glad.

"Leave him there; I figure on running a work train out day after tomorrow, and if he is in jail I will know where to look for him," he remarked. "If you get him out the devil only knows where he will be when I want him."

However, I was out before the Old Man ran his work train.

I REMAINED on the Guadalajara Division until the following August, when I wrote out my resignation and gave it to Schu, who read it and tore it up, saying: "I will not accept that. I figure on firing you next week."

We talked it over and compromised by my taking ninety days' leave. I went to Mexico City, then to the States, landing in Fort Worth, Texas, where I met a friend who told me that the Trinity & Brazos Valley was hiring engineers at Teague. Following his tip, I got a job there.

It was not much good; track was bad, tonnage was heavy, coal was rotten, engines in miserable condition, living poor. The superintendent was a slave driver who thought that a man in train or engine service had no rights whatever and took every opportunity to impose all possible hardships, so I saw that my time was to be short on the T. & B. V. I stuck it out, however, until my leave of absence in Mexico was nearly up. Then I quit, left for Houston, and returned to Mexico via Brownsville.

In Mexico I found that a great change had taken place. The railroads had been bought up by the National Government, consolidated into one system, and renamed the National Railways of Mexico. Most of my old officials had been displaced with new men, and as I had lost my seniority by having accepted a position with another company, I had to go to work as a new man.

I hired out in Monterrey and remained there for about three months. Business was dull. One day I met Charlie Blake, superintendent of locomotive service in Monterrey, and asked him for a transfer. He said he would see about it and in a few days I received a message asking me to go to Acambaro. The division was a narrow-gage affair, engines small, grades heavy and poor braking equipment. I had several runaways down the mountain while there, but always got stopped before anything serious happened. Business was fairly good, and I made more money than I had at Monterrey, so I was fairly well satisfied.

One night I got a telegram from Blake asking if I would go to Torreon and work out of there. I thought it over and wired acceptance. Torreon is located in the desert of Mexico, 518 miles south of El Paso. It gets very hot in summer, but the winters are delightful. I was assigned to what had been the old International Mexicano before the consolidation of the lines. The job was fine: short hours, lots of layovers and good money; and I felt that at last I had located just what I wanted for the rest of my life.

I remained at Torreon only for a year. Political conditions grew worse daily. The Mexicans took a very hostile attitude toward the Americans. I saw that it would not be long before we had to get out, and realizing that when the big blow-up came that there would be a movement of railroad men into the States, I decided I would leave first and have a job when the rest began their trek. About 600 American engineers would be forced to go, sooner or later. I gave ten days' notice, got my time and sorrowfully said good-by to Mexico.

From Alabama to Alaska

THEN I went back to Texas, and soon had a job running an engine on the Texas & Pacific out of Longview. This was a fairly good position —small engines, short trains, and fair living conditions, but the track was bad and speed restriction made the hours long, so it was seldom that we could get over the division within the sixteen hour limit.

After ten months on the T. & P. business fell off so much it was necessary to reduce the force temporarily until things improved. Six of us were cut off the board, but we held our seniority and would be sent for to return as soon as business improved.

I had been working steadily and had a good stake saved. I went down to San Antonio, where a new railroad known as the San Antonio, Uvalde & Gulf was being built. I thought I might get a job there, and I applied and was told to stick around. I took a room at a second-rate place which we called "The Big Onion." The guests were about my caliber, both men and women, and I could tell many amusing incidents that happened here, but they would not, alas, get by in print.

One guest—I've forgotten his name —was a painter. A capable man, he was engaged in painting drops for the Alamo Theater, located on Houston St., next the Iron Front Saloon. The weather was hot and I spent much time in the coolness of the theater watching him work.

He received a dollar an hour, was paid each night, and was broke the next morning. As a result, he never had enough money to buy clothes, and he was kept in a permanent state of poverty. He finally hit on the happy idea of refurbishing his wardrobe by paying a dollar down and a dollar every time they could catch him. He purchased an extra loud striped suit, shoes and other necessities, and then he got drunk.

When he came home that night he decided to bathe. Going to the community bath room, he forgot to remove his clothes before his ablutions. He sang loudly and was enjoying himself thoroughly when a much harassed landlord came up to quell the noises. Seeing the painter sitting in his bath fully clothed was too much for this worried person, and he threw the man out, wet clothes and all.

I met him the next day. He was very remorseful. He said that his new suit of clothes had shrunk so that it nearly choked him to death before he could find a place to change it. That was the last I ever saw of him.

Finally I went back to the T. & P. I got out on the road the same day I arrived in Longview, for business was good, and shortly afterward I fell heir

to a regular engine. A few months later I had a personal encounter with my conductor. Not much damage was done, but we made considerable noise and quite a lot of dust, and we both were canned for fighting on duty.

From there I hit northward, for I had heard that an old boss named Fred Carson had been appointed master mechanic at Des Moines, Iowa. Business was rather dull there, and no engineers were being hired, but Fred offered me a job hostling until there was improvement; and I accepted. In about two months I was tendered a job running, but a letter came from Bill Estes, who was then driving an engine out of Birmingham, Alabama, stating there was a place for me there. Bill had gone from Mexico to Birmingham.

I was lucky on the Alabama Great Southern, for whom I hired out in Birmingham, and in a short time built up a reputation and was in excellent standing with the company. Then I got in trouble with my landlady (through no fault of my own) and was jailed for a day or two.

SORE at Birmingham and the rest of the world in general, I quit and left town for Dallas, Texas. I stuck around Dallas a few days and headed west again, toward El Paso; and after a few days there, landed in Santa Rita, N. M., where I went to work for a copper company which operated a big mine. They had about fifty dinky locomotives and hired lots of men. Most of the engineers and conductors were from Mexico, so I felt at home again. But I did not like the job, and after a month I gave notice, quit and went to Shreveport, Louisiana. There I landed a regular berth and saved some money.

About that time Congress passed an appropriation of $35,000,000 for building a thousand miles of track in Alaska, and on March 5th I resigned after giving sufficient notice to insure getting a good service letter.

I went to Los Angeles, where I spent two weeks with my mother and sister. Then I left for Frisco and took a ship to Seattle and on to Alaska. I had bought a ticket to Seward, but stopped off at Cordova, as I thought I might land a place on the Copper River & Northwestern R. R. while waiting for construction to begin on the Government road.

As I walked into the superintendent's office in Cordova a voice said: "Hello, Turk, what are you doing here?"

There sat Dean Searles, a conductor with whom I used to work out of Aguascalientes! He was yardmaster for this road, and had been in Alaska a year.

I did not get a job on the C. R. & N. W., nor did construction begin on the Government road that year. However, I did pick up work running a hoist at Valdez, a town about a hundred miles north of there. It paid eleven dollars a day, but it did not last long. When it was finished I could get nothing else. War had just been declared in Europe, but instead of accelerating business it had, at first, a depressing effect.

I left for Juneau, solving the transportation problem by the simple method of stowing away. Arriving at Alaska's capital, I walked ashore with the other passengers. But the town was paralyzed also, and after a few days there I pulled out for Seattle.

Then I headed east, going to Joplin, Mo., stopping on the way at every lumber camp, mine and terminal. There was absolutely nothing doing. Business conditions were nearly as bad as

they are at present. And the farther east I went, the worse they became.

I headed south and went to Houston, Texas, where I told an old boyhood pal of mine who was now chief clerk for the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico that it was up to him: he either had to get me a job or take care of me all winter. He got busy sending messages to various officials, and received a reply from the super of motive power to send me to Kingsville. I left that night. At Kingsville I was given a job helping the machinist in the shops. This was somewhat embarrassing. On two previous occasions I had been offered jobs running engines here and had turned them down!

Jim LaValle was general foreman. He decided I was not much of a machinist helper, so he sent me out on an engine watching job to a little town called Refugio. The pay was only $45 a month, but I got good board and room for $20. It was better than nothing, and the work was easy, as only every other night two local engines came in. They were oil burners, and there was nothing to do but keep them alive. I stayed on all winter.

The railroad ran from Houston to Brownsville, connecting with the Mexican National at Matamoros. It was comparatively new and had hired most of its engineers and conductors. The jobs were not much good, for water was bad and the road level as a floor, and thus a small engine could pull a mile of cars.

In February I quit the watching job. I drifted around for a year, working at numerous places at anything that developed, saving a small stake and blowing elsewhere. I had been in the shops in Las Vegas, Nev., and had left in order to spend Thanksgiving in Los Angeles with my mother.

The day after Thanksgiving we went uptown together. She suggested that I call on the Southern Pacific. I thought it a waste of time, but to please her I went out there. To my surprise, I was hired as a switch engineer and sent to San Francisco to work on the Coast Division.

I remained in Frisco a year and a half. I liked the place, for it was then just about the best city in North America. Much as I enjoyed living there, however, I did not like a switch engine. I stood it as long as I could and then went down to Los Angeles to get a road job. After a short pow-pow, I was sent to the Tucson Division in main line service.

I got a room at a place in Tucson conducted by a temporary widow. I use the word temporary because this lady would be a widow no longer after her better half ceased to be a guest of the State of New Mexico, which was detaining him on account of his having done a little unofficial horse collecting.

She had two pet aversions. One was to be called old and the other was to being referred to as having big feet. This was natural, for she was about fifty-five years old at that time, and while I have seen other feet larger than hers, I do not remember when. Nevertheless, she used lots of make-up, wore flashy clothes and considered herself quite a belle.

One hot August night I was down at the clubhouse and in walked a brakeman named Sitzer. Tonight he was all dolled up and stepping out. In the summertime Arizona people wear as few clothes as possible, but Sitzer had on a pair of white flannel trousers and black shoes. He had scuffed each other trouser leg with the other shoe so there was large black smudges on

each trouser cuff. He wore a celluloid collar, a cutaway coat, vest of heavy material, and a derby hat. He was happy. I complimented him on his appearance.

"You must be going out amongst them tonight," I remarked.

"I say so, kid, and how," he said. I asked him who the lucky lady was, but he refused to disclose the name of the gal.

"Just watch my smoke," he promised.

About an hour afterward I was standing in front of a garage on Main St., when who should come passing by but Sitzer walking high, wide and handsome with my landlady on his arm. I bowed as they passed, but both ignored me and went on.

Next morning when I met her in the hall I remarked: "Well, I saw you stepping out last night." She tossed her head. I asked her how she liked her boy friend. Still she scorned me. Then I asked her if he didn't treat her right.

"Why, the nasty thing insulted me," she finally said.

"He should be ashamed to insult a nice old lady like you," I sympathized. And I lost her friendship, too!

THERE were lots of erratic characters on the Tucson. It was known as the outlaw division of the S. P., and the company had sent back east to get a man tamer to quiet it down. They got a fellow named Whalen, who was supposed to be a fire-eater. He started in with his rough stuff, but it did not set well with the boys and one night someone put a bomb under his home, blowing it up. Whalen was not in the room at the time, but it threw such a scare into him that he left town at once.

Among the amusing personalities on the Tucson Division was an engineer named Charlie Golden. One day I met him in El Paso. He was about half lit up, and I asked him what he was doing there.

"I just returned from Siberia," he told me solemnly, "where the U. S. Government sent me to bring back Abraham Lincoln's bones." This was at the time when the bones of King Tut and other celebrities were being carted all over the world, but it was the first time I had heard the Great Liberator's bones were in Siberia.

Another peculiar character of the Tucson Division was "Pegleg" Harrison. Pegleg was not on the Tucson Division when I was there, but had worked there previously and I later knew him in Mexico. Pegleg had lost his leg switching in the yard. The company wanted to help him out and gave him a job in the shops. He learned the machinist trade, but shop work was too tame and he asked to fire again. Finally the company gave in. He did all of his firing on that pegleg, but when ready for promotion the company would not advance him until he bought a cork leg. He got one in Los Angeles and was promoted.

At a later time he was walking through the yard one night and cornered a switch engine and his cork leg was cut off and he never bought another one but used the peg from then on. He was fired later and went to Mexico.

Peg worked all over Mexico. He was a good engineman, although he looked funny sitting in the cab with his legs crossed and with that peg sticking out of the front window. He finally drifted to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where the Tehuantepec National crossed to Puerto Mexico, on the Atlantic side. The road belongs to

a British corporation which spent a great deal of money developing its two seaports.

In building the pike, Pegleg was bossing a gang of Mexicans on the jetty work in Salina Cruz when Sir Weetman Pierson came along with his retinue of lackeys, secretaries and servants and stopped to look at this particular job.

Now, Pegleg was as ornery-looking a tramp as you would expect to find in the tropics, his face crossed with a million wrinkles, and a large quid of chewing tobacco in his left jaw. As the notable stopped, Peg said: "Good morning, lord, how are you?"

Horrified, one of the underlings rushed up and told him not to "h'address 'is lordship h'in such a familiar manner."

Peg spat out a large gob of tobacco juice and answered: "Familiar, my eyebrow. Where in hell do you think you get in on this game? Remember, kid, I have the blood of Seventeen Seventy-six in me, and you Limeys can't tell me where to head in."

The secretary retired, his lordship smiled, and the party moved on.

I REMAINED on the Tucson Division until the latter part of 1919, but in the meantime the increase in business due to the war and the epidemic of the flu caused a shortage of men. I was transferred four times, twice to the Los Angeles, once to the Coast, and then to the Salt Lake Division.

I arrived in Ogden early one morning and was marked up immediately, for I was first out on the extra board. I asked permission to learn the road, but was told that there was no time for such useless things, and so then I asked that a fireman who knew the road be sent out with me. But that night I was called to go with a fireman who had arrived from Tucson with me, and who likewise had never been on the road!

We were called for 8 P.M. When I coupled onto the train it was night and snowing hard. I did not even know how to get out of the yard. I started after getting orders, but I headed down the wrong track, which would have taken me to Denver instead of westward to Montello, where I was scheduled to go. Before I was straightened out I had to back the train and head in the right direction.

The Salt Lake Division is a combination of single and double track, parts of each being operated according to requirements of business. Thirty-two miles of the line is over the Great Salt Lake, twenty miles of it being on the rip-rap and twelve miles over a bridge with speed restrictions of twenty miles for passenger and twelve miles an hour for freight, which are very closely watched.

It sure was tough! Naturally we did not do very well on our first trip, for we had no idea whatever of the physical characteristics of the road. But we got to Montello all right the next morning, although we were the full sixteen hours in doing so.

I remained on the Salt Lake Division until shortly before Christmas, and on my last trip to Carlin I stopped to look at the thermometer outside the clubhouse. It read 28 below zero. This was too much for me. Upon returning to Ogden, I requested permission to go back to my home division. It was granted. I have never seen the sunshine and the desert so beautiful as it appeared to me after my experience with snow and ice in Utah and Nevada.

ON June 30th, 1919, the Volstead Act went into effect. The reformers immediately shouted to the world to witness their great victory, and considering that they had the world by the tail, began getting more fool legislation put over and curbing every vestige of personal liberty.

At least, that's what I believe. I didn't like it. With all this and the possibility of more restrictions, I decided to leave my country. I considered the birthright of liberty which my direct forefathers fought for had been taken away from me.

I wrote George Knight, super of motive power in Camaguay, Cuba, asking for a job for myself and Harry Taylor, another engineer. Shortly after I received a favorable reply. We each obtained a leave of absence and a pass, went to New Orleans, and took a Spanish steamer to Havana. There we called at the office of O. R. Hale, super of motive power of the United Railways of Havana, and requested passes to Camaguay. Mr. Hale was not in, but his chief clerk gave us them and wished us a pleasant trip.

The job at Camaguay was bad, however; living conditions were horrible, engines worse, and grass grew overnight on the track, making it impossible to handle tonnage. We decided that our stay on the Cuba road would be short.

Finally we resigned and went to Havana, where we both landed positions with a well-known oil company instructing firemen in the use of fuel oil on locomotives. It was a much better job, paid very good, and we were well treated. We remained until recalled by the S. P., but before leaving Cuba I arranged to hold my job with the oil company when business again fell off on the S. P.

After three months at Tucson business declined, as I had expected, and I returned to Cuba, but Harry did not go with me. He was through with foreign countries.

When I returned to the oil company I was assigned to eastern Cuba. I remained in this district until the contract was finished, and all of us fellows who were instructing the native firemen were called into Havana, paid off and released. I was still holding my seniority on the S. P., but I had no desire to return to the States, so a friend and I remained in Havana trying to get a job. At length we heard that the Galena Signal Oil Co. wanted two men to go to Buenos Aires.

We called on the representative of that company, who regarded us favorably and it looked as if we both would be employed, but at the last moment I was turned down. I learned later that a man whom I thought was a friend had knocked me. He had no reason to do this, except that he was jealous. He just did not want to see me get a good job, although he had one himself with the same company.

On May first we left Havana. Our ships pulled out at exactly the same time, my friend for New York and I for New Orleans.

From New Orleans I left immediately for Los Angeles, stopping over in Tucson; but finding business dull, I decided to go home and wait until I heard from my friend after his arrival in Buenos Aires.

A letter from him said that the chances were good in the Argentine. A number of railroads were changing their engines from coal to oil burners, and they knew little about it. He had called on several American firms there and had been informed that some representatives could be used. However,

he advised me to try to get a contract before coming, for working under contract was more advantageous than under other conditions. I left Los Angeles in August, using my service letter and traveling card to get transportation. I had no difficulty until I reached Cincinnati, when upon applying to the Pennsylvania and also the B. & O. I was informed that it was not the custom to give a non-employee a pass. For the first time in many long years I bought a ticket.

My two weeks in New York were spent in calling on various firms having offices in South America, but I was unable to secure a contract. Wanting to leave the United States anyway, I bought a ticket to Buenos Aires, and on Sept. 15th I sailed from New York on the S. S. Vestris. (The Vestris sank several years later with a loss of two hundred lives.)

Through Two Continents—to the End of the Trail

ARGENTINA is the only country I found on the east coast of South America which allows foreigners to work on the railroads, and even there only a few contract engineers are employed by some of the large roads.

Buenos Aires, Argentina's capital, holds third place in population in the Western World, following Chicago in that respect. The principal thoroughfare in the city is Avenida de Mayo, a very wide street with neat little parks in the center. It is kept in perfect condition, and lined on both sides with imposing buildings. Among spots of interest is the Café Colon, an immense entertainment place. It seats thousands of patrons, who gather there nightly to sit, talk, drink and listen to the orchestra. The café adopted a custom of engaging the orchestras from the ships which were in the harbor and in this way one could listen to the music of all the world. I enjoyed it all too well.

One day I ran out of money. Now I was in a mess! Almost seven thousand miles from New York, broke and out of a job. The trouble was that I had no contract. When a man went to South America without one he was viewed with suspicion. Nobody could imagine why he left a country like the United States to look for work in a place so far away unless he simply *had* to leave.

I had now been in Buenos Aires three months and the outlook was not at all pleasant. One night I dropped into the Phoenix bar on Maupo Street. I was listening to the music and watching the people, trying to judge nationalities by the amount of money dropped into the tambourine as the collection was taken up for the entertainers, when I saw a man drop in a bank note. Knowing the recklessness of my countrymen in such matters, I judged he must be an American. I walked over and asked him.

"I think you are from Alabama," I guessed.

"That's just where I am from—I came from Mobile," he replied. "Have a drink with me." I found out he was third assistant engineer on the S. S. Salaam, and when I asked him the chances for a job on ship he said they were good, for two Chilian firemen had been arrested that morning for robbing the forecastle.

I called on the chief engineer the

next morning. His was an oil burning ship, so it was right in my line of work. A few days later we sailed up the Parana River to Rosario, about 250 miles from Buenos Aires. After cruising back to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, with a stop at Santos, we began our journey home, arriving in New Orleans 20 days later.

There I began looking for a railroad position. Making a thorough effort and finding nothing, I took a train for Houston where, after visiting a friend for a few days, I left for Tampico, Mexico, by the way of Brownsville for a job in the oil fields. But there was nothing doing.

I went back to Tampico, but still was unable to land anything. Meeting my old friend Jim LaValle, I was influenced by him to go to Mexico City, where he was in the railway supply business. He said he had nothing to offer me himself, but thought he could get something. I arrived in Mexico City a few days later and Jim gave me notes of introduction to various people, but without success. The Mexicans had made "Mexico for the Mexicans" very effective, and every position was filled by natives. I was there three weeks and had paid my fare all over the country, for there was no riding on a card any more.

MY money was low, and with hotel bills piling up I was soon broke. Watch and camera were put in hock and when that money was used up I had to do something that I had never done before—wire home for money.

While in Mexico City, walking down Calle Francisco I. Madero, someone threw his arms about me and there stood Jack McGlynn, an old crony of mine. He looked exceedingly slender, and when I asked the cause he replied that he was starving to death. He looked it. He said that one should diet in that high altitude, and that while he was quite willing to do a reasonable amount of it, he did not want to forget to eat completely, but that was just what he was doing.

He had made lots of money in the oil fields, but it had gotten away from him. Many Americans down there were like him. They hung around a saloon in a prominent part of the city but did not have any money to spend. Every now and then a live wire would come in from the mines or oil fields and look after the boys.

One day a young fellow who was the son-in-law of the general manager of some of the biggest mines in North America came to town. A young fellow looking for a good time, he hung around Mexico City for a few days buying the boys eats and drinks, and the night before he left he threw a party in his room at the hotel. After it was well under way Jack suggested they all swap clothes. He said that it would be lots of fun, and his idea met with general approval. Jack selected this young fellow who had an excellent suit of clothes, and the exchange was made.

Finally the party broke up and Jack was missing. I saw the youngster at the café with Jack's old suit on. He asked me if I had seen Jack, but I had not nor did I see him for several years, until I met him in Guatemala City.

The youngster laughed and said that he did not mind losing his clothes, for he had plenty more at home, but he hated to lose his belt, for it had a solid gold buckle on it. I suppose Jack used the proceeds from the sale of this buckle to pay his fare to Guatemala City.

Now, an incident of this nature

should not be regarded too seriously, nor should Jack be judged too severely.

This was thought of as a big joke on the other fellow, laughed off and soon forgotten.

The money arrived from home and I began preparations once again to bid Mexico farewell. I went out by the way of Laredo, in order to call upon a friend in Houston. I tried to get transportation to El Paso, but having been out of service of a railroad so long my letters were out of date.

One of the requirements of the pass agreement was that a man would have to be in railroad service within six months in order to get transportation. This clause was inserted to prevent ex-railroad men who had got into other lines from using their Brotherhood cards for free transportation.

Knowing that there was no use in calling at the pass bureau, I went to the twelfth floor and sent my personal card to W. R. Scott, President of the Atlantic System of the Southern Pacific, requesting an interview. I explained conditions to Scott and asked for a pass to El Paso. He rang for his secretary and told him to make out an order for my transportation.

Presenting my order to the pass bureau, I was immediately bawled out by the clerk in charge, who told me that I had no right to ignore his authority by going over his head to see Mr. Scott. I remarked that had I come to the pass bureau I would have been turned down and he said: "You are right; you would."

"True," I said, "but I will not be turned down now, for I have gone to a man broad-minded enough to overlook trifles, and who is willing to listen to explanations."

I then requested that the pass be made out for the day following, which the clerk refused to do. I told him it was impossible for me to get ready today as my trunk had to be packed, hotel bill to be paid, and the train left in an hour and a half.

"Don't make the thing out at all," I countered, "I'll go to Mr. Scott's office again and return with an order for you to make that pass good for a month." I started out, whereupon the clerk called to me.

"Say," he said, "I'll make it good until day after tomorrow. Will that be long enough?" I told him that was all I had asked for in the first place. Before I walked out I told him something else. That was to go right square to hell.

MY sister lived in Merced, a short distance from Fresno, California, so I headed for there and picked up a job on a road built to serve a great saw mill which had been built at Fresno. The line was the old Minarets & Western, now abandoned. A subsidiary of the Southern Pacific, it was operated independently, but S. P. wages were in force.

On that road I drew the biggest check for a month's work I ever got in railroading—$525 and a few cents over, but I laid off the last three days of the month, for I was completely worn out. That same month Ed Bond, another engineer, worked the full month and drew more than $600.

But there is always a drawback to everything, and in this particular case it was a bull-necked, slave-driving trainmaster who had been put in charge of the work trains. When I hired out two other engineers were ahead of me, but when construction was finished and operation began there were several behind me. In all, ten or twelve engineers were hired.

I was the only one who belonged to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and I thought it a good idea to organize these fellows. The S. P. was friendly to the B. of L. E. and had a contract with the organization, so I naturally thought it would be agreeable with it to have all Brotherhood men. I asked these fellows if they would like to join. All were willing, and I wrote the lodge in Bakersfield asking for some application blanks. The chief engineer of the lodge replied and told me to have the men fill out the applications and pass the required medical examination, and that he would come up and initiate all of them at one time.

When I received the letter I noticed that the envelope had been opened and resealed. I asked the chief clerk who had tampered with my mail. He replied that he knew nothing about it and cared less. I then informed the gentleman if he would tell me who did it, or if the so-and-so who did open it would make himself known, I would promise faithfully to whip him all over that office regardless of who he was or how big.

That was when my troubles began. I was hounded and harassed at each move I made and gained the enmity of all officials on the road. Everything was wrong, and I was continually called upon for whys and wherefores. Finally I received a message to turn my engine over to another hoghead and report to the trainmaster's office the next day at 9 A.M.

I did as instructed. The "investigation" was of short duration, for I walked into His Majesty's office, told him to go to hell and walked out. I was already on my way out when he yelled: "You are fired for insubordination!"

I yelled back another invitation for him, and sailed off the job. I did not even go back for my time, but asked that it be sent me at Merced.

Next I wrote the United Fruit Co. in New Orleans, sounding them out, and received a reply offering a position at Puerto Castilla, Honduras. I took up the offer and left for the place.

I went to work on the Trujillo Railroad, a 42-inch gage line operated by the fruit company. Bananas were its chief freight. The equipment was in good condition; the hours were long on the days one worked; but there were plenty of layovers. Although the job paid only $165 a month, living costs were only $38, so there were a few dollars left.

The engine was equipped with a good electric headlight, and as the jungle would get wet at night from the falling dew, the animals would mass on the right-of-way to escape the dampness. Riding along, I could see all forms of animal and bird life—tigers, monkeys, tapirs, tiger kittens, anteaters, snakes and thousands of birds of brilliant plumage. They would be blinded by the headlight, but the rumble of the approaching train would frighten them off the track just before I came upon them.

Again I had trainmaster trouble. This time he was an ex-Santa Fe conductor who had got a well-developed lump of egotism and self-esteem by his promotion, and he, like my M. & W. friend, liked to take it out on the engineer. It began when I wanted to remain at Corocilo fifteen minutes longer to wait for dinner, which would be ready then; but he insisted that I leave immediately and eat farther down the line, three hours later. On January 9, 1924, I told him where to head in at and walked off the job.

I left in company of a man named

W. H. Joy, who had been an auditor on one of the passenger trains. We took a little coastwise motor boat to La Ceiba, the most progressive city in Honduras, and rested there a few days; then took another small boat to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala.

When we arrived in Puerto Barrios we called on the terminal superintendent and requested passes to Guatemala City. Once there, we went to the Grace Gran Hotel. Captain Johnnie Grace, a partner of Lee Christmas and one of the soldiers of fortune Richard Harding Davis wrote about.

The captain, Christmas and Guy Maloney, who was now commander-in-chief of the Honduras army, were friends and fellow adventurers for years; but Grace got old and settled in Guatemala City with an excellent hostelry as a reward for his years of stirring adventure.

Next morning Joy and I called at the offices of the International Railways of Central America and asked for a job. We were hired, he as a conductor and I as an engineer. While we were in our hotels making out our applications we received a telegram from the super of the United Fruit Co. at Quirigua offering us a job. I preferred to work out of Guatemala; Joy favored going to Quirigua; so we turned down the positions on the International and decided on the fruit company.

It was just another banana job—banana groves and jungle, no social life or anything to break the awful monotony of the tropics but work or get drunk. We worked about four days a week and the rest of the time wished we were dead. This did not suit me, for I was still young. When a boomer named Whitefield drifted in from Ecuador, we became fast friends and on our off days we would wander around together and make plans for the future.

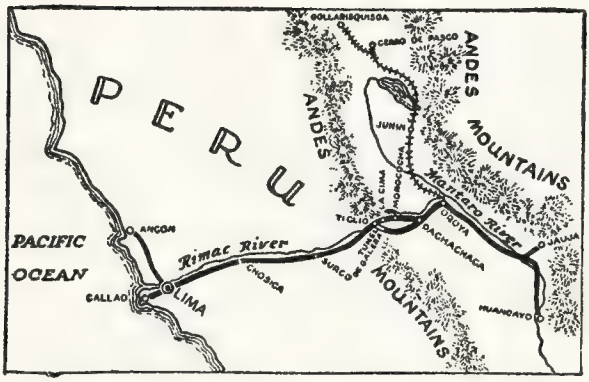
A Jamaica Negro named Grimes was quite a business man, and he had a number of stores at various towns along the railroad. At Las Animas, about two miles from Quirigua, his emporium was in charge of a very old Negress. One day Whitefield and I walked up to Las Animas and went into this place, looked over the stock of liquors and saw some bottles of expensive Scotch whisky. The bottles had been in stock a long time and were faded and covered with dirt. They were priced at three dollars each.

Whitefield was shocked. Throwing up his hands, he exclaimed: "What, three dollars a bottle for that old whisky? Why, woman, that whisky is so old it is stale—the idea asking such a price for it!"

The old woman looked at it and said: "Dat's right, it is pretty ol', and I spec it is stale, so you gimme dollar and a half a bottle for it and you kin have it and I will 'splain to Mr. Grimes when he come back."

We remained there until spring, when I suggested to Whitefield that we "bunch" it and go to the States. After giving ten days' notice, we quit, getting our time and going to Guatemala City. We grabbed a boat for Frisco, stopping at Salina Cruz, Acapulco, Manzanillo, Mazatlan, Ensenada, Los Angeles and finally Frisco.

I REMAINED in Frisco two weeks, then sailed for Seattle, where I took a train to Concrete, Washington. Whitefield remained there, later going to work for the S. P. as a brakeman. I never saw him again, but later I was in Panama and was told he had gone to Venezuela as a pipe fitter.



The Heavy Line Represents the Central Railway of Peru, the World's Highest Standard-Gage Road; the Crossed Line, the Railroad of the Cerro de Pasco Copper Co., on Which "Turkey" Moore Worked

At Concrete I went to work running an electric hoist. It paid well. I was later given a better job with even more money and I thought my tropical days had ended, but on October 16th, the day after my birthday, the I. W. W. pulled a strike, and I was out of a job again. I did not belong to the I. W. W., but I had never "scabbed," and I didn't want to begin now. I went back to Frisco and remained there a month; then I bought a ticket to New York with a stopover privilege at Panama. I arrived in Balboa, Canal Zone, on Christmas Eve. There I changed my mind; I got off, sold my ticket to New York for $35, and the day after New Year's I took a ship bound for Callao, Peru, which I saw for the first time five days later.

Going to Lima by train, I called at the Cerro de Pasco Copper Co.'s office. I was told that all men were hired either in the New York office or at Cerro de Pasco, so I went down to the Peruvian Central place and asked for and got a pass to La Oroya.

The following morning I left Lima. The P. C. line is one of the marvels of railroad construction. Built by Henry Meiggs, an American engineer, it has a grade of from 1½ to 4% all the way from Callao to La Cima. Its tracks, I have been told, are the only ones in the world on which a box car will roll 100 miles with no motive power. In crossing the Andes, after only 108 miles of travel, it reaches a height of 15,806 feet above sea level at La Cima, the highest point on any standard gage road in the world.

Most people become sick in going over it. Extreme nausea, violent headaches and coldness affect the entire system. A first-aid man with oxygen tanks accompanies all passenger trains, and when a passenger becomes sick he is fed pure oxygen until he gets to a lower level.

I was not affected, however, and I arrived in La Oroya in excellent condition. The super of the C. de P. Railway was standing on the platform in front of his office, and when I walked up to introduce myself he said: "Hello, did you get my cablegram?" That was one on me.

"There is a job for you here; you can go to work when you are ready," he explained.

"How's that?" I asked, still mystified.

"Your friend, Ed Bond, is here and recommended you for a job; I cablegramed you Christmas Eve to San Francisco," he said. Of course, I was in Panama at the time, but I certainly was ready to go to work now.

Ed Bond, you remember, was on the M. & W. at Fresno. He had later been fired for exactly the same thing that got me in trouble—trying to get members for the B. of L. E. He had gone to Peru, told the super about me,

and that was how the super had wired me.

After some trouble with mountain sickness I was assigned to a yard engine at Cerro de Pasco. The town is 4,000 feet above timber line, and nothing grows there but a coarse grass, edible only by sheep and llamas, a South American beast something like a camel. The place is very disagreeable, for it is always cold and snowing. Trying to make it comfortable as possible, the railroad built good living quarters and supplied good food. But the high altitude does not permit anything to be cooked properly, so even though good food is available it is seldom fit to eat.

The C. de P. Railway operates about 150 miles of modern standard gage track. All the locomotive engineers are Americans, and most of them are of the boomer type, although the company endeavors to hire men who will stick, for it is expensive to have a big labor turnover. But the unpleasant climate makes them leave. New men are being hired all the time. Seldom does a man renew his contract when it has expired.

AMONG the engineers in Peru were two boomers who drifted together. One was named Martin, the other Stewart. Martin was a first-class engineer, but mean to his firemen or anyone else whom he could impose on. Stewart was more agreeable, but not as good an engineman. They had met in France during the War. At the end of the conflict Martin had returned to the Santa Fe at San Marcial, N. M. Stewart had taken a vocational training in one of the Government schools set up to rehabilitate the returned soldier. He had gone through a course in chemistry, but the knowledge he had acquired had not fitted him to apply it to his advantage, although he thought he had learned everything on the subject.

Their contracts in South America expired at the same time, and they notified the super they did not wish to renew them, but would take cash settlement for their passage home, for they did not intend to return at that time. When their contract was up they were paid off and released.

These fellows had in mind a trip down the Mantaro River, which ran through Huancayo to Iquitos, the eastern outlet of Peru, situated on the Amazon and quite an important post. A garrison was maintained there and all eastern commerce went through this town to Europe by way of the Amazon.

Since it was near the Brazilian border, and several hundred miles from Cerro de Pasco, and accessible only through a most difficult part of the country to boot, few if any white men had ever been over this route. Just what the object of these boomers was I do not know. Since Stewart bought an expensive camera and equipped himself with a number of notebooks, I imagined he expected to write a book on his experiences.

They built a boat in the shops at Cerro. Martin knew something about boat construction. However, his river experience was on the placid streams of the U. S., and not the torrents of South America, and while the boat they built in the shops would have performed nicely on the Sacramento or Mississippi, it certainly was inadequate for the roaring current of the Montaro.

They covered her hull with light sheet metal, and camouflaged her with bright colors. I never could under-

stand the camouflaging, for they were not apt to meet any German warships on the river, but they had been in the army, and I suppose they knew what they were doing. They laid in a first class supply of stuff—guns and ammunition, all sorts of medicines, clothing, and foods in five-gallon tins, sealed against moisture. Finally they named their boat the "Ucayale," painted her name on her bow, and arranged to transport her to Huancayo by truck.

A number of us went down to see the adventurers off on their perilous expedition. There are few things of interest up in the high Andes and the newspapers welcomed something to write about. Those in Cerro de Pasco and in Huancayo gave this expedition much publicity, and people were greatly excited about it. They gathered from surrounding towns for days to witness the departure.

We left Cerro de Pasco in the morning, accompanying the expedition to Huancayo. The boat was on a truck while the rest of us were in private cars. We reached town in the afternoon and preparations for the journey began. All cargo, supplies, etc., were stowed away and the "Ucayale" was duly christened by being busted in the nose with a bottle of *pisco,* and all was ready for the journey.

NEXT morning everyone from the town and surrounding villages were there to see them off. The band was playing patriotic airs, the men waving their hats and shouting farewells, the girls waving their hankies, and everyone was in a fever of excitement. Stewart had equipped himself with a cork helmet. He looked very dramatic.

Now, Stewart was fond of the ladies, while Martin didn't care a thing on earth for them; so with all of the pretty girls shouting encouragement Stewart felt very proud and self-conscious. He had a hide like a walrus and no woman on earth would look at him the second time, except these Latin girls living where the number of women greatly exceed that of men, and he was paying considerably more attention to the plaudits of the crowd than he was to navigating the boat.

The current of the Montaro is very swift. There are many rocks which make navigation perilous. It takes all the skill of the Indian boatmen with their dugouts to negotiate this stream, so the two boomers were greatly handicapped to begin with.

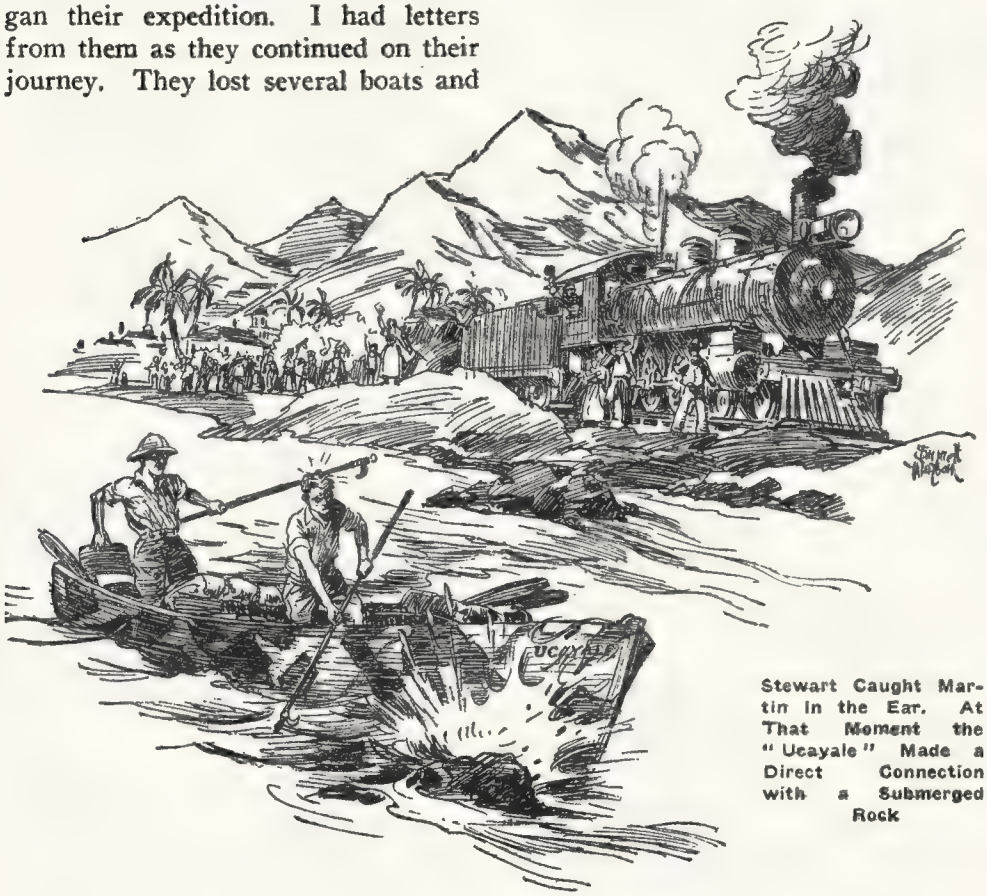
However, the boat moved with the current. Martin was standing amidship attending strictly to business, keeping the craft away from the rocks. Stewart was in the stern armed with a boat hook, but paying more attention to the audience on the banks than to the perils confronting them.

Suddenly Martin called out: "Give me a hand here." The boat was approaching a big rock.

Stewart came to life, gave a wild swing with his hook, missed the rock and caught Martin in the ear. At that moment the "Ucayale" made a direct connection with a submerged rock, which tore the whole nose out of her and sank her in four feet of water.

It was the funniest sight I ever saw. There stood Stewart with the water reaching his armpits, a silly grin on his homely face and that absurd helmet sticking up out of the water, and his partner wildly brandishing his boat hook, threatening to knock his brains out. The crowd was sympathetic, but I will confess I never enjoyed anything more in my life.

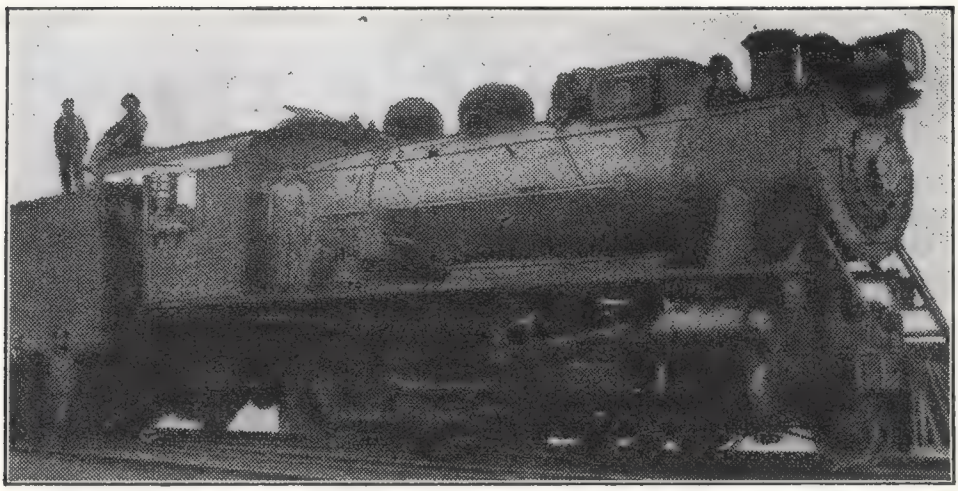
The "Ucayale" was a total loss. Some of the supplies were salvaged, but most were lost. However, the men set about building a new boat, this time with the aid and advice of the Indian rivermen. A month later again began their expedition. I had letters from them as they continued on their journey. They lost several boats and made much of the trip on foot, and finally after seven months reached Iquitos.



Stewart Caught Martin In the Ear. At That Moment the "Ucayale" Made a Direct Connection with a Submerged Rock

At the end of their voyage Martin took a boat for New York and returned to California, where he lives. Stewart got a job with an oil company drilling at Iquitos and went to work there.

BEFORE Stewart left Cerro de Pasco he had pledged his troth to a young lady school teacher. She was half Dutch and half Peruvian, her father having come to Peru many years ago. None too attractive, coffee-colored, not exactly young and slightly shop worn, she nevertheless suited Stewart, and she promised to be his after he had finished his journey. Well, he dreaded the trip back to Cerro, even over the beaten trail, so he hit upon the happy idea of marrying her by proxy and having her shipped down to him. This way only one of them would have to suffer the discomforts of primitive travel. He wrote to an engineer named Laidlaw asking him to marry the young lady for him and get her on her way.



Engine No. 3 of the Cerro de Pasco at Cerro de Pasco, Peru. The Crew Was All Native Except Engineer Frank Edwards (in the Cab), a Friend of "Turkey" Moore's

Now Laidlaw had one wife, and not being very familiar with laws in Peru, invited me to dinner to talk over things. Finally he asked me if I would represent Stewart and proxy for him.

I happened to know of the existence of a Peruvian law which made it obligatory for one who had accepted a god-fathership at a christening to accept the responsibility of the infant in case the parents died, and I was not sure that such a law did not apply to a representative in a proxy marriage. Having no wife, nor having the slightest inclination for one, I did not care to take a chance on falling heir to a saddle-colored bride if Stewart should fall in the river or be eaten by an anaconda.

I therefore declined with thanks, and Stewart was advised that we thought he better return for his blushing bride in person. This he did, taking her back to his jungle home on the back of a mule.

But the romance did not last long. Not very much later the lady presented him with a son and heir, which did not sit so well with this old boomer. One morning while the wife was attending her duties Stewart slipped out on a steamer bound for New York and we heard nothing more of him.

I RAN the yard engine at Cerro de Pasco thirty days, when I got a message from the super to report to the master mechanic as roundhouse foreman. Next day an official bulletin was posted confirming my appointment. I remained in this position three years and four months, and acted as master mechanic when the Old Man was sick or on vacation. A quiet fellow named Skinner, he had not been home to the States in thirty years. He was married to an Indian, by whom he had several children.

We were allowed a two-week vacation with pay each six months to get us out of the high altitude and allow us to recuperate at sea level, and we always went to Lima on these vacations. It is eight miles from Callao, Peru's principal port. Both places have their characters—boomer railroad men, sailors who have jumped their ship and become beach combers, and

all the rest. When in the Lima Bar, in Callao, I would frequently have a waiter go out and round up the beach combers and show them a good time.

The real beach comber of Lima was Pete Raymond. Pete was quite a dandy. He wore good clothes, pince-nez glasses, walked quite jauntily with a cane, and was fond of dry Martini cocktails.

Well-educated, he had traveled over much of the world, had held good jobs in India, South Africa, the United States and in South America. His last work as mining engineer had been in Bolivia, where he had left his wife. He was now living in Lima on the boys who were working for the railroad.

Once Harry Christianson, who was a secretary in the Lima office, received a letter from Mrs. Raymond in Bolivia, asking him if the Americans in Lima would help her get back to the States, telling that she had been abandoned by her husband and was helpless. Harry immediately got busy and collected $300 which he was going to send her.

He happened to meet Pete on the street and told him about it. Pete seemed much affected. He said he knew he had not acted right and was very sorry and would like to make amends. He asked Harry to allow him to send the money to his wife as a kind of peace offering. So sincere did he seem that Harry gave him the money, and Pete spent it for dry Martinis. That cost Pete the friendship of all the Americans in Lima. Only strangers would help him after that, and Pete began to look for work.

There was a big, high, long adobe wall in front of the Hotel Bolivia. President Laguia was beautifying Lima at that time. Plaza San Martin, in this location, was included in the program, and Pete got the contract to demolish the old wall. He drilled it full of holes in which to place dynamite sticks.

His job was located near the Hotel Bolivia, and much of his working time was spent in the bar where he explained to all comers what a successful job blowing up that wall was going to be.

"Why, that wall will just lay down on its side without a dozen bricks being broken," he would boast. "It will be a wonderful job of blasting." Then he would have a dry Martini on whoever he was talking to and rush back to the job.

At last the wall was ready to be blown up. It had been advertised so much by Pete that all the foreigners and the newspaper men were down to see it. Pete took a last Martini and walked in a very dignified manner over to the switch box, shouted for everyone to look out, and shoved the switch into place. Immediately there was a terrific explosion. The wall rose up, and instead of lying over on its side as was expected, it blew into a million pieces, scattering all over the country.

One brick hit Pete between the eyes, and that was the end of the glorified beach comber.

ONE day in 1926 I was sitting in the Bar Commercio in Lima having lunch with my friend Peterson, who was credit manager for the National City Bank of New York in Lima. A tall, big-framed man with a florid complexion stopped at the door.

"By the way," he asked, "is there anything at the bank for me?"

"No, Mr. Jones, nothing yet," Peterson answered.

"That's all right, it don't amount to anything, only a little draft for eight

thousand I was expecting," he assured Peterson and walked away.

I asked Pete who he was.

"Oh, that is 'Millionaire' Jones," was the reply. "He is always springing something like that. He has a son who supports him, but he likes to speak of large sums of money in a careless way."

Later I found out that he was one of the promoters of a shady deal back in 1916, that Uncle Sam had got after them for using mails to defraud the public, and that this bird had come down here.

I remained on the foreman job until June, 1928, when my vacation to the States was three months overdue. At the end of three years' service, you see, employees were entitled to a three and a half month vacation with pay to the States, with transportation furnished in both directions. I made application for mine and on June 9th left for the States. I was sixteen days on the trip, stopping in at Panama and at Manzanillo, Mexico.

WHEN I came back in September I went "up the hill" and reported for work. I found out, however, that I could "take engine No. 8 and go to work as soon as I desired." I asked why I could not go back on my own job as foreman.

"Oh, we abolished that while you were gone," was the reply.

Not being able to get a satisfactory explanation, I was pretty sore and ready to quit right then, but my vacation had cost me $1,600 and I had 105 days' pay due me, which I would lose if I quit, so I decided to stick it out until I had made as much as my vacation had cost.

I took No. 8 and went to work. Business was good so my average pay was $350 or better a month. I worked four months, gave the company a ninety days' notice, and resigned at the end of that time. Ready to hit the road again, I went "down the hill" for the last time on May first.

I spent several days in Lima, then went on to Panama, and next to El Salvador. When I arrived I wired the super of motive power for transportation to San Salvador, where his office was located, and next morning I left for the capital. I was met at the train by the super himself, and also by an old friend whom I had met in Buenos Aires.

I was offered a job as traveling engineer. The salary was $175 a month and expenses, which I promptly turned down. The super said he would try to get me more, so upon his recommendation I was offered $225 a month and expenses with a promise of more money at the end of a year if I was satisfactory. This was reasonable, and I accepted.

The International Railways of Central America operated in El Salvador and Guatemala, connecting at Zacapa. I was assigned to the new division which was then being built between San Salvador and Zacapa. Construction was nearly over, but the road was not connected up for six months after I went to work. On December 28th, 1929, the golden spike was driven with much ceremony and patriotic speaking by the presidents of the two republics.

The job was a hard one, for the road has a three-foot gage; and with new track and sharp curves derailments were many and hours were long. Living conditions out on the road were poor. But I stuck it out, working hard. January first I was notified that my pay had been raised $25 a month. That day the new line went into service and

One Accident " Turkey " Didn't Tell About! This Derailment Occurred on the Cerro de Pasco While He Was Breaking in No. 20, an Overhauled 4-6-0 Type

a new train with new equipment made its first trip between San Salvador and Zacapa.

One day I was much surprised to meet my old friend Joy, who had traveled with me from Honduras to Guatemala years before. He had worked in a number of places since I had seen him, including Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, and was now trainmaster on the Division between Zacapa and Puerto Barrios. Remaining there for a few months longer, he was offered a job on a railroad in Persia. He accepted it and left.

I went to Guatemala City one day on a little vacation. Walking down the street, I ran into my old friend Jack McGlynn. He was looking fine, dressed like a million bucks and not nearly so thin as when I met him in Mexico City several years before. He fairly oozed prosperity. My curiosity was aroused.

Jack explained that he left Mexico City the night after the exchange of garments, going by train to Vera Cruz and then to Guatemala City. He arrived in here and met friends who later helped him form a company to search the country for oil. He sold stock and with the proper advertising everyone became interested, and soon enough money was in the treasury to buy a rig.

Jack in the meantime had voted himself a director of the company with a good salary. He continued to get rid of stock, and even succeeded in selling the President of Guatemala himself 6,000 shares—and he got the money for it.

" Of course," he said, " there are no special indications of oil being in Guatemala, but one can never tell what he may strike in the ground if he goes deep enough." So far the holes were drilled, and not one drop of oil was discovered, but Jack was firmly established by then, and held a high social and business position. He married a rich Guatemalan woman and they took an extended trip through Europe, on which he visited the battlefields where he had lost two fingers on his left hand and paid a trip to the tomb of the unknown soldier.

The Guatemala Division still had a

few American engineers. All were old Mexican men who had found this haven. Most of them were married to native women and were rounding out their lives under a tropical sun, where they rest easily when the end of the trail is reached.

THEN came the crash in the States. While not felt in Central America for several months, it began to affect business to some extent. Expenses were reduced. I knew my job was shaky, for the other traveling engineer was the older man in the service, and I was sure that if one job was pulled off it would be mine. There was no improvement; the Depression continued to get worse and finally I was notified to come to headquarters to see the boss.

My job had been discontinued, but Mr. Walker liked me and offered me work as roundhouse foreman at La Union. This position paid considerably less, but I was given a completely furnished house and the work was easy, so I accepted it.

I was at La Union ten months and still business continued to fall off. We now saw that the Depression was to be a long-drawn-out affair. Each of us was hoping that when the force was further reduced he would not be the unlucky one.

I had saved money and had it invested in various stocks and bonds which paying dividends and interest, and I had a nice little monthly income. I had hoped that with two years' more work to add to these investments, retire, take a trip around the world, come home and settle down.

I was doomed to disappointment. On May first I was given a thirty day notice of abolition of my office and a letter from Mr. Walker explaining that arrangements would be made to do all repair work on the engines in San Salvador. I now began to try to figure out some way of making a living without drawing on my finances. I knew there was no use in going to the States, and I also knew there was nothing in South America, for I was in touch with friends in Peru and Chile, and each letter told of the same conditions down there.

Finally I decided to go to Panama, where an old pal named Shobe lived. We had been together in Mexico many years before where he had worked on the Mexican Central as a fireman. He was a great piano player and entertainer.

He was now tending bar in Panama City, and I figured it would be a good idea to get in touch with him, for I was thinking about buying a saloon there and getting him to help me run it.

However, our plans fell through, and I ended up by buying half interest in "Sloppy Joe's," for which I paid $3,000, half in cash and the rest out of future profits. But my partner, gol darn him, could not say no when anyone asked for credit. Slowly but very surely we were going broke. Each payday we would be left with $500 to $1,000 in uncollected bills. At the end of a year, therefore, I decided to sell out to said partner, offering my share of the place for $1,000. He accepted, and I was glad of it.

I LEFT Balboa for La Union, El Salvador, for a number of reasons, chief among them being the fact that I was lonesome for an old girl I had left there. I had also heard about a saloon for sale in Corinto, Nicaragua. Knowing that 3,000 marines were to be imported to supervise the forthcoming elections, and knowing that the

saloon occupied a very good location in Corinto, I figured the place would be a little gold mine, at least for a while.

Well, I made all the agreements, and I was to get the place on April 15th, 1932. Shortly afterward, however, the deal fell through. By that time I was not sorry. A revolution had occurred while I was in Panama; martial law still prevailed; business was very uncertain; and the currency of the country had depreciated alarmingly.

I stopped in La Union a while to see the gal, and going through San Salvador, I hit out for La Libertad, where I caught a boat for the States. The trip to Los Angeles was so-so, and I remained there all summer, doing a little of everything and not much of anything.

By now I was despairing of ever hiring out on a railroad. I still had a little money, and I hit upon the bright idea of getting hold of some property in Central America and passing the rest of my life there. I found out that many banks there would be glad to trade my interest-bearing bonds for land, and decided I would take them up.

On the way to New Orleans I looked over some of my old stamping grounds. Alas, for time and change! I found few I knew, either in El Paso, or Juarez, or Dallas. Just for example, I inquired about an old pal in Dallas, and asked if he was an extra or a regular man by now. He used to be two or three points above me on the seniority list.

"Why, Red is one of the *old* regular men," was the answer.

And then I realized it more than ever before. I was no longer young. I welcomed New Orleans again, for it had changed the least, but I dreaded to leave it. It was like jumping twenty years overnight.

From there I sailed for Panama, where I would change ships and double back again to Port Limon, Costa Rica. I enjoyed the trip, but the ship, too, had changed. Everything was more efficient; one man was doing two men's work. Even the bartender had to take care of the linen room between times. I wondered where all this efficiency was leading, for it seemed to me that when men can't work they have no money, and that when they have no money they can't buy things.

I was glad to get to Port Limon. Before I was there long I met two old heads with whom I had worked in Mexico. They were prepared to spend the rest of their days there.

From Port Limon I went to San Jose. About that time Franklin D. Roosevelt was made President of the United States. Whether that had anything to do with it or not, the bankers in San Jose who had offered to trade some land for my bonds backed out very graciously—but also very firmly. Those bonds have since gone up enormously, so I have the satisfaction of knowing the bankers made a big mistake.

My mission having failed, I decided to return to the States. I fooled around San Jose a while, and then took the forty-inch gage road to Puntarenas, on the Pacific Ocean side of Costa Rica, and again sailed for La Union, El Salvador. After a pleasant time with my girl there, I bade her farewell for what I knew was to be forever—though I didn't have the heart to tell her so.

At La Libertad I went ashore and drove to San Salvador, looking for old friends and cronies. They were all gone. The only fellow I met whom I

knew was General Jeffries, one of Lee Christmas' and Guy Maloney's pals. A railroad civil engineer in the tropics when hostilities broke out, he had joined some rebel army or other. His abilities were recognized; he was invested with high titles and honors, and was given 25,000 acres of land by the Costa Rican government in appreciation for his services.

We had long pleasant talks about the good old days, and we agreed they were fled forever. I suppose it is a selfish way to look at it, but I consoled myself by reflecting that we would be out of the running, anyway, even if the old times could be re-enacted.

Returning from La Libertad to the United States, I arrived in San Pedro early in the morning. I went on deck and looked over toward the town. What a difference! A cold, gray fog hung over the water; the pale sun made no more than a feeble attempt to shine through; and the deck was wet and clammy. Noisy, smelly tugs crawled here and there, their sirens blowing as they felt their way through the mist.

Rejecting all this, my thoughts and longings turned back to the land of eternal sunshine, where it was ever gay and never cold. My eyes were moist, for I realized my boomer trail had at last come to an end.

A Special Train for 24 Cents

HAROLD ANGIER, Jr., eight years old, is the envy of all other young railroad fans in his section of California. Harold lives at Lodi, at one end of the two-and-a-half-mile-long Lodi-Woodbridge branch of the Southern Pacific. His first railroad trip was on a train especially provided for him by the Southern Pacific.

It happened this way: Harold's mother had promised him a visit to Woodbridge. Mrs. Angier bought tickets for them both at a total cost of twenty-four cents. There were no other passengers, and no freight had been consigned to Woodbridge that day. Therefore, the train crew on the tiny branch line had planned to spend the day at home, as this train ran only when there was occasion.

But when Mrs. Angier and Harold appeared at the tiny Lodi station with tickets proving that the railroad had contracted to carry them to Woodbridge, there was nothing to do but operate the train. It cost the S. P. more than $100 to give Harold his first train ride—but the good-will publicity they got in return amply repaid them.

PROBAK
JUNIOR
4 BLADES for 10¢
ALSO 10 FOR 25¢
25 FOR 59¢
PROBAK JUNIOR
MADE IN U.S.A.
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OTHER PATENTS PENDING
PROBAK
PROBAK
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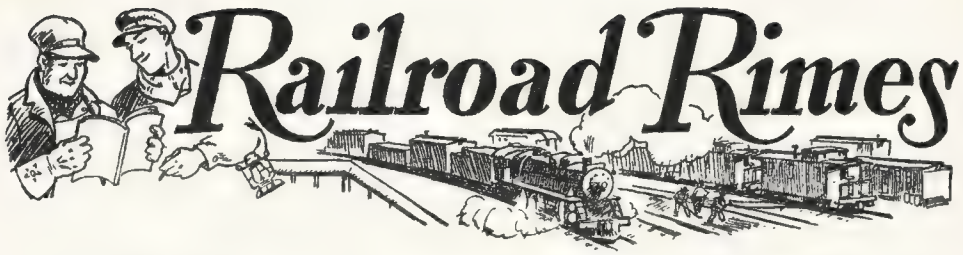
PROBAK
CLEAN, SMOOTH SHAVES
at lowest price in history
● True shaving comfort at record-breaking low price. This is the reason for the tremendous popularity of Probak Jr.—the famous new double-edge razor blade. Especially processed for tough beards—this blade is ground, honed and stropped automatically to glide smoothly through stubborn bristles. Prove this. Ask your dealer for Probak Jr.



THE HOBO'S STORY

HE swung from an eastbound freight train
The shattered wreck of a man,
And entered the C. & O. lunch room
Conducted by "Union Dan."
He stood there, trembling, uncertain,
Ready to make for the door,
Till he sighted Engineer Riley
And noticed the pin he wore.

Then he smiled as he started forward
And gazed at the emblem true;
Saying, "Boys, it's a grand old order,
And once I belonged there, too."
Then the lunch room roared with laughter
For all the boys liked their fun;
But they made him eat and called him
"A lying son-of-a-gun."

"Come, pard, you must tell us a story,"
The engineer winked as he spoke.
And the tramp said, "Boys, it's funny;
I know you think I'm a joke.
I'm only a bum, a hobo—
Believe this tale if you will—
'Tis the story of my downfall;
It haunts my memory still.

"For I was a railroad engineer,
Counted the best on the line;
No hand more steady, no eye more true,
No nerve was better than mine.
My engine was known both far and wide,
And strange, boys, to relate,
There never had been an accident
And never reported late.

"So I was proud of my record,
And I loved to hear them tell
How they knew who sat at the throttle
By the whistle and ring of the bell.
So I left the yards that morning
With a smile and a word of fun;
There was nothing, boys, to tell me,
That this was my final run.

"I said to my trusty fireboy,
'We're Johnny on the spot,
And after we pass the tunnel
I'll give her all she's got.'
And the train shook with a tremor
From the engine to caboose,
As we cleared the mouth of the tunnel
And I turned that Big Mike loose.

"A curve—then, the grade before me—
Then everything went black—
A baby was there at the crossing
In the middle of the track.
And the engine gathered motion
As we neared the foot of the hill,
While I cursed and shrieked the whistle;
But the little one stood still.

"Then a woman's cry of terror,
And the baby's frightened wail;
Then a grinding of brakes and levers
As the engine left the rail.
I was stunned and half-unconscious
As they pulled me out of the steam;
But the hill gave back the echoes
Of that stricken mother's scream.

"And reeling there, like a drunk man,
I swore that never again
My hand should touch the throttle;
I would hide from my fellow men.
But I love the throb of the engine
As she flies along the rail,
And I hope to meet my finish
Somewhere along the trail."

—C. L. Jones, in Locomotive Engineers Journal.

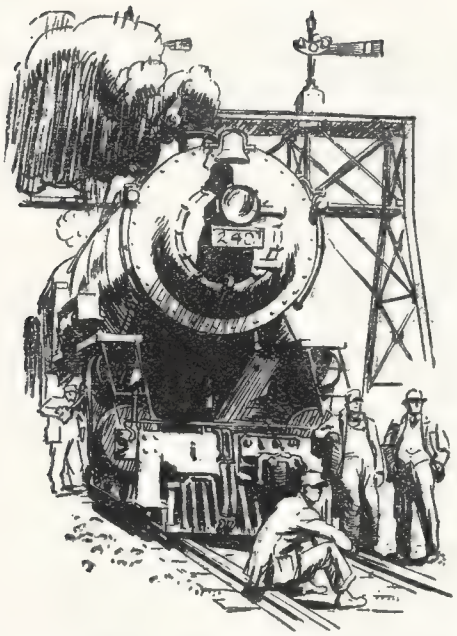
* * *

EMPTIES COMING BACK

HAVE you ever sat by the railroad track
And watched the empties coming back,
Lumbering along with a groan and a whine,
Smoke streaming out in a long gray line
Belched from the engine's panting stack,
Just empties coming back?

I have, and to me those empties seem
Like dreams I used to dream
Of a girl, or money, or maybe fame.
My dreams have all returned the same,
Swinging along the home-bound track,
Just empties coming back.

C. B. Clark.



October in Rail History

IF you want to know what happened on your birthday or any other day, watch this almanac. We'd like to thank all who sent us important dates, especially Robt. R. Brown, secretary, Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n, Montreal, Canada; Paul Darrell, Richmond, Calif.; R. M. Sawyer, Dalton, Mass., and Karl Deutsch and Robt. Banks, N. Y. City. Wm. Wanzer, Burlington, Vt., corrects a misprint in our almanac for July 9, 1856: the word "Track" should have been "Tract."

October 1

1828—Opening of first railway in France.

1829—Six entered in English competition for £500 prize for steam engine to be used on Liverpool & Manchester Ry. Stephenson "Rocket" wins. (This decided future of the iron horse. L. & M. was first railway in England to use steam power for all classes of traffic continuously from date of opening, autumn, 1830.)

1833—First train reaches Hamburg, S. C., on rails of South Carolina R. R. & Canal Co. Pulled by locomotive "Phœnix," running parts of which came from the "Best Friend of Charleston" (first U. S.-built locomotive operated in actual transportation service). S. C. R. R. & C., 136 miles, is world's longest continuous railroad and first to carry U. S. mail. (Now Southern Ry.)

1839—Western R. R. (Mass.) opened between Worcester and Springfield. Geo. Ashmun, chairman at celebration. (Ashman was later in Congress with Abraham Lincoln and was chairman of Republican Convention, Chicago, which nominated Lincoln for Presidency.)

1851—Construction work is begun on Chicago & Rock Island R. R. at Chicago. Hudson River R. R. opened between N. Y. City and Albany. (Merged with N. Y. Central in 1869. It was NOT part of consolidation of Aug. 1, 1853; our Aug. almanac was wrong on that point.)

1861—Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R., organized by consolidation of Potsdam & Watertown and Watertown & Rome, total 308 miles. (N. Y. C. Lines.)

1863—Opening of Paraguay's first railway.

1865—Ceylon's first railroad is opened.

1872—Opening of South & North Alabama R. R., 183 miles, 5 ft. gage. (Now standard gage, part of L. & N.)

1880—Santa Fe Ry. enters San Marcial, N. M. (Details in historical novelette, "Southwest Passage," by Ed Samples, coming soon.)

1894—Dominion & Atlantic Ry. formed by consolidation of Windsor & Annapolis and Yarmouth & Annapolis in Nova Scotia. (Total mileage now 304; "Land of Evangeline" Route, C. P. R.)

1903—Railroad ferry inaugurated between Germany and Denmark.

1906—FIRST ISSUE OF "RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE." (NOW "RAILROAD STORIES.")

1932—Cloudburst at Woodford, Calif., where Santa Fe R. R. runs on S. P. tracks. Santa Fe engine No. 3834, huge 2-10-2 type, is buried under 20 ft. of mud. (Engine lost 14 days; finally discovered with aid of powerful magnetic needle. See article by H. C. Kegley, April, '33 issue.)

October 2

1882—N. Y., Lackawanna & Western Ry. (214½ miles main line and 278½ miles sidings, etc.) leased in perpetuity to D., L. & W. a few days after being opened.

October 3

1836—Erie & Kalamazoo opened; first railroad in "Northwest Territory," between Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. (N. Y. C. Lines. See article by M. J. Myers, Oct., '34.)

1837—Trial run of first locomotive built by Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor, Paterson, N. J. The "Sandusky," 4 ft. 10 in. gage, runs from Paterson to New Brunswick, N. J., on N. J. R. R. & Transportation Co. (P. R. R.) See article by Walter Lucas, June, '33, issue.

October 4

1839—Opening of Italy's first railway.

1854—John K. Chapman, age 11, of Hornell,

N. Y., begins his 83-year Erie Railroad career. (He was engineer during Civil War and remained in rail service until death, age 94, said to be a world record. See article by Freeman H. Hubbard, Sept., '30 issue.)

1856—London & Port Stanley Ry. in Canada built by City of London, Ont., and other municipalities. (Operated at different times by the Great Western, Grand Trunk, Mich. Central, Wabash, and now by the City of London.)

1860—Opening of Rumania's first railroad.

1873—Grand Trunk lines between Montreal and Sarnia, Ont., changed from 5½ ft. to standard gage.

October 5

1864—Argentine Govt. grants concession for building Argentine N. E. Ry. (Now about 800 miles, standard gage.)

1911—James J. Hill, "Empire Builder," president of Great Northern Ry., drives golden spike at Bend, Ore., thus linking Oregon Trunk Line with Des Chutes R. R., completing the G. N. as far as Bend, and ending a feud with E. H. Harriman. (See article by Chas. F. Carter, Jan., '35 issue.)

October 6

1846—George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake, born near Schenectady, N. Y. (His was one of the greatest inventions since the birth of railroading; it not only permitted railroads to expand beyond wildest dreams of early pioneers but it also saved thousands of lives through avoidance of accidents. See article by Carter, Nov., '30 issue.)

1852—Trial run of "Lady Elgin," first locomotive to operate in Ontario, Canada.

1853—Benjamin Pierce, age 13, killed in Boston & Maine accident caused by broken axle between Andover and Lawrence, Mass. (Two months later father was inaugurated President of U. S.)

1883—Canadian Pacific acquires control of South Eastern Ry., connecting with the Boston & Lowell R. R. at Newport, Vt.

October 7

1879—Jesse James gang robs Chicago & Alton express train at Glendale, Mo. (See article by Earle Davis, Sept., '32 issue.)

October 8

1877—Locomotive "Countess of Dufferin" arrives at Winnipeg. Except for a few small tank engines in B. C., she is first locomotive in Western Canada.

1878—Freight train runs into double-headed excursion train of 21 coaches returning from a rowing match, at Wollaston, Mass.; 19 killed, 50 injured. (N. Y., N. H. & H.)

1904—New Orleans Public Belt R. R. organized to supply switching service, mostly along city's waterfront. (Total mileage, 94.)

October 9

1860—Peruvian Govt. authorizes construction of Southern Ry. of Peru. (Now 602 miles.)

1871—Second day of Chicago's $150,000,000 fire. The "Major Knowlton," C. & A. locomotive No. 97, makes famous run from Bloomington, Ill., to Chicago with fire apparatus, 126 miles in 150 mins. (See true tale, Feb., '33, issue.) . . . Last spike driven on European & North American Ry., Canada. (This road east of St. John is now part of C. N. Rys.; west of St. John, part of C. P.; in U. S., Me. Cent.)

October 10

1825—World's first rail timetable goes into effect in England on Stockton & Darlington, world's first railway to use steam as motive power.

1852—First train on Chi. & Rock Is. R. R. leaves Chicago; 6 new coaches pulled by Rogers locomotive "Rocket," on 2-hr. run to Joliet, Ill., with James Lendabarker (formerly engineer on a lake boat) at throttle, and N. W. Wheeler (formerly a packet captain) as conductor.

1879—Construction of N. Central Ry. authorized in Argentina. (In 1915 it consolidated with N. Argentine Ry., forming the present N. Central A. Ry., meter gage, 3,291 miles, owned by Arg. Govt.)

1888—L. V. collision at Mud Run, Pa.; 66 killed, 100 injured. (Details in July, '35 issue.)

1899—Freak wreck on Chicago & Alton R. R. at Lexington, Ill. Train of coal cars, doubleheading with engine Nos. 205 (Engineer Geo. Reazer) and 173 (Engineer J. D. Butler), collides with another train. No one is killed, but engine 205 and tender are thrown back on top of 2 coal cars and are so secure in this position that they are delivered this way to the Bloomington shops for repair.

October 11

1851—New Haven R. R. introduces the practice of tapping car wheels with hammer to ascertain from the sound if they are cracked or not.

1852—Chi. & R. I. announces its first timetable, effective Oct. 18, two trains daily running each way between Chicago and Joliet. . . . Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Ry, in Canada opened from Toronto to Barrie.

1853—Wm. Mason, locomotive builder of Taunton, Mass., completes his first locomotive, the "James Guthrie," for the Jeffersonville R. R. (This road, now part of P. R. R., was famous for being the scene of America's first organized train robbery, perpetuated by Reno brothers.)

1923—Holdup of S. P. train near Siskiyou, Ore.; mail car looted; 4 of crew killed by 3 De Autremont brothers, 2 of the brothers being twins. (All 3 caught and convicted after chase lasting until June 8, 1927, and extending over to Philippine Islands. See article by J. W. Davis, Nov., '31 issue.)

1924—German Natl. Govt. authorizes German Natl. Ry. Co. to operate all railroads in Germany, which were taken over from the individual states in 1921.

October 12

1931—Sylvester Matuska confesses wrecking passenger trains in Germany, Austria and Hungary. (See article by Z. Rothschild, Nov., '33 issue.)

October 13

1842—First train runs over entire length of West Feliciana R. R. (oldest of the many roads now comprising Ill. Cent. System) from St. Francisville, La., to Woodville, Miss. (See article by Earle Davis, Oct., '33 issue.)

1862—Railway collision at Winchburg, between Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland; 15 killed, more than 60 injured.

1876—Doubleheading passenger train of 14 cars collides head-on with freight train near Randolph, Mass.; all 3 locomotives broken up; no passengers hurt.

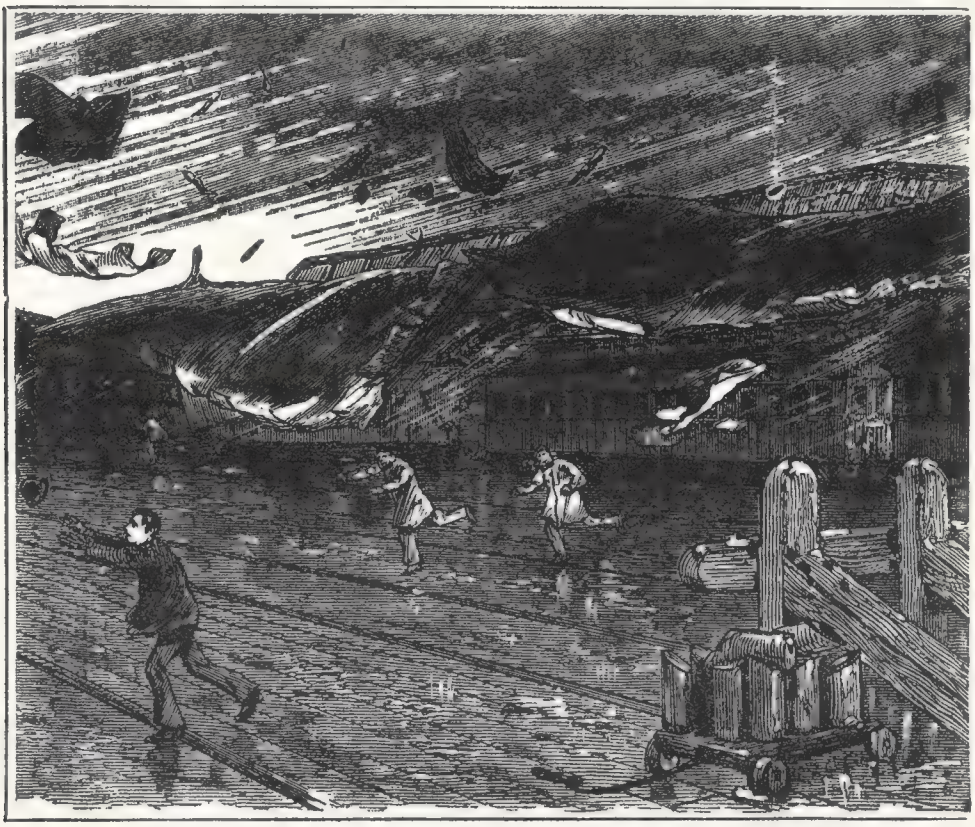
1891—International Brotherhood of Ry. Track Foremen of America (now Int. Bro. of Maintenance of Way Employees) organized by amalgamation of Bro. of Ry. Trackmen of America and Bro. of R. R. Section Foremen.

1893—Second section of N. Y. C. excursion train bound for Chicago World's Fair from Watertown, N. Y., crashes into rear of first section in front of depot at Jackson, Mich., while passengers of first section are getting breakfast; 13 killed, 50 injured. Engineer Wm. Whalen and Fireman Joe Kimling, both of second section, leap in time to save their lives. Defective air brakes blamed.

1902—First successful experiment with radio on a moving train made by Grand Trunk Ry. near Coteau, Quebec.

1921—Trans-Andine Ry. (meter gage) in South America is formed by consolidation of Trans-Andine roads in Chile and Argentina. (Although operated by one management, these 2 roads keep separate accountings.)

1912—Silk special with $2,000,000 cargo leaves Seattle, Wash., on Friday 4.45 A.M. for new record. (Ran to N. Y. City in 82½ hrs., via G. N., Burlington and N. Y. Cent. Averaged 38½ m.p.h. for entire trip, incl. stops and 2 hrs. delay in Chicago and crossing 2 great mountain ranges. Best previous record was 97 hrs. 40 mins. New record



P.R.R. West Philadelphia Station Swept by a Gale, October 23rd, 1878

8 hrs. 25 mins. faster than fastest passenger train.)

October 14

1863—Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw (later T. P. & Western) opened, 237½ miles. (One of America's worst rail disasters occurred on this line at Chatsworth, Ill., Aug. 10, 1887. See article by N. A. Critchett, June, '35 issue.)

1881—Electric lights first used in a Pullman car. Tried out with storage batteries on car running between London, England, and Brighton, 2 yrs. after Thomas Edison's invention of incandescent light.

October 15

1851—St. Lawrence & Atlantic Ry. in Canada opened from Longueuil (across the river from Montreal) to Richmond, Que. (Later part of Grand Trunk.)

1864—First railway postoffice east of the Alleghenies inaugurated between N. Y. City and Washington on 3 roads, the C. & A., the B. & O., and the Phila., Wilmington & Baltimore. (P. R. R.)

1879—Pacific Express of Michigan Central R. R. with 12 cars crashes head-on into switch engine about 1.20 A.M. while rounding curve near Jackson Jct., Mich., and attempting to make up lost time. Switch engine crew jumps to safety; but express engineer, Milton Gilbert, and fireman, E. B. Smith, and 16 passengers are killed, 35 injured.

1888—Colorado Midland completed and opened. (Abandoned, 1918. Map in Sept., '33, issue.)

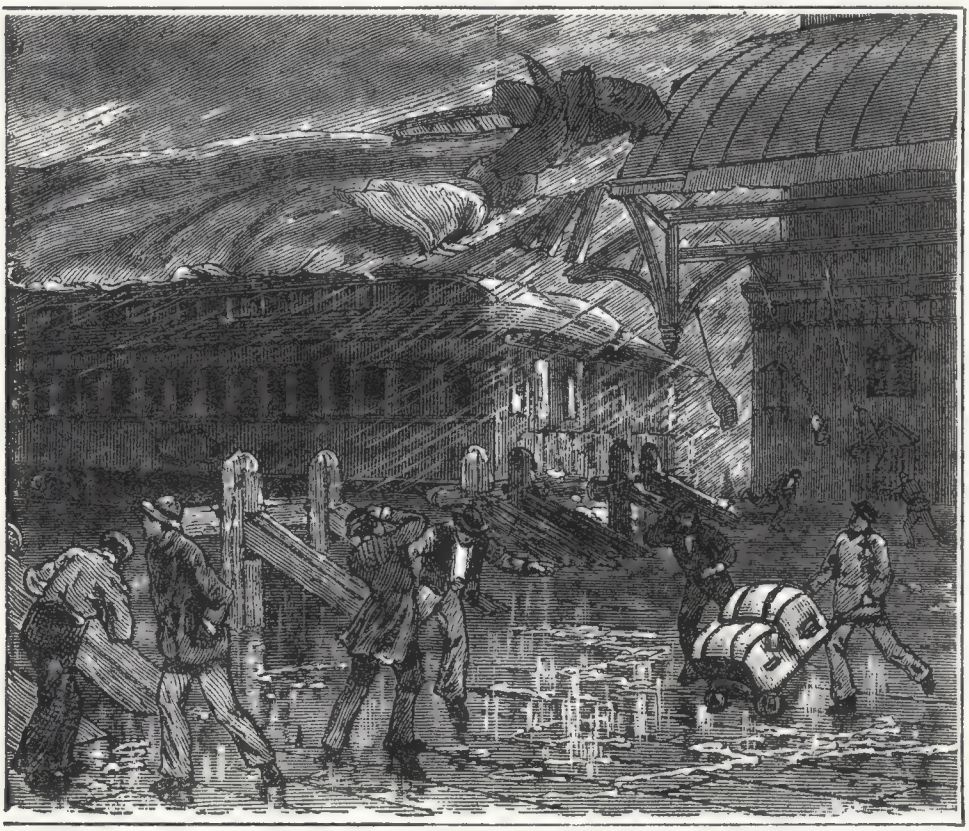
1918—Bucharest Express derailed in Rumania; 100 killed, 200 injured.

October 16

1840—First death of a passenger on Canterbury & Whitstable Ry. (first English railway to convey ordinary passengers in steam-hauled trains). Train of 6 cars, descending inclined plane to Canterbury, runs away down rails made slippery by falling rain, and crashes into North Lane station, killing John Curd.

1874—East Broad Top R. R. in Penna. is opened. (Now has 33 miles main line and 10-mile Shade Gap Branch; is unusual in having double gage, 3 ft. and standard.)

1877—E. W. Beatty, chairman and president, Canadian Pac. Ry. ("World's Greatest Travel System"), born at Thorold, Ont., Canada. (His life story is told in Jan., '31 issue.)



Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer, N. Y. City

1927—B. & O. "Fair of the Iron Horse" closes at Halethorpe, Md.; viewed by 1,250,000 persons.

October 17

1873—Opening of Japan's first railway.

1884—Collapse of N. & W. bridge over Little Miami River at Batavia, O., plunges engine, baggage car and passenger coach into water below, killing engine crew. Rear coach, containing 30 terrified passengers, hangs poised over edge of bridge but does not fall.

October 18

1842—First under-water test of Morse telegraph; 3 or 4 characters sent, then a ship's anchor fouls the wire.

1872—Virginia & Truckee R. R. opened, 54 miles in Nevada; used chiefly to transport ore and materials for silver mines.

1879—Chas. E. Denney, president of 2,717½-mile Erie R. R. System, born at Washington, D. C. (Complete roster of Erie locomotives printed in this issue.)

1881—Que. Central Ry. in Canada opened from Sherbrooke to Levis. (Originally a lumber line, discovery of asbestos made it one of Canada's most prosperous roads.)

1885—Collision between 3 Pennsy trains near Jersey City, N. J.; 12 killed. . . . "New Haven Limited," known as "Ghost Train" because of its white paint, is discontinued after running since Nov. 10, 1884, between N. Y. City and Boston.

1906—Hurricane sweeps construction job of F. E. C. Ry. extension on Florida keys; heavy loss, life and property. (Details in Dec., '33 issue.)

1907—Construction of Buenos Aires Provincial Ry. authorized in Argentina. (Now 402 miles. Incidentally, the City of Buenos Aires is 3rd largest city on American continent.)

October 19

1874—Narrow-gage Greenlick R. R. chartered to run between Scotdale and Chestnut Ridge, Pa., 6½ miles.

1906—Rock Island engine sinks into quicksand in Cimmaron River.

October 20

1840—Regular train service inaugurated on West Feliciana R. R. People of Woodville given free ride. (See Oct. 13, 1842.)

1850—Opening of Mexico's first railway.

1851—D., L. & W. opened from Scranton to Great Bend, Pa. Road chartered April 7, 1832, as Liggett's Gap R. R.; name changed to L. & W. April 14, 1851, and to D., L. & W. March 18, 1849.

1860—B. & O. starts construction of its own steel rolling mill at Cumberland, Md.

1893—Head-on collision between 2 Grand Trunk trains at Battle Creek, Mich. One train is bringing excursionists home from Chicago World's Fair. Wreck catching fire adds to casualty list; 26 killed, 50 injured.

1902—First train enters Edmonton, Alta., Canada, on the Canadian Northern (now part of Can. Nat.), pulled by engine No. 426.

October 21

1858—Connecticut & Passumpsic Rivers R. R. opened from White River Jct., Vt., to Barton, Vt. (Road later measured 143 miles; now part of B. & M.)

October 22

1875—Opening of railway between Rio Cuarto and Villa Mercedes, Argentina. (Now Buenos Aires-Pacific Ry., 5½ ft. gage, 3,800 miles.)

1880—Concession granted for construction of 3 ft. gage railway between La Guaria and Caracas, Venezuela. (Although those cities are only 6 miles apart, it takes 23 miles of railway to connect them, because of rugged mountainous country. Ferdinand de Lesseps, French canal builder, said: "There's only one dangerous part of the line—and that extends the whole distance!")

1892—Oliver C. Perry, who robbed same N. Y. C. express train twice, escaped from Auburn, N. Y., prison by use of tin spoon. (Later recaptured and died in prison. See article by Earle Davis, Nov., '32 issue.)

1910—Santa Fe passenger locomotive No. 1415, Baldwin-built, sets mileage record: in service since May 1, 1906, without once being sent to shops for repair and using only one set of flues. Atlantic type, operating out of Albuquerque, N. M. Traveled 241,335 miles all the time in charge of Engineer G. W. Shade and Fireman I. L. Fouch.

October 23

1824—John Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., pioneer railroad and locomotive builder, gets patent for his method of constructing a railroad.

1830—"Best Friend of Charleston," first locomotive built in U. S. to be operated in actual transportation service, arrives by ship at Charleston, S. C., from West Point Foundry, N. Y., for South Carolina Canal & R. R.

1886—Rail disaster on C. M. & St. P. near Rio, Wis.; 13 killed.

October 24

1870—North & South of Ga. R. R. inc. to build 130-mile narrow gage road. (Now standard gage, Central of Ga.)

1895—Great run made by Lake Shore & Mich. Southern from Chicago to Buffalo, 525 miles in 8 hrs. 19 mins. Train chartered by Dr. H. S. Webb to break new British record of 500 miles; it averages 64.98 m.p.h. and attains 92.3 m.p.h. maximum. Engineer Bill Tunkey and frt. 8-wheeler makes 82 m.p.h. though Dunkirk, N. Y., despite town's speed limit of 10 m.p.h.

October 26

1903—Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. chartered in Canada.

October 25

1854—Montreal & Bytown Ry. in Canada opened between Carillon and Grenville. (It was intended to run from Montreal to Ottawa, but never grew beyond the original 13-mile stretch. With its orginal broad-gage rolling stock, it survived as the only broad-gage Canadian railway until about 1912. (Details in Nov., '33 issue.)

1847—First charter of Woodstock R. R. in Vt. (Abandoned in 1933. See article by Freeman H. Hubbard, July, '33 issue.)

1874—Grand Trunk lines between Montreal and Portland and between Richmond and Quebec altered from broad to standard gage.

1891—First run of "Empire State Express." (N. Y. C.)

October 27

1856—Grand Trunk Ry. completed between Montreal and Toronto.

1870—Denver & Rio Grande Ry., America's first narrow-gage line, inc. to build from Denver to El Paso and thence to Mexico City, a projected distance of 1,720 miles. (It never reached further south than Santa Fe, N. M. Total mileage of D. & R. G. W. today, 2,571, partly standard gage, partly 3 ft.)

1871—Opening of first D. & R. G. division, Denver to Colorado Springs, 76 miles.

1888—First lodge of Brotherhood of Ry. Carmen of America instituted at Cedar Rapids, Ia., birthplace of several great brotherhoods. Founded by Frank L. Ronemus, C. R. I. & P. car inspector. Originally called Bro. of Ry. Car Repairers of N. A.

1904—First subway in N. Y. City is opened for regular operation, after 4 yrs. construction progress; Wm. Barclay, chief engineer.

1907—Washington Union Terminal first used by B. & O. (This magnificent structure, begun in Aug., 1902, was not completed until 1908.)

October 28

1862—Me. Cent. R. R. formed by consolidation of the Androscoggin & Kennebec and the Penobscot & Kennebec.

1880—Rio Grande, El Paso & Santa Fe R. R. inc. in Texas. (Now part of Santa Fe System.)

October 29

1838—Pioneer German railway opened, Berlin to Potsdam, 16.4 miles.

1872—Spectacular run through blazing tunnel 650 ft. long at American Flat, Nev., by Central Pacific (now S. P.) passenger train pulled by Engineer John Bartholomew.

1928—Honesdale branch of Delaware & Hudson discontinues passenger service. (Frt. service discontinued Sept. 19, 1931. Thus was abandoned the stretch of track upon which operated the "Stourbridge Lion," first practical steam engine to run on any American road.)

October 30

1842—For first time, B. & O. carries coal to tidewater.

1848—Opening of Spain's first railway.

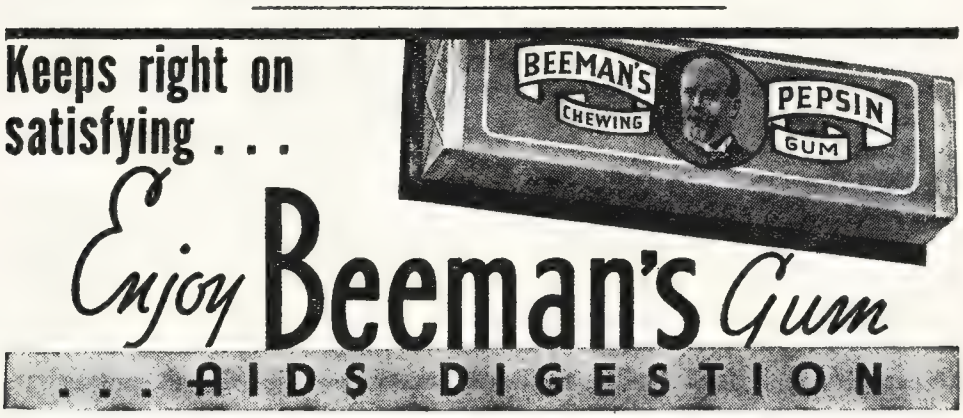
1882—Canada Atlantic Ry. opened from Ottawa to Coteau Jct. (Later it was extended to run from Depot Harbour, on Lake Huron, to Swanton, Vt., where it connected with C. B. Ry. Eventually it became part of Grand Trunk Ry.)

October 31

1838—First real sleeping-car put in serivce on B. & O. between Baltimore and Philadelphia, a 6-hr. trip. However, the "Chambersburg" on the Cumberland Valley (P. R. R.) in 1837 might be called the first sleeping-car in U. S.; 12 berths in 3 tiers, no bedding.

1872—Opening of new Rock Island passenger station in Chicago, termed "finest structure of its kind in the West."

1885—First through train leaves Winnipeg for Montreal.



Who's Who in the Crew
by Stookie Allen
Gilbert A. Lathrop is the third generation of a rail family. Author of a dozen stories in this magazine in the last 5 years.
His father, Lewis R., hired out in 1881 on D.&R.G. when it was all narrow gage between Denver and Salida, Colo. Today he is the oldest active hogger on the D.&R.G.W., aged 71, has clear record and holds the road's best passenger run.
Gilbert was born May 26, 1895, at Cimarron, Colo., where mother worked in a railroad beanery. In 1914 he went to work in D.&R.G.W. roundhouse at Gunnison, married Alice Osborn in 1916, tried firing and braking, promoted to conductor in 1924.
G.A. Lathrop
Lives in Gunnison, has 3 children, and is eager to learn what happened to his uncle, Cail Lathrop, who ran engines over Marshall Pass, out of Salt Lake City, and in old Mexico.
Now off the board, but is writing for railroad stories, the Brotherhood Journals, Canadian National Rys. magazine, etc. Wrote a book, "Whispering Rails," to be published in Jan., 1936.
Lewis R. Lathrop
His two biggest thrills were jumping from the cab of the narrow-gage 216 when cow derailed her near Salida, and tying down brakes on a runaway on 4 per cent grade on a dark night at 40 below ZERO!
The 216 derailed by a cow

Next Month: E. S. Dellinger, Ex-Brakeman on the Mo. P. and Frisco, World Famous Fiction Writer

Iron Mike

The Old Hogger Refused to Admit His Beloved 216 Was a Pile of Junk

By GILBERT A. LATHROP

LESS than a week after I got on as his regular fireman I had a real example of "Iron" Mike's orneriness. We'd been struggling all night trying to boost nine cars of apples up the pass. With the temperature thirty degrees below zero, and the three little engines wheezing and grunting against their frozen burden, we reached Old Baldy Pass after fourteen hours. Our engine, the 216, was coupled behind the caboose, a handy place for a conductor who wants to check on a locomotive and find out whether she's handling her tonnage. We'd no more than halted in the snow shed when Iron Mike was off the engine, feeling her journal boxes with the back of a bare hand—as though she'd run hot during that kind of a voyage. The conductor strode up behind him.

"I checked on you a dozen times comin' up the hill, Mike," he shouted above the roar of the wide-open blower.

"What if you did?" shot back Iron Mike, his eyes puckered almost shut.

"It's just like I've claimed all along. Your engine ain't worth dynamitin'! Two cars is all she ever had, an' most of the time not that many."

Iron Mike thumped his black, greasy hands on his hips. "Well?" His lips formed the word, but the roar of the 216 drowned out the sound.

"Just a tin can. That's all she is." The conductor got no further, because Iron Mike moved, right arm straightened like a chunk of spring steel, and the conductor was flat on his back, rolling his head as men do when they're knocked cold.

Iron Mike muttered to himself angrily while he waited for the conductor to get to his feet. When the skipper came upright again, groggy and half drunk, he left that vicinity pronto. No official report was made of the incident. We narrow-gage heads never were strong for running to offices with tales of woe.

But that showed me exactly how Iron Mike felt about his engine. She was everything to him. He'd never been attracted by girls, had probably never spoken over a dozen words to one in his life. He'd just bestowed the love he had in him on his engine.

The incident traveled up and down over the Narrow Gage & Western Railroad. The blow delivered by Iron Mike had been unprovoked, you might say. Iron Mike had given the conductor no warning. Every employee talked about it, and the general opinion was that Iron Mike was a round peg in a square hole. We all knew that he'd soon work himself out of his job. Officials didn't take kindly to employees fighting while on duty. Yes, sir, Iron Mike wouldn't be with us long. And when the axe fell, we all hoped it would smack so hard the echo would sound all over our railroad.

I'D been flunkeying engines in the roundhouse until the 216 arrived from the back shops—this was years ago—wearing new paint and with most of the dents from her late mishap pounded out. The enginemen promptly draped her in black bunting, a habit of theirs in those days every time a locomotive ruined her engineer. The boys kept her draped all that day to the admiration of everybody who came down to the depot.

Iron Mike was next engineer in line for a regular engine, and I was next roundhouse man up for promotion to fireman. So Iron Mike was given the 216 and I was assigned as her fireman. That's how I came to know Iron Mike.

The 216 was the cull of a lot of some thirty. She was a sixty-class, which means she topped the scales at thirty tons when watered, coaled and burdened with an engineer and a fireman. Her drivers were thirty inches in diameter, she had slide valves, a diamond stack, oil headlight and an asthmatic wheeze we never did locate.

She might make strangers think she was doing her work, but on four per cent grades—we've more of them than anything else—she'd get to rocking when Iron Mike dropped his reverse lever down among the oil cans and widened on his throttle. With one exhaust she'd rock far over to the right, and with the next she'd rock far to the left. She used to rock herself up Old Baldy Pass regularly. And she wouldn't be pulling within twenty tons of what she was rated to pull.

Although the 216 was about the most worthless, useless imitation of what a real engine should be that ever slipped on an icy rail, Iron Mike was a fanatic about her. He bought beeswax and paraffin and cut them up to mix with his valve oil. He bought headlight reflector polish to keep her headlight glittering. He even sent back

to the Mississippi River and got a steamboat whistle, which he installed on top of her steam dome.

Our run was east, between Gilson and Cleora, seventy-four miles and about three-fourths of it was up and down four per cent grades over the continental divide via Old Baldy Pass. Because of deep snows in winter, Baldy was protected by a mile-long wooden snow shed.

Three brats lived in the section house on the east end of the snow shed. Every railroader working over Old Baldy called them the brats with reason. These two boys, and a girl who should have been a boy, were frowzy, ornery little wallopers ranging in age from eight to twelve.

Most of the brakemen who had to decorate the tops of freight trains on the drop from Old Baldy down to Cleora kept hidden until they were safely past the section house, because all three of the brats loved to shag rocks at men riding the tops of cars, and they threw with skill.

The 216 had three window glasses broken by these kids before the brass collars told their dad, Old Flannery, section foreman, he'd be fired if it didn't stop. That helped some.

THINGS came to a head that fall. We'd helped a stock train up the west side of the Pass and received orders to return light to the little helper town at the foot of the hill. But before we could start the return trip we had to wait for another stock train, which was even then chuffing its slow voyage up the mountain. We could see her a thousand feet below by the smudge of black smoke that hung like a blot over the valley.

"They'll be a full hour gettin' to here," Iron Mike grumbled as he set to working on the main rod brasses on the right side. They'd been pounding a little.

I loafed up in the cab for a while, then, tired of my own company, I dropped to the gloom of the snow shed and crossed the two main lines toward the depot. Just before I opened the door to enter I saw all three of the brats inside, heads together and up to some deviltry, I was willing to bet. But they beat a hasty retreat on my entry, almost knocking me down as they squeezed past me through the doorway. I stood watching them disappear around the curve of the shed, but could hear their yelling even after I closed the door.

The interior of the depot was changed and I couldn't figure it out for a second. I remarked to the operator: "Looks like the Narrow Gage & Western has decorated your quarters."

He smiled and waved an expansive hand around. "They sure did. Spent a couple of days giving the depot a coat of whitewash. I'm surprised you didn't stumble over buckets of the stuff outside."

"Didn't notice 'em," I said as I sat down.

We didn't talk much. He wasn't used to conversation, stuck out up there almost eleven thousand feet above sea level, and I had nothing particular in the line of railroad gossip to offer.

About ten minutes later Iron Mike came in, looking as ornery as usual. He grunted to the operator, glared at me and sat down on the floor in the corner, long legs pulled up so his knees stood alongside his face like a couple of sentinels. He pulled out his stub of a pipe and tamped it full of black, stringy tobacco.

It wasn't until we heard the stock train whistling for Old Baldy Pass that we moved. All that time we'd sat there like three deaf mutes. Iron Mike got to his feet and I trailed along on his heels.

Even across both main lines in the gloom of the shed I saw something was wrong. Mike saw it too. The 216 was still exactly where we'd left her. A feather of steam oozed from her safety valves like a white mist. But instead of little sparkles of reflected lights from her shiny jacket, I saw smudges of white. And as we got closer to her those smudges of white resolved themselves into c r u d e l y printed words and more crudely drawn pictures.

If you've never seen a mess, the 216 was one. From her smoke box to the end of her tender—on both sides, mind you—she was a regular billboard. All the way across the side of her boiler somebody had printed with a whitewash brush: "I'm a leaky tea-kettle." Underneath that was what I took to be a picture of Iron Mike.

The inscription on the tender was a masterpiece: "I never pull no cars. I'm the worst ingine in the world. Iron Mike ain't no better."

"The brats!" I hollered. I had to bite my lips to keep from guffawing. It was funny. Those damned kids had waited until the 216 was deserted, and then they'd tried to use up the balance of the whitewash from the depot.

I SAW Iron Mike's hands curl. Then he took a deep breath and his breast bulged. For maybe thirty seconds he held that breath before his body relaxed. Without a word he turned and hiked toward the east end of the snow shed, and the section house occupied by Old Flannery and the brats. I trailed along because I sensed murder in Iron Mike's heart.

There was no sign of a brat when we came from the gloom of the shed into the fall afternoon outside. A thin wisp of blue smoke rose sluggishly from the brick flue of the section house. Old Flannery was in his tool shed, bent over a foot power grindstone, sharpening a pick. He didn't look up when Iron Mike halted behind him and thumped both hands on his hips. And there they were: Iron Mike mad as hell and Old Flannery the embodiment of innocence, pedaling that grindstone.

Iron Mike coughed, hollow-like. Old Flannery stopped his pumping and the sandy hum of steel on stone also stopped. He regarded Iron Mike from beneath a mop of eyebrows that needed trimming. Then he was off his makeshift saddle, all wreathed in a grin of welcome which faded as he surveyed the engineer.

"Hello," he greeted both of us.

Iron Mike ignored that. "Where's your brats?" he demanded.

"Meanin' me three young 'uns?" he asked, smooth as valve oil.

"Meanin' your brats!" spat Iron Mike.

"Shure, an' th' three gooslins are some place 'roundabout," stated Flannery quietly.

"Call 'em. I want 'em."

"An' just what might ye want wid 'em?" Flannery asked innocently.

Iron Mike explained profanely.

"An' 'tis body judgment ye might be askin' again' 'em, eh?" asked Old Flannery in the end.

"I'll teach 'em to disfigure another piece of company property!" Iron Mike laid down the law.

But Old Flannery didn't become violent nor shout. All he did was begin

talking in a rather ordinary tone of voice. I'll never forget his words.

They were delivered with a smile. "'Tis a hale an' hearty man ye are, Iron Mike," he said. "An' 'tis a good engineer ye are along wid it. Far be it from me to criticize ye in any way, shape, manner or form. An' 'twas never a whale of a feller I figured meself to be, but let one hair av' th' head of any one av me three gooslins be harmed, an' ye'll niver pull another throttle on this railroad, nor any other!"

Iron Mike absorbed it. I could tell that by the way his expression changed. And when it had soaked in he turned without a word and brushed past me. Straight toward the west he went, into the snow shed. He didn't halt until he was in the cab of our mutilated 216.

The whole thing was too good to keep and everybody knew about it next day.

"Flannery should have tested that pick he was sharpening on Iron Mike's skull," was the almost unanimous verdict among them all. Yes, sir, Iron Mike was slowly but surely working himself out, and the quicker the better.

JUST before Christmas the oldest brat took sick. By the railroad grapevine we heard all about it, and by the worried look on Old Flannery's face we realized the sickness was serious. Just how serious, we didn't find out until the agent at Old Baldy Pass came around with a petition for money to send Mike Flannery down to Cleora to the hospital. It would take over a hundred dollars to do it, but the doctor said there was little chance of saving his life if he didn't go. The operator headed the petition with a donation of five dollars. By the time it came around to our crew the names read like a Who's Who of the Narrow Gage & Western. Superintendent and cinder pit flunkey, master mechanic and section hand—all had contributed their best.

The operator handed it up to me while we were halted in front of the depot at Old Baldy. I signed my name and wrote the biggest amount after it I could afford, then stood up and called across the boiler top to Iron Mike, extending the list at the same time. Iron Mike took it as though it were something hot. He held the list near the steam gage light so he could read it. And as he read his frozen features became more frozen. His clumps of eyebrows twitched, and his lips compressed.

Without a word he handed it back to me and shook his head. I didn't say a word. But how the news traveled over the division! In less than twenty-four hours every man of us knew Iron Mike had refused to give even a dollar to save the life of the oldest brat. The feeling against him didn't even abate when the oldest brat came back from the hospital as ruddy-cheeked and ornery as ever.

DESPITE all his malevolent tricks, Iron Mike was still running the 216 the following May. But we all knew his time was about up. Officials don't keep his kind on a job any longer than necessary.

We were assigned to a work train. Some of the cuts on the west side of Old Baldy needed widening, and we were given the ditcher and a dump car. It was a good job—little to do save loaf in the cab of the 216 and wait for a signal to move the dump car under the dipper, then drag it away to be dumped. Just the kind of a job to

suit the 216, too. And Iron Mike worked her day after day without speaking to any man of the crew, although none of them cared a whoop about that.

About the twentieth of May we ran up to Old Baldy Pass to turn the 216, owing to some crazy idea the conductor woke up with that morning. Just before we nosed into the snow shed I climbed out on the pilot and lit our oil headlight. I was back in the cab when Iron Mike piloted his engine to the track leading to the turntable. The headlight threw an orange moon of light across the table and against the mountain on the other side.

As our single pair of pony truck wheels thudded on the turntable, both Iron Mike and I saw the three brats leap to their feet and make a mad dash away from there. They'd built something that looked like a railroad on the mountain side, under the roof of the snow shed, and if I wasn't wrong had a little engine to go with their pike.

The minute Iron Mike had the 216 spotted on the table, on a perfect balance so she'd turn easily, he jerked out his oil torch and lighted it by shoving the wick in the firebox. Muttering to himself, he jumped off and started toward the brats' railroad. I followed because I wanted to see what he meant to do.

They did have an engine, all right —a crudely built one. They'd filched a short mine prop off a coal car and used it for the boiler. Tin can ends were wheels, and it had a diamond stack and looked pretty realistic, even though it was home-made.

Raising his torch, Mike snarled: "I'll show 'em how it felt when they whitewashed my 216!"

But the torch never smashed down on the brats' plaything. Instead, its flame illuminated some little white numbers printed on the tender. I saw them and caught my breath. The brats had numbered their engine 216.

Iron Mike stooped over and examined the thing for all of a full minute, moving his torch around to see it better. But instead of ruining it, he raised up, turned and went back to his engine and climbed into her cab.

THE first day of June we were working a cut just above Shavano. A thousand feet above us we could see the snow shed sprawled like a brown snake across Old Baldy Pass. An eastbound extra came rolling down the hill around 11.30 A.M., wheels smoking from set brakes and both brakemen on the top with their clubs.

We let them by us, then chuffed up to resume our work. I noticed a light blue haze hanging over Old Baldy, but these Rockies are always hazy. The haze had thickened a little by noon when the conductor connected his telegraphone to call the dispatcher and get further working orders. He never got those orders. Instead, he spoke about two dozen words into his transmitter, then got to his feet and came running toward our engine.

"Quick!" he yelled as he came up below the cab. "Get the ditcher out of our way. Snow shed at Old Baldy is on fire! We're ordered up there as fast as we can turn a wheel!"

It didn't take long to set the ditcher and dump car in the siding. All we took with us was the caboose. For once in her life the 216 really turned a wicked wheel. She galloped up that four per cent grade like a mountain sheep, throttle hauled wide open, reverse lever set in four notches ahead of center.

We straightened up from the last curve below the straight track leading into the snow shed and Iron Mike eased off on his throttle. What a sight! The whole shed was a roaring, crackling mass of flame, billowing black smoke clouds into the blue sky. Huddled at the west end was a small group of men. Three of them were holding to the arm of one who seemed determined to make a dive into it.

As we drew closer I saw the man being held was Old Flannery and wondered about it even as we halted beside them.

Iron Mike hit the ground ahead of me. "Not much we can do, is there?"

Nobody seemed to hear him. The operator, face smudged and baked-looking, wet his dry lips. "The brats are somewhere in the shed," he said.

Iron Mike squinted his eyes. "In the shed?" he barked. "Why in hell?"

"They went in after an engine they'd built," explained the operator, and staggered, holding to Old Flannery, who was mumbling and fighting to get away.

"Maybe they went out the east end," said Iron Mike in a tone I'd never heard him use before.

"It's caved in. The fire started there."

Iron Mike nodded. Then he went back to the rear of the tender, closed the angle cock and jerked the coupling pin.

"Better set a brake on your caboose so it won't run away," he shouted to the brakeman over his shoulder.

I watched him pull himself into the cab and started to follow. "Stay off!" he commanded as he kicked out at me.

I staggered back. By the time I stopped the 216 was chuffing forward, straight into that flame-filled shed. Every eye there watched her, etched against roaring fire, then swallowed by it. And above the roar and crackling we could hear the beat of her exhausts until they grew muffled, then died out altogether.

An hour might as well has passed, even though it was only minutes. Finally there came a roar, followed by the surging hiss of escaping steam, then another roar as the west end of the shed caved in, leaving only ruin.

I saw Old Flannery cross himself. I reached up and pulled off my cap. I felt drops dribble over my cheeks, and knew I wasn't the only man there with them, either.

We found Iron Mike about halfway from the snow shed. Not inside, but sprawled face down on the mountain a good hundred yards from the charred remains of the shed. One of the brats led us to him. The other two had stayed near him. All three of them were scorched and would have to grow new crops of eyelashes and eyebrows and hair, but that was about all the damage they'd taken.

"We just laid down in the snow shed when it got so hot we was afraid to come out. Iron Mike found us. He kicked a hole in the side and shoved us through it," the oldest brat explained.

Mike was pretty badly burned about the face and arms and shoulders. We put him on a train and rushed him to the hospital down in Cleora. The 216 was completely ruined. The explosion we'd heard was her boiler. Her cab was burned off. Her side rods were warped and twisted.

Every man of us chipped in to buy Mike a watch to let him know we appreciated his deed. We had the watch engraved: *"To Iron Mike, a brave man. Given by his fellow employees of the N. G. & W."*

I was with the committee when we

went into the ward to present it. Iron Mike was bandaged so much that only his eyes and nose tip showed. Our chairman made a nice speech of presentation.

"Thanks," Iron Mike said gruffly. "I appreciate your feeling. I've heard the 216 was junk."

"Yes, she is junk. But you'll have another regular engine, Mike," said the chairman.

He shook his head. If I could have seen his lips I'd have sworn he smiled. However, we didn't stay there long. Iron Mike had his new watch, and we all felt better toward him.

He got out of the hospital a month later and went straight to the master mechanic and resigned! Yes, sir, quit his job; threw up his seniority. And just before he did that he stopped in at the jeweler's and had the engraving on his watch changed to read:

"To the 216, a brave little engine. Given her by the employees of the N. G. & W."

The Grim Reaper's Street Car Line

ONE of the strangest trolley car lines on the globe is a one-way route to the grave, located on the east side of Los Angeles, California. It operates only when death strikes a resident of the Hollenbeck Home for the Aged at 573 South Boyle Avenue. Then the "yellow hearse," as the car is called, pulls out of its barn on a solitary trip to the Evergreen Cemetery, out on East First Street.

The only passengers are bent and wrinkled ladies and gentlemen from the Home who themselves are near to the end of life's journey. They pay no fare on this trolley car. In silence they ride, companioned by memories of years gone by. Full well they realize that, each in their turn, they too will be riding ahead of this trolley car some day.

For days or weeks or months there is no service on the Hollenbeck Park line. And then, like a yellow specter, the dread car will be wheeled out; it will fill up in front of the Home with all of the surviving inmates, and it will pursue its slow and solemn way along the "wrong" track—the left-handed track—with a muffled funereal bell and the occasional screech of a high-pitched dirge as the wheels grind around a curve, on somebody's last ride.—N. A. Critchett.

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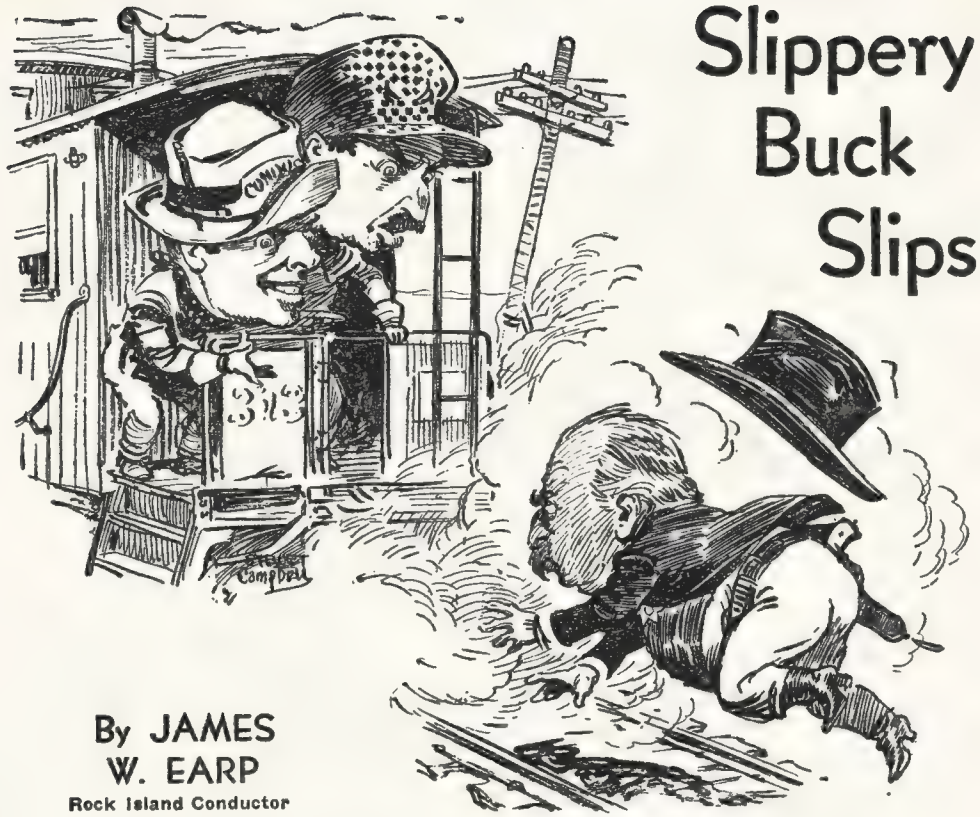

Slippery Buck Slips

By JAMES W. EARP
Rock Island Conductor

With the Sheriff on His Tail, Anderson Needed a Good Alibi—and Needed It Bad!

WHEN Superintendent Hackett of the T. K. & P. goes on his discipline rampage, firing men for any old thing at all, I'm mighty thankful I'm braking for "Slippery Buck" Anderson, the smoothest conductor that ever bossed a train or put a fast one over on the officials.

Any time the average brass collar* could get anything on Buck, dumb brakemen like me might as well quit the railroad game and start selling ribbons. Buck had forgot more than Hackett ever learned. As for me, Boomer Jones, I been working on plenty of roads and I know a clever conductor when I see one.

So you can imagine my shock when Buck stubs his toe and goes down for the count. Looking back over the course of events, I know now that it all began the night we put ten cars in the stone quarry on Alata Vista hill, tying up traffic for ten hours. "Lazy Lon" Bolton is making forty miles an hour that night, although the speed limit said thirty, and Buck is to blame for the extra speed.

*"Brass collar" or "brass hat"—slang for "railroad official."

"Listen, you ocean toad," he says to Lon on leaving Pineville this night. "I'm due in Armourdale at two A.M. A friend is taking me on a fishing trip. Please forget just once that the fireboy is a favorite relation, and work on that engine."

"No tallowpot is related to me," Lon whines. "And you know what the speed limit is on this pike as well as me."

"So you've gone Book of Rules, too?" Buck says. "That's fine. The next time you get into a jam, you can furnish your own alibis. I'm through. If you won't push the engine for me, I won't push a pencil for you."

Lon gives up then and there. Like lots of us, Buck had saved his job for him many times. Which explains why we're coasting right along when the wreck takes place. Me and Buck kick all the windows out of the cupola before the old hack quits doing rodeo stunts..

Well, I go back to flag while Buck looks for the cause and an alibi. Something tells me he's going to need one when the wrecker shows up with Hackett, the super, and Trainmaster Fanning aboard. From their greeting you could tell they was on the warpath. We mosey down to where the wreck is. Buck is waiting for us like nothing had happened.

"Morning!" Hackett barks at Buck. "Mr. Fanning and myself thought we would come up and have a look at that broken arch-bar you claim did all this damage."

Oh, yes, there was a broken arch-bar. Trust Buck to find something to clear himself and crew. My guess was that it broke after the cars left the track. Since arch-bars are the supporting braces for the trucks and all the weight rides on them and the journal boxes, it's to be expected that they would break now and then. They still do, for that matter.

"You see," Buck explains to the super when they get to the scene of the mess, "here are the first marks on the rails and ties showing where the arch-bar let go. It must have come down instantly, from the looks of things."

Hackett didn't seem at all convinced.

Neither does Fanning. He begins shooting questions at Buck. "Where was this car in your train, Anderson?"

"It was the lead car of the ten derailed. Good thing you put a speed limit on this hill or we would have derailed the whole train and maybe killed somebody."

If Hackett had been planning to inquire about our speed, he forgot it right now. Just the same, he is still not satisfied. The questions he asks proves that. But Buck don't miss a one. Finally Hackett gives up in disgust.

"All right, Anderson. We'll say it was a broken arch-bar. Perhaps it was. Something tells me that was not the prime cause."

"How about the evidence?" Slippery Buck demands. "Surely you—"

"Evidence is a deceitful jade where you are concerned, Anderson. Your nickname was well chosen. But some day you'll slip. And when you do, I promise you there will be a vacancy for a conductor on this division."

Buck half yawns. "I would call that a threat, Mr. Hackett, not a promise."

"Call it what you please!" Hackett snaps. "Frankly, I'm fed up with you and your eternal alibis. I am taking immediate steps to see that from now on you furnish more ability and fewer explanations. And if you can't show

ability, I will see that you have a nice long vacation without benefit of pay check."

"And you, Jones, are included in that," Fanning informs me.

WITH which parting shots they leave us. Pretty soon Buck chuckles—a sign that he feels he's won another battle. Then he reaches over and pats me on the back.

"Maybe we do need a vacation, Jonesy. What do you think?"

"Not me," I deny. "My last one almost put me in the poorhouse."

"We all need a vacation every so often," Buck goes on like I'm not there. "A vacation tones up the system mentally and physically. I hear the trout fishing is great in Colorado this year. Even been in Colorado?"

"I worked for the Colorado Midland," I reply. "Also the D. & R. G. W. But I don't know about the fish. I hate fish!"

Buck frowns. "You should *love* fish, Jonesy. Fish is a brain food. And soon you'll be a conductor, forced to exercise those brain cells of yours instead of relying on me."

"I can't afford it," I lie. "And from what Hackett just said, we'd better be working while we can."

Buck don't say nothing—just looks thoughtful like. Then he lights a cigar, something he never does except when he's working out an idea to make life miserable for some brass collar, or to get out of trouble. I help myself to a fresh chew off my plug and wonder if a vacation mightn't be a good thing for me and the wife. I don't dream I'm going to get one in a way that's going to be the surprise of my young life.

When they get the mess cleaned up on the hill, we're deadheaded back to Pineville because the old caboose is a wreck for looks. At the yard office we bump into Peterson, local chairman for the Order of Railway Conductors, and Burkett, who is the same thing for the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. They ask Buck what happened and what Hackett said. Buck tells them.

"You're lucky!" Peterson sighs. "I was afraid we'd lost another conductor. I suppose you know Hackett fired Tom Baskett and Pete Johnson last night for laying out passenger trains. If this keeps on, a lot of brakemen are going to find themselves promoted before long."

"If we have any brakemen left after Hackett gets through," the B. R. T. chairman chimes in gloomily. "He's firing twice as many of them as he is conductors."

"Oh, we'll get them back to work as soon as we can present our cases to the general manager," says the O. R. C. chairman. "The worst of it is our men will lose all that time for nothing. Bulger Bascom will reinstate them. Old 'Bull' is on the level, no matter what his other faults are. But reinstatement over Hackett's protests means he'll be on the necks of the men more than ever."

"Yes, and it'll be a month before we can get an audience with Bull," says Burkett. "He'll stick with the meeting of the general managers' association until the last card is played. You know that. And some of the boys out of service are mighty hard up. A month without pay can just about wreck them."

"I know," the O. R. C. man groans. "But what can we do? Hackett won't listen to a plea for leniency. He's gone Rule Book crazy. Just quotes the rules to you and folds up. That leaves you on a limb."

"Hackett would," says Buck just then. "Why don't you take a tip from his tactics and fight fire with fire?"

"How?" they both want to know.

"Get Hackett on a limb," Buck grins. "Then saw the limb off behind him."

Burkett grunts. "Well, I'll furnish the saw, if you'll furnish the ways and means, Buck. But, all joking aside, officials like Hackett don't get out on limbs. Guess our only hope is to wait till Bulger Bascom can listen to us."

"Looks that way now," Buck agrees. "Well, see you boys again."

"If we're here by then," Peterson replies.

THEY call us the next afternoon for a red-ball train, a fast freight. Borden, the railroad's chief sleuth, is sitting on the platform of our caboose when I show up. My guess is he wants to look our caboose over for something. I'm wrong. When I offer him the keys to the lockers he just shakes his head and smirks.

"Wrong, wise guy," he says.

I give up and go about my business. Borden climbs into the cupola where he makes himself at home. He's still there when we highball out of town. However, I've got over to the engine and tipped off Lazy Lon and my partner, "Buttons" Brown, to the fact we got bad company behind.

"Well, well, if it isn't my old friend Sherlock Holmes, the Zero detective," Buck greets Borden on seeing him. "What brings you out in this weather?"

"What do you mean *weather?*" Borden snarls.

"There is no snow," Buck explains affably. "And how can a master mind like yours trail criminals when there is no snow on the ground?"

"You're too smart!" the special agent growls. "I'll let you guess why I'm here."

"Oh, I know that," Buck laughs. "Mr. Hackett has detailed you to ride with us to see we have no more wrecks. Perhaps I should say, to see that we have no plausible alibis in case we do have a wreck. Am I right?"

By the way Borden's jaw drops, I know Buck has hit the nail on the head. That's why I watch the train that day closer than ever. If anything happens I'm going to be in the clear. Just the same, I'm glad when Buck finishes up his clerical work and joins me in the cupola just as we leave Alata Vista and drop down the hill.

Borden is hogging the whole of the cupola where Buck usually rides. But he never offers to move. I tumble to what Buck has in mind when he says with a wink to me:

"When I'm general manager, I'll do away with riding in cupolas. Too dangerous."

"I'll say," I echo. "We're lucky to be alive after last night. I remember over on the old Pedro, two conductors I worked with had their throats cut from being thrown through cupola windows in wrecks."

"But fire is what I'm most afraid of," says Buck, and I can see Borden squirm on his seat. "One time a car of gasoline in a train I was on caught fire and the conductor and rear brakeman burned to death before they could escape."

Borden fidgets nervously, looks out the window. At the same time Buck lights a cigar and bites off the end of it. He sits up real straight when Buck tosses the still lighted match out the cupola window with a flip that sends it scooting towards the box car just ahead of the caboose.

WHAT happens after that takes about ten years off my life expectancy. Of course, we got lots of gasoline tanks in our train, but all are quite a ways from the caboose. I'm not looking for any explosions of any kind. Borden isn't any more surprised than I am when there's a deafening roar and the roof of the box car ahead of us cuts loose from its posts and comes sailing back over the cupola.

"Help!" squeals the chief dick as he falls out of the cupola on all fours. "We've blowed up!"

He didn't need to tell me. I'm the last of the cowards out of that cupola, but I'm fighting Borden like a wild cat to be the first of us out the back door and over the platform in a leap for life act. Borden beat me to it because he's the biggest.

But neither of us jumped. Borden got tangled up in the brake wheel with his coat-tails, while Slippery Buck stopped me by holding onto my coat collar.

"Steady," says Buck. "There is no danger. That's a car load of broom corn. I don't know what happened, but broom corn is not explosive. I'll pull the air on Lon and stop him at Folland. We'll set the car out there. See if you can untangle that gumshoe while I do the trick."

He steps inside while I get Borden safe back on the platform. Buck is in the cupola opening the emergency valve when I join him. Great sheets of flame are pouring from the roofless car ahead. The heat is something awful.

"Hang onto your chewing tobacco," Buck advises me. "And if the drawbars and knuckles don't hold, run for your life."

Then he opened the valve. I could feel the brakes take hold almost at once. The caboose is full of smoke by now and great beads of sweat is running down Buck's face. When Buck gets the train stopped, the blazing car is just three car-lengths from the house-track switch.

"Cut off the caboose!" Buck orders. "We'll set the car on the house-track. Work fast, Jonesy, or we're lost. If that gasoline ever gets a whiff—*good night!*"

"But the house-track?" I protest. "We can't use it. Hackett's bulletin—"

"T'ell with Hackett!" Buck bellows. "I'm running this fire department."

That ends the argument. I hit the ground running. Buttons has dropped back half way over the train so he can pass signals. He knows something is radically wrong to make Buck pull the air from the hack.

If I do brag on myself, we set that car out in record time. I'm just pulling the pin on it as the Folland agent, a dried-up little squirt, comes sailing in on the scene.

"Take that car out of there!" he commands Buck. "Set it on the storage track. I won't have any cars set out there. You want to burn everything up?"

"Get on the train, Jonesy," Buck says to me, ignoring the agent. "Then pull the train down the line, out of danger."

"You can't do that here!" squeaks the agent. "You do as I tell you."

"Shut up!" Buck Anderson barks. "You get to your key and notify the dispatcher at once to have a switch engine rushed over here to fight this fire. Tell him to see the engine is equipped with a hose. And get a move on you before I lose my temper. The way that wind is blowing we may need two engines."

"You're not my boss!" the agent squeaks again. "I'll do as I please."

THEY'RE still arguing when I get back on the train. We pull down as per orders, and since there's yard limit at Folland and flagging isn't required, I mosey down to the depot to see what's going on. I just enter the depot when two guys come falling in the depot door.

"The scale house," one of them gulps. "It's on fire. What'll we do?"

"Ask the conductor," the agent grunts angrily. "He's running the railroad now. I'm only a hired hand."

"Never mind the conversation!" Buck cuts in. "Did you tell the dispatcher what I told you?"

"No, but I told him what you said and what you did. Maybe you won't think you're so big when you find yourself looking for another job. The dispatcher says Hackett will show you a thing or two."

Buck shakes his head. "You're a bright lad," he says sarcastic like. "Take your time about sending the message. If you wait a little while longer you won't have to send it at all. You can tell them to send a clam shell and a bunch of dump cars to haul away the town's ashes."

With which he turns on his heel and comes out the door where I've been listening. A nod of his head starts me towards the caboose.

We don't get a hundred feet from the depot when a big crowd of men and women come busting around the corner of the scale house. The two guys who said the scale house was on fire is leading them. At sight of us they let out a wild yell.

"There he is!" says somebody in the crowd. "Don't let him get away. We'll learn him burn down our town."

They're pointing at Buck Anderson, but I don't care. Right then my pedal extremities start moving without me hardly knowing. Buck's does too. Brave as he is, he's no fool. And like me, he's seen the ropes some of the crowd is carrying.

I'm highballing frantic like long before I fall sprawling on the caboose on top of Borden, who I'd completely forgot about until just then. At the same time I hit the caboose platform the train gets under way as only Lazy Lon could do it. We leave Folland with half the town throwing everything from brickbats to tin cans to show us how much they love us.

"Too much excitement for an old man," Buck pants, fanning himself with his hat. "What you say, Sherlock?" to the sleuth who looks awful pale.

"You're crazy," Borden replies in a weak voice. "Plumb crazy!"

Then he topples over in a dead faint. After all, you couldn't blame him much. Personally, I wasn't feeling any too strong myself. A fellow with a weak heart or high blood pressure certainly wouldn't have no business braking for Buck.

WE leave the gumshoe at Marland. He looks like he had the jaundice, due to the fact that I had to use water from the rusty barrel which we kept for cooling hotboxes. The yardmaster and the operator are down to the water tank to help us hurry through town.

"Looks like you've raised your last bit of hell on this old pike," the yardmaster tells Buck. "Hackett is burning up the wires, asking for information about the how and why of everything. You'll find details in the messages there with your orders. Better

start fixing up alibis, because you'll be needing plenty of them. And you'd better be getting out of town pronto."

"Why the sudden rush act?" Buck wants to know. "Usually I have to fight you to get out of this burg at all. Haven't you got some tonnage for me?"

"I have," replies the yardmaster. "But the sheriff from Folland is on his way over here with a warrant for your arrest. You're charged with everything from arson to inciting riots. And I hear an auto coming. It's probably him."

It was! But we're moving along the rails by the time a geezer with a fifty-eight-inch waistline and a cowboy hat falls out of an old tin lizzie and starts running for the caboose. He's yelling something about the name of the law, but he gets his feet tangled up among themselves and goes down for the count. He's still down as we round the curve out of town.

"The sheriff's footwork and Hackett's headwork are on a par with each other," Buck observes with sarcasm after a glance at the messages in his hand. "Listen to this, Jonesy," and he reads:

Why did you set blazing car on house track Folland without permission? Why was dispatcher not notified immediately so engine could be sent to combat same? Wire me without delay reason for broom corn catching fire!

"Well," I says, "what answers are you going to give Hackett?"

"The truth, Jonesy. Just the truth and nothing more."

"If we do, he'll fire us sure," I say.

"Not while Bulger Bascom is sitting in the general manager's chair. The old man is reserving that honor for himself. You heard him say that yourself."

I had, but it didn't make me feel any better. Personally, I'd have felt a heap easier in my mind if Buck had stuck to his alibis. But you can't argue with Buck. Even the message from Hackett that was waiting for us at Armourdale and ordering us back to Pineville for an investigation didn't change Buck at all.

"Better be sure your alibi is good," the yardmaster warns Buck. "The scale house burned down, the elevator was badly damaged, a car of merchandise was destroyed along with the broom corn, ten rails were warped and ruined from the intense heat, and the city council of Folland is filing suit against the T. K. & P. for lives and property endangered by a crazy conductor. All told, the damage is about $20,000, not counting what a farmer jury will give the plaintiff when the case goes to trial."

"You forgot to mention that the sheriff has a warrant for me," Buck grins. "Thanks for the tip and the advice," he adds, "but this is one time I have no alibi to offer."

THE investigation is set for ten o'clock. Me and Buck Anderson are there on time. Peterson and Burkett, local chairman for the O. R. C. and B. R. T., are there to act as our representatives and see we are given a square deal. Also we get two stenogs.

When Hackett and Fanning show up, the stenogs sharpen their pencils and prepare ready to take notes. One of the stenogs is our own, the other one is for the T. K. & P.

I'm rather surprised that Borden isn't on hand. The fact that he isn't don't make me feel bad at all. Then the investigation begins when Hackett says:

"You know what general order Number Fourteen says, Mr. Anderson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you set a car of blazing broom corn on the house track at Folland? Why?"

"Safety first, Mr. Hackett. The storage track was too dangerous. The Consul Oil Company has their cars of gasoline and storage tanks located there."

Trust Buck to know his railroad. Hackett seems taken back for a second, but only for a second.

"So you admit you knowingly violated general order Fourteen?"

"Yes, sir."

The super had a hard look in his eyes. "You preferred to violate the general order rather than take time to explain the situation to the dispatcher and get permission to set the car out there?"

"I had no time to ask permission," Buck replies. "My own train was in danger. I feel that I acted within my rights and used good judgment in doing as I did."

"Do you gentlemen concur with Mr. Anderson?" Hackett demands of our two representatives. "If so, we will go on."

Both our men seem satisfied. Hackett looks at a paper before him, then at Buck and says: "What caused the broom corn to catch fire, Mr. Anderson?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," says Buck.

Hackett sneers. "Is that your answer, Anderson?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you, Jones?" the super inquires, facing me. "What is your explanation?"

"I haven't got one," I respond. "Nothing like that ever happened to me before; of all the roads I ever worked on—"

"Never mind about your boomer record," Hackett cut in sharply. "Maybe you'll go booming again after this investigation is over. What I want to know now is, what started that fire?"

The B. R. T. chairman came to my rescue. "A flying spark from the engine might have causd it," says he. "Over on the Frisco when I worked there, we used to haul cotton on flat cars and all us brakemen carried pails of water to put out sparks that landed on the bales of cotton."

HACKETT stiffens. "For your information, Mr. Burkett, this was a closed box car. Furthermore, I beg to inform you that all of our engines are equipped with spark arresters. It seems to me you had better study up on your railroad."

I agreed with him. No wonder they had so many men out of service. Peterson, of the O. R. C., was sitting like a bump on a log all this time, and Burkett has to show how ignorant he is about the spark arresters on the engine. From the looks of things the two local chairmen were going to be a handicap more than a help.

"And you cannot offer an explanation as to what caused the car of broom corn to catch fire?" Hackett asks Buck.

"Not right now," is the reply.

"I see," from Borden coldly. "In that case we will call Mr. Borden. He may be able to shed a little light on the subject."

And does that sleuth shed light when he is called? I'll say he does! He talks so fast the stenogs can hardly keep up with him. Evidently, he figures now is the time to get square with Buck for

all past insults. When he gets to the part which has to do with Buck's lighting a cigar and throwing the match out the cupola window, Hackett stops him.

"Is that right, Anderson?" to Buck.

"Why—why—yes, sir," the conductor admits, looking surprised like. "But what of it? Broom corn is not explosive."

"We will discuss that later," the super says. "Go on, Mr. Borden."

"He throws the match," Borden goes on. "It bounces along the top of the caboose and hits the end of the car ahead. I think at the time how dangerous that would be if the car was one of gasoline. Then the car blows up. You know the rest."

Superintendent Hackett whirls on me. "Is that correct, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why didn't you mention this incident in your testimony?"

"I never thought it mattered."

"That is a poor excuse," Hackett snaps. "Your memory is evidently faulty. This railroad cannot use brakemen with bad memories. I think a long vacation will be very beneficial to you. You are discharged. So are you, Anderson, for deliberately violating rules and contributory negligence which resulted in destruction of company property."

"But you can't fire Jones," Burkett says just then. "He didn't do anything."

"He tried to shield his conductor," Hackett explains. "The investigation is over."

Peterson gets to his feet to make a spread eagle speech about Buck Anderson which sounds mighty weak and out of place to me. His talk about years of service and faithfulness to duty seems to make Hackett more stubborn and determined.

"And I warn you," Peterson winds up his harangue, "that if you take these men out of service, we will fight not only for their reinstatement but for full wages for all time lost."

"The case is closed," Hackett says, mean like. "Anderson, you and Jones will turn in your company property. A time check will be issued you at once, if you wish."

WELL, that ends the investigation. When Buck and me leave the office we are without jobs. The Brotherhood chairmen stay long enough to get copies of the stenogs' notes and have them signed by Hackett. They both act mighty tickled about something as they join us downstairs.

"I flatter myself that was a clever job and well done," Peterson exults. "What do you think, Buck?"

"It was perfect," Buck nods. "I am well pleased with the result. Victory is as good as ours." He turns to me with a grin. "Why don't you thank the boys, Jonesy, for the good work they did in our behalf?"

"They done too good," I sigh. "Now what do we do?"

"Go fishing," Buck says. "You and your gal are joining me and mine for a month of trout fishing in Colorado, while Brother Hackett foots the bills."

"Eh?" I choke. "I don't understand."

"Perhaps I'd better explain," Burkett butts in. "You see, Boomer Jones, we decided Hackett needed a lesson taught him. He has been too fast on firing men for little or no cause at all. Of course, when we go before Bulger Bascom, he will reinstate them on a plea of leniency. He always has."

"Yes," I agree doubtfully.

The B. R. T. chairman goes on: "But if we can go before him with a

case like yours to show that you were not given a square deal, it is possible we may get our men full pay for all time lost. The reason we did not tell you beforehand was because your scared look was our best bet with Hackett, who'd be sure to think it was an admission of guilt."

"My idea," Buck admits proudly. "And better than any alibi I ever framed. The chances are that Hackett may be demoted and Chief Detective Borden will get fired. I told you it paid to tell the truth always. We are martyrs to a just cause, Jonesy. The difference is we get a free vacation."

"Which reminds me," Peterson adds, "I called up the State College of Agriculture and talked with their best farmers. They are writing me a letter, stating dozens of instances where broom corn, when loaded while wet or full of moisture, is likely to develop spontaneous combustion. In fact, this has often happened. It is a stock letter with them to warn farmers who raise broom corn for shipment. I thought it best to withhold that information from you till after the investigation. In that way you could not be accused later of lying."

"Looks to me like you'd better start on that fishing trip, Buck," says Burkett. "Peterson and I will square that matter for you while you are gone."

SO me and Slippery Buck and our wives all go fishing in Colorado.

Funny, but fresh trout tastes a lot different from what you buy in stores. I get so I like fish pretty well. Then we get a telegram from Peterson and Burkett telling us to hurry back as Bulger Bascom, the general manager of the T. K. & P., is on the warpath.

We hurry back. Peterson and Burkett hadn't lied none. Bulger sure is hostile. He has put all the men back to work that Hackett had fired. Better yet, he had consented to pay them for all time lost. He is in the office when me and Buck show up to get our switch keys and lanterns and other company property. So is Hackett, and take it from me, the super looks kind of sick.

"Think you're clever, don't you?" Bulger bellows at Buck, at the same time pointing a big fat cigar like it was a gun towards Buck. "Gol-darn it, I'm beginning to think you are myself."

"Thank you," says Buck. "I had a good teacher."

"Humph!" Bulger growls 'way down deep in his throat. "If you were not quite so smart I'd make a trainmaster out of you. But I won't. I am going to let you keep on working as a conductor so I can fire you myself some of these fine days."

But there's a twinkle in his eyes as he says it, and I know he's only joking.

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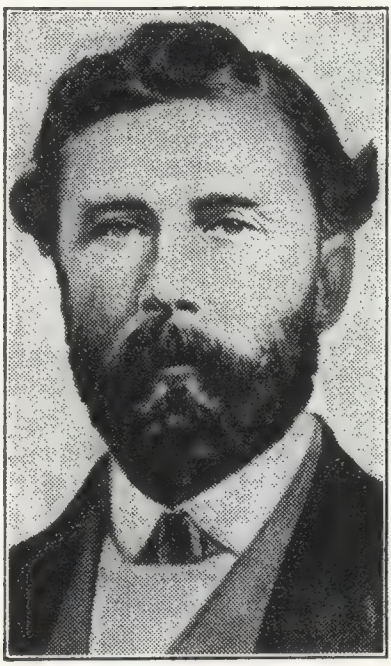
On a Roadbed of Gold

By N. A. CRITCHETT

Author of "The Speed War of the Century," etc.

PROBABLY no other railroad in the world can share the distinction belonging to the first iron trail built in the Far West, the Sacramento Valley Railroad of California. Begun in February, 1855, and opened exactly a year later between Sacramento and Folsom, this 23-mile road was laid for the most part over a bed of gold. As construction work approached the placer "diggin's" of the region that had been the center of the famous gold rush of '49, the precious metal in varying quantities was uncovered by the grading gangs.

Theodore D. Judah, the youthful and visionary construction engineer who built the road, and to whom a massive granite monument now stands in a park facing the Southern Pacific's passenger station at Sacramento, had a souvenir ring inscribed with the words: "First gold ever taken from earth used in making a railroad bank."



THEODORE D. JUDAH
Famous Western Railroad Builder

Placer gold deposits in those days were so plentiful that no one seemed to covet the yellow metal over which the S.V.R.R. was built. Some years later, when the rails might have been moved to give way to hydraulic mining, the placer method of separating gold from the soil had become unlawful, and today the tracks of the old road (now part of the great Southern Pacific System) still rest upon the original Sacramento Valley roadbed of "pay dirt."

Stage coaches, so romantically associated with the hell-roarin' days of the early West, preceded the "iron horse" into California by only six years. In fact, at the time the Sacramento Valley line was completed to Folsom no stage coach had ventured to traverse the treacherous trails over the mountains into what was then Utah Territory, now Nevada. Overland mail was carried in from Salt Lake City over the backs of men and mules.

It was not until July, 1858, that the "Central Overland" stage route was opened to travel—and, let it be added, to dashing highwaymen. At one time twenty-one stage coach lines radiated from the railroad terminus at Folsom.

Judah was only twenty-eight when he journeyed from New York to California to superintend construction of the S.V.R.R., but he had already acquired enviable fame from building canals, bridges and railroads in New York and New England.

Rails and the earliest rolling equipment for the valley railroad were brought from the East by the clipper ship "Winged Racer" by way of Cape Horn. The first rail was laid August 9, 1855, and ten days later a group of notables enjoyed the dusty thrills of a ride in open platform over a few hundred yards of the Far West's

first iron pathway. It was not until seven years after this road had been opened that any other railroad was operated in California.

Judah's next great achievement was surveying a route, with the aid of Daniel Strong, a mountaineer, through a pass for a railroad over the lofty Sierra Nevada Mountains. As a result of this he won the support of Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Crocker, the famous " Big Four " who founded the Central Pacific Railroad Company and pushed the steel westward to Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869. Four and a half years later Judah died of fever contracted while crossing the Isthmus of Panama. His monument in deathless granite (shown in photo) recalls the transcontinental railroad genius who also built a pioneer steam road over a roadbed of rich placer gold in the Mother Lode country of California.

Privileged Character

By THE ENGINE PICTURE KID

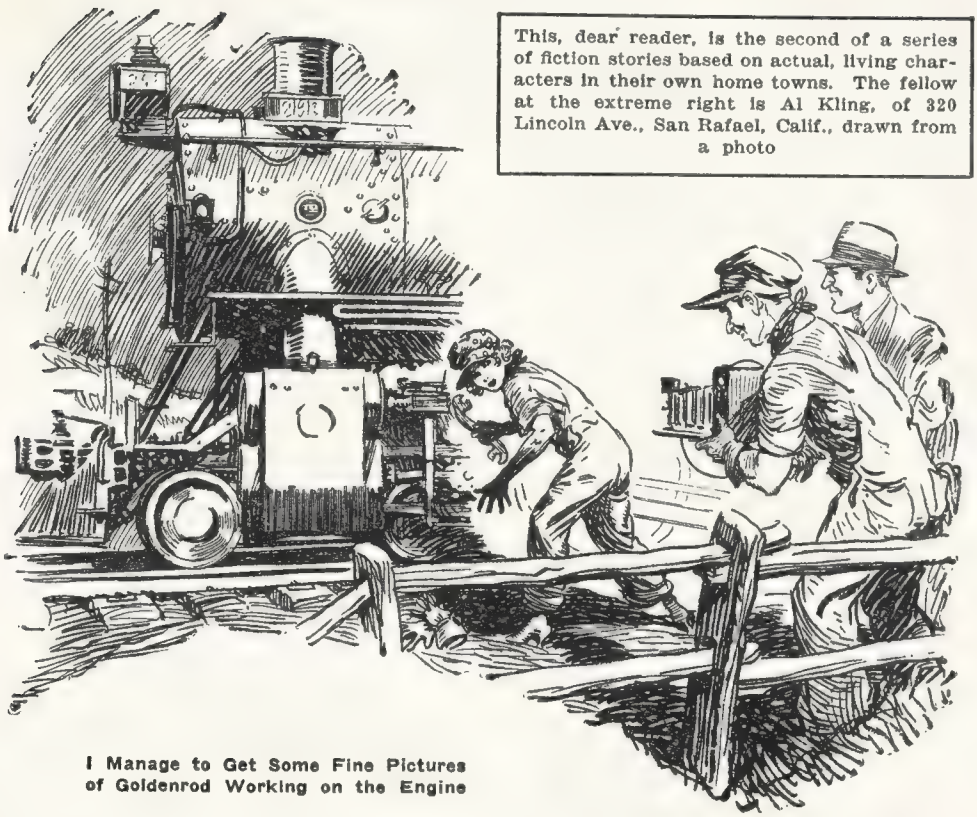
RAILROADS — the smart ones—is like a hen. They know it pays to advertise. And it is on account of this fellow, Al Kling, who is a super-salesman when he ain't got his nose buried in the latest issue of RAILROAD STORIES, that Goldenrod and me goes from Lind, Washington, out to the Pacific Coast.

I am one jump ahead of the railroad bulls all the way on account of I travel by freight. But on account of Goldenrod's old man, Hardshell Higgins, being president and owner of the three and a half mile Happy Valley Line up in Saskatchewan, she rides the plush seats on a pass as befits the daughter of a railroad maggot.

Kling says for us to meet him in Sausalito, which is across the Bay from San Francisco, as he has got us marked on the board of the Northwestern Pacific to take over a special tourist run up into the famous California redwood country which is traversed by the road. Of course, I have a little trouble getting to Sausalito as it is reached by ferry from 'Frisco and there ain't no brake-rods under a ferry boat. Besides I'd get drowned if there was.

Kling has done a lot of talking to Northwestern

This, dear reader, is the second of a series of fiction stories based on actual, living characters in their own home towns. The fellow at the extreme right is Al Kling, of 320 Lincoln Ave., San Rafael, Calif., drawn from a photo



I Manage to Get Some Fine Pictures of Goldenrod Working on the Engine

Pacific officials telling them how with a good-looking lady hogger like Goldenrod hauling the sightseers up into the redwood forests and a well-known national character like the Engine Picture Kid, which is me on account of because I am an engine picture fien' of purest water and will take photographs of anything around a railroad, business is bound to receive a tremendous impetus. And it is them tremendous impetuses that the railroads is looking for right now.

Anyhow, he sells the Northwestern Pacific the idea, and he don't have no trouble at all selling Goldenrod and me, both of us being boomers by nature and working our way around the country to get ourselves a stake to get married on, as we are already engaged and that is the next logical step.

"Gee," says Goldenrod, when Kling informs us that the job is ours, "it will seem great to sit right hand side of a cab. It beats dealing them off the arm in a beanery all hollow."

"Yes," I says, "and with me firing for you it will seem just like old times at home again on the Happy Valley."

"Yes," she says, "it will."

HOWEVER, it is mostly the new job I am thinking of and how swell it will be to be wheeling the varnished wagons through California redwoods with Goldenrod at the throttle when I get to Sausalito and meet this fellow Kling.

He is a big six-footer and he greets me with a slap on the back that nearly breaks my collar-bone.

"Gosh!" he says, "I'm glad to meet

you. Goldenrod's down here too. Say, a girl that smart and pretty ought to be in pictures."

"She is," I says. "I've took a lot of her."

"Moving pictures, I mean."

"I've taken those, too," I add.

"O.K.," says Kling.

He shows me where the locker-room is and tells me to go over and get into my overalls. There are quite a few rails gathered in the locker-room, and although they look up when I come in they go right on talking among themselves.

"Heard about the brass hats hirin' a female hogger?" asks one bird.

"Yeah," snaps another. "And I'm against it."

"Doggone it," growls a beefy, red-faced hogger, "what burns my crown-sheet is this Dora grabbin' off one of them new passenger runs. If you ask me she's a PeeCee."

Well, I am not one to allow anybody to call the girl I am engaged to names I do not even know the meaning of.

"What," I says, interrupting the conversation, "is a PeeCee?"

"Privileged character," barks the red-faced throttle jerker. Then he turns back to the bunch gathered around him. "Boys, women has already run us out of the bars and barber shops. If they are also goin' to take over the engine cabs of the nation, it is high time we done somethin'."

At that moment another hogger gives the beefy cuss a jab in the ribs with his oilcan.

"Red Ball," he says, "you ain't seen this dame yet. Some baby!"

Red Ball goes right on with his flight of oratory.

"Fellow employees of the Northwestern Pacific," he thunders, "are we goin' to stand for a gal running our locomotives?"

"Personally," I says, "I thought they was the company's locomotives."

Right then a call boy, like I was once myself, taps me on the shoulder and says to shake a leg out into the yards.

OFF on a siding is a fast-stepping, high-wheeled 4-4-0, looking pretty as a picture. Hooked up to the engine is a string of shiny, newly painted, varnished wagons. Some officials are huddled around the train. And up by the engine cab I can see the trim figure of Goldenrod, one gauntleted hand on the grab iron, one tiny foot resting on the lower cab step.

She is talking to Kling, and he is smiling back at her out of his pleasant, twinkling gray eyes. When I come up, Walter Mahan, super of the Southern Division, turns to Kling.

"I hope everything will be all right," he says. "This is great advertising for the road, Kling. I expect a big jump in the tourist trade. And your latest suggestion to have the Northwestern Pacific give away photographs of Miss Higgins at the throttle with every ticket sold is good. We might even put her picture on the new timetables."

Kling beams at the super. "Of course, I wouldn't want to say this is the biggest idea the Northwestern has had since it was chartered, but you'll admit it's slightly colossal."

"Sounds like a Hollywood stunt," blurts out a square-jawed master mechanic. "A lot of the gang are steamed up over it. Figure it is just a gag to dish 'em out of one of these new runs."

"Hmm!" snorts the super. "Bartlett, you tell the men from me that it's strictly a business proposition. Miss Higgins will receive no extra favors

from the operating department. She will hold her job solely on her undoubted ability to handle the run."

"Thank you," says Goldenrod, coloring. Kling pats her hand and wishes her luck as she swings into the cab with me right behind her.

"See you in San Rafael when you get back, both of you," he shouts. "Got to report to your manager on this deal, you know. Maybe we can all take in a movie at the *El Camino* over on Fourth Street."

"Maybe," says Goldenrod, smiling at Kling. But the way she flounces down on the right hand seatbox I can tell she is annoyed about something.

"This job isn't going to be any picnic, Kid," she says, turning to me. "I *hate* being discussed by a bunch of brass hats as if I were a cow at a County Fair."

"Anyhow," I remark, looking at Goldenrod with admiration, "if you was a cow, you would win the blue ribbon easily."

"You're a help," snaps Goldenrod.

The yard switches are already lined for the main and just as Goldenrod gets the highball, a little, bald-headed old man about sixty with cold, blue eyes and a thin, serious-minded face climbs into the cab.

The old fellow, drops his tin lunch box on the seat behind Goldenrod. "I'm Ben Howard, traveling engineer. And by lightnin', this is the first time I ever been called to pilot a woman hogger over the road. What's the world comin' to anyhow?"

"I'll bite," laughs Goldenrod, flashing the traveling grunt a smile that would of melted the ice cubes in Aunt Hetty's electric icebox.

A big crowd had gathered on the platform, mostly tourists off to visit the giant redwoods. They rush up to the engine cab the minute they spot Goldenrod at the controls. Men waved greetings. Women shove through the press like they was attending a bargain sale. Kids duck away from their mother's skirts and under their old man's legs in their excitement to get up front and say hello to the prettiest engineer in the world.

Hank Bemis, the con, has a job herding them back into the cars. We are three minutes late pulling out.

"Anyhow," says Goldenrod, glowing with excitement and the thrill of once more feeling the pulse of a locomotive's power in her hands, "the customers are for us."

She eases gently out of the depot then opens up on the high iron.

"Careful, Miss Higgins," Howard says. "Not so fast."

"I'm three minutes late," snaps Goldenrod, her eyes on the unfamiliar road ahead. She don't shove the throttle back an inch, neither.

WHEN we pull into San Rafael there's a repetition of the crowd at Sausalito gathered in front of the handsome mission style, red-tile roofed depot. We're five minutes late leaving San Rafael. Ben Howard keeps studying his timepiece, and mumbling to himself.

"These trains are run on a stiff schedule, Miss Higgins," he says severely. "I'm afraid we won't make it."

Goldenrod don't pay any more attention to him than a hogger usually does when he is carrying a traveling grunt for extra ballast. We pull into the end of the run right on the advertised. Howard wipes his wrinkled forehead with a red bandanna.

"Good work," he says, and I guess that is as high a compliment as anybody ever got out of him.

"Good engine," Goldenrod comes back at him.

A little later, Howard has gone and she turns the ten-wheeler over to a hostler.

"By the way," she says, pointing to a brass gaboon stuck right in front of the right hand seatbox, "you can remove *that* before you bring out an engine for me again. I don't use 'em."

"Yes, mam," stammers the hostler. On the return run Goldenrod has got a metal flower vase which she fastens inside the cab window, and a big bunch of Shasta daisies which she sets into it.

"Makes it more homey," she says to me. "I got a letter from Dad this morning. He says it's nice and quiet around the Happy Valley with you gone, but that booming won't get us anywhere."

"Well," I says, "it got us out to the Pacific Coast, didn't it? And we've got a lot of swell invitations to visit other parts of the country, too."

Goldenrod laughs. "The funny part of it is," she goes on quietly, "there was a P.S. on Dad's letter. It said, 'Wish I was with you.'"

"Yeah," I says, "Hardshell hadn't ought to talk. Booming around the way he did when he was younger and dragging you around with him. It's a wonder you didn't grow up to look like a freight train."

Howard, the traveling grunt, rides back with us. When he steps into the cab and sees the daisies, he gulps and drops his wad of eating tobacco over the left hand gangway. But he don't say nothing.

It ain't long before Goldenrod and me is high-tailing the varnished wagons over the Northwestern Pacific without no pilot. The tourist business to the redwoods is rising like the water back of Boulder Dam. I got some mighty fine shots of Baldwin ten-wheelers used on the road, and Al Kling is so hospitable to us whenever we can get down to San Rafael that he has us feeling like a couple of California's native sons.

We spend a lot of time with Kling out on Lincoln Avenue in San Rafael, chewing the rag and swapping engine pictures. San Rafael is a swell town, with the majestic slopes of Mount Tamalpais towering behind it. Personally I like it but maybe that's because I am back firing for Goldenrod, and under those circumstances I would be even inclined to give Death Valley credit for having a good climate.

Goldenrod is worrying, though.

"What's the matter?" I says. "Don't you like it here, or are you getting writer's cramp from autographing your picture for passengers on the Northwestern Pacific?"

Goldenrod tries to laugh it off.

"Perhaps it's just me. Kid, the attitude of some of the rails around here gets under my skin. And I never did like to hang around where I wasn't welcome."

"Gosh!" I exclaim. "The road's crazy about you, Goldenrod."

Goldenrod shakes her head. "The brass hats, maybe. Because I'm bringing them business. But a lot of the men, like that beefy hogger, Red Ball, resent my being here. They seem to feel I'm getting a gravy run because I'm a woman. All right; one of these days I'll show 'em!"

A FEW days later we get an engine down in Sausalito that has been given an overhaul in the back shops at Tiburon. She looks O.K., and she's supposed to be, but she ain't.

Out on the line with her, Goldenrod is pounding up one of the big grades.

The engine is making hard work of it.

Just then there is a bam and a hiss of live steam from the left hand piston, where a faulty packing has blowed out. The old gal jerks and balks.

"If we can make that old, weed-buried passing track," says Goldenrod, nodding towards an ancient switch-post about a mile up the line, "we'll pull in and look this crate over. If we don't make it, the main line is going to be tied up tighter'n a drum."

I jump out and make a dash for the switch-post. The switch is stiff and rusty, but I throw it with the forward truck of the engine only five feet from the points. The tourist special limps into the passing track and halts.

"I guess this is the break those male hoggers have been waiting for," says Goldenrod, swinging out of the cab. "We're stuck."

Bemis, the con, rushes up, wanting to know why the stop, and when Goldenrod gets through telling him, he shaves his head slowly.

"My, my," he says. "I'll go down to Munster and have the op wire for help."

"That's what you think," snaps Goldenrod, the glint of battle in her eyes. She turns to me. "Kid, I'm going to repack that piston myself. Dig into the right hand seatbox for the tools."

"And my camera," I adds. "Gee, I'll get some swell shots of you working over this engine, Goldenrod."

Just then Al Kling, who happens to be on the train, comes up. He offers us lots of sympathy, but nothing else.

"Forget about the camera for a change," says Goldenrod. "We've got real work to do right now."

Bemis watches Goldenrod start in, then he scratches his chin and starts down the ties for a farmhouse and a phone. I guess he did not know that Goldenrod learned about locomotives from the time she was old enough to sit on her daddy's knee.

Well, I help Goldenrod some, but I am not no borned mechanic like she is except with a camera and I manage to get a series of fine pictures of her working on the engine which she has fixed before Bemis gets back. In fact she is standing by the cab, tapping her heel on a tie waiting for him when he arrives.

The con thinks she is mad because the engine is broken down, so he tells her his instructions. Goldenrod looks at him disdainfully.

"Hmm!" she says, "I'm supposed to wait here until somebody that *knows* something about engines can replace that packing. Red Ball Davis, coming down on Seventeen will do it, eh? Bemis, this engine is ready to roll."

"You fixed it?"

"I don't mean anything else," says Goldenrod sweetly. "And when is Seventeen due up at Elroy?"

"About twenty minutes, if Red Ball's on time."

"It's ten miles from here to Elroy, isn't it?"

Bemis nods. "Maybe less."

"We'll meet Seventeen there," says Goldenrod. She climbs into the cab and grabs the throttle.

Bemis fusses some but what's the use of arguing with a woman, especially when she is a girl like Goldenrod? We wheel up to Elroy without mishap. The operator there is more than a little surprised to see us, when he has just learned we were stalled ten miles away on a passing track. He runs out of the depot and he's got the orders for Seventeen to stop and help us out in his hand.

"Tear 'em up," says Goldenrod.

NEXT time we are in San Rafael going over to see Albert Kling, I happen to mention before we get to his house that I have the pictures I took of Goldenrod replacing the blowed out packing, and because of what happens I am glad I did not wait until we got to Kling's to speak about them because it turns out that Goldenrod does not think they're so hot.

"They're awful," she says. "I look a fright. There's a smudge on my face, and my hands are all dirty."

"Well," I says, "they are action pictures, Goldenrod, not posed portraits. A girl cannot mess around a locomotive without getting a bit dirty."

"Nope," she says firmly. "Mr. Kling doesn't see these. Nor anybody else. After all, a girl must have some pride. Kid, if you ever show these pictures to a soul, I'll never speak to you again. I mean it."

And I know she does, which is what puts me in a very difficult position a few days later when I am down in the locker-room at Sausalito. There being no women's locker-room on the Northwestern Pacific for train crews, or on any other railroad that I know of, Goldenrod always changes in the women's wash room over at the depot.

Anyhow Red Ball Davis and a bunch is in the locker-room and I can see from the tension that something very dramatic has maybe already happened. The talk quits when I come in. Finally Red Ball jerks a thumb at me.

"There ain't no use gettin' into overalls," he says. "I guess you and that lady friend of yours is through."

"Oh, no," I says. "In fact, I am beginning to like it here on the Northwestern Pacific. We wouldn't think of quitting."

"It ain't a question of 'quitting,'" barks Red Ball. "When that Higgins girl, and Kling, who got you birds here in the first place, come out of the trainmaster's office, you'll sing a different tune."

"Personally," I says, "you are the kind of a hogger who would give me a pain if I was to be unlucky enough to draw one of your runs. Anyhow, Red Ball, Goldenrod knows more about an engine than you do."

Red Ball almost has an apoplectic fit, and in fact the whole room is soon in an uproar arguing that Goldenrod ain't a real hogger.

"Yeah?" I says, shouting above the din. "How about that crippled engine she had handed to her a few days ago? She did a man's job repacking that piston, and didn't ask no favors neither."

"Aw," rasps Red Ball scornfully, "I heard that story. I don't believe no packin' blowed out. She started the yarn herself to get sympathy. I met you up at Elroy, and there wasn't nothin' wrong."

"Of course not," I says. "She'd fixed the engine."

"Try and prove it," growls Red Ball sarcastically.

"I can prove it," I says.

The room is so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. Red Ball is scowling.

"We're waitin' for the proof," he rasps. "You gotta put up, or shut up."

Well, naturally I do not want to have the girl I am engaged to never speak to me again, but then I guess you would of done the same as I did.

At first Red Ball don't understand when I shove the pictures under his nose. Then he begins to look the snapshots over. The first thing I know a broad grin spreads over his face.

"Say, these pictures are great!" he yells. "Looka' the way that gal went after the job. Right into the grease too. Nothin' prissy about that dame."

HE slaps the pictures back into my hand. "Show 'em to the rest of the boys," he says, all excited. "I gotta hurry over to the office." He whispers to another.

"Sure," says the other. "Go ahead."

When I get away from the crowd and out into yard I am wondering how I will explain things to Goldenrod, but I do not have any time to think of a plan because she is out there too. Her and Al Kling is standing outside the trainmaster's office. Kling being a big six-footer, Goldenrod looks very feminine there beside him. In fact, she looks like she wanted to cry.

"Here comes the Kid," she says to Kling. "Let's head back to San Rafael until we can decide where to go." She looks up at Kling and tries to smile. "Anyhow a boomer isn't supposed to stay long in one place." She turns to me. "I resigned, Kid."

"What for?" I says. "I thought you liked the Coast."

"I do," she says. "But some of the men on the Northwestern don't seem to believe I'm a real hogger."

"The saps!" explodes Kling. "They went to the trainmaster about it. I tried to straighten things out. And Mahan, the super, wanted to keep her on the board. But she quit anyhow. What can you do with a girl like that?"

"Personally," I says, "I got engaged to her."

Kling laughs, but Goldenrod is very serious. "I quit, Kid," she says, "for the good of the Northwestern. It seems that Red Ball Davis and a few of his cronies still think I'm merely a decoration for an engine cab, an unnecessary decoration at that."

"Red Ball!" I says. "Why him and another guy has just went to get you a big bunch of roses and some cretonne curtains for your cab, like you had back on the Happy Valley."

Well, then, of course, I have to explain about the sudden change in Red Ball's attitude, and that naturally brings up mention of the pictures. Goldenrod looks at me sternly for a few seconds. Then her face lights up.

"I'll forgive you this time," she says, suddenly throwing her arms around me and giving me a kiss right in front of Al Kling and the whole Sausalito yards. "You meant well."

Kling slips me a wink.

"Gosh!" says Goldenrod, flushing. "Perhaps I had better tell the trainmaster I've reconsidered." She laughs and hurries away to the office.

"You are very useful, at times," she yells to me as she beats it.

Which coming from Goldenrod is praise indeed.

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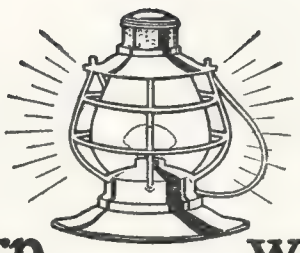
By the Light of the Lantern



Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

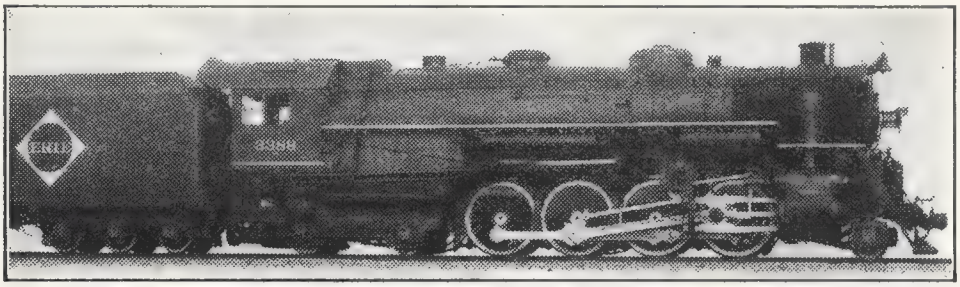
HOW can two engines with the same major dimensions have different tractive force ratings?—D. B.

In several past issues we have printed the formulæ by which tractive force is figured for steam locomotives. All the items used except one, you will probably remember, are constant. The variable factor is steam pressure. Usually 85% of the boiler pressure is used in the formula, but if the engine is equipped with limited cutoff, or if in the opinion of the motive power chiefs there are other factors which make it necessary to calculate with less than 85% of the steam pressure, the t.f. rating will naturally be less. Thus two identical locomotives with exactly the same working pressure can have different t.f. ratings, since in one case the formula is worked out using 85% of the steam pressure, and in the other only 70% or even 65%. This fact probably accounts for most of the "discrepancies" you and other readers have observed in our published rosters of locomotives, particularly in that of the Great Northern (Aug., '35, issue). Do not forget, moreover, that in some cases t.f. ratings have obviously been given with boosters, and that while we have been careful to record the fact in most cases, it has not always been possible to do so.

If you will turn to the list of Erie engines in this issue, you will find similar "contradictions" in Classes S-1, 2, 3, and 4. Despite the considerable differences in steam pressure between these classes, the t.f. ratings are about the same. This is due to the fact that Classes S-2 and S-4 have limited cutoff (60%, which gives an 80% rating for calculating t.f. with auxiliary ports, or 68% without).

WHAT would be the weight of a 4-6-0 type with four 18 x 25 cylinders, 6-foot drivers, and 300 lbs. steam pressure? Would a limited cutoff be advisable on such an engine?—C. W. M.

Your theoretical locomotive would exert about 75,000 lbs. t.f., and would therefore have to carry at least 300,000 lbs. on its three driving axles, or 100,000 lbs. on each axle. That is too much weight for any locomotive designed to run on ordinary railroad tracks. Moreover, a boiler weighing as much as yours could not be placed over the limited wheelbase afforded by six 72-inch drivers and an ordinary leading truck.



No. 3389, One of the Erie's 105 Monster 2-8-4 Types Listed on Page 90 in the Complete Roster of Erie Locomotives

From Railroad Photographs, 5 Appian Way, Allston, Mass.

"The Maple Leaf" (Train No. 20) of the Grand Trunk Western (Canadian National) Passing 47th St., Chicago, on Its Way to Montreal. It Is Hauled by 4-8-2 Type No. 6040

While limited cutoff would lower the tractive force somewhat, the size of your boiler and other fixtures would make it impossible to reduce the weight appreciably. Therefore a locomotive with the dimensions you give would be much better with at least five sets of drivers, and the rest of its weight on trailing and leading trucks. It might be possible as a 4-10-2 type, although its dimensions, particularly its great wheel base and the number and size of cylinders, do not seem well-adapted to conditions under which ordinary 4-10-2's operate. Perhaps it would be best as an articulated 2-6-6-2 or 4-6-6-2.

G. P.—The Chesapeake & Ohio has ordered five 4-8-4 type engines from the Lima Locomotive Works, which, according to reports, will be the most powerful of that type ever constructed. Photos and data will be printed in this magazine as soon as they are available.

(2) With its 3,114 miles of main line track, the Chesapeake & Ohio ranks 22nd in mileage among American roads. The N&W and Virginian, with 2,171 and 619 miles, respectively, would probably rank somewhere between 30th and 50th place.

A. M., Brunswick, Me.—The Southern Pacific System, with its 13,236 miles of line in the U. S. and 1,348 miles in Mexico, is the country's longest railroad. See answer to J. A. for information about engine with most cylinders.

J. A., Westmount, Canada.—See roster of Erie engines in this issue for information about its Triplex (2-8-8-8-2) Mallet type. The Erie had three such engines, built by Baldwin in 1914 and 1916. The Virginian Ry. had a similar engine, built by Baldwin in 1917. Numbered 700, she had 34 x 32 cylinders, 56-in. drivers, 215 lbs. pressure, weighed 844,000 lbs., exerted 166,300 lbs. t. f. when running compound. Several years later she was reconstructed to 2-8-8-2 type. These Triplex engines probably had more cylinders than any steam locomotive ever built.

K. G. P., Whitby, Ont.—The New York Central and the Canadian National Hudson (4-6-4) type engines exert approximately the same t.f. and have about the same size drivers (79-in. for the NYC; 80-in. for CNR), and thus rate approximately the same speed and power. However, the NYC locomotives have larger boilers (78-in. min. diameter for CNR and 83-in. for NYC), larger grate area (73.7 sq. ft. for CNR and 81.5 for NYC), 1,000 more sq. ft. evaporating surface, and 450 sq. ft. more superheating surface. With this greater boiler capacity, therefore, the NYC Hudsons could probably pull somewhat greater loads at higher speeds than the CNR engines.

(2) The 6000 series, 4-8-2 type, usually pull all CNR trains between Chicago and Montreal—except the "International," which is hauled by 4-6-4's.

Photo by T. T. Taber, 43 Hillcrest Rd., Madison, N. J.

This Standard Pullman Car, the "Lordsburg," Is Maintained by Uncle Sam for the Benefit of Unwilling Guests on Their Journeys to Federal Prisons. The Window Slats, as You Will Probably Guess, Aren't Made of Wood

E. H. S.—Most cylindrically-shaped cars which you refer to are known as tank cars. Oil cars usually haul mineral oil, and often carry barrels of refined oil, but they are different from tank cars, which carry their entire cargo within a single large tank. People often refer to them as oil cars, and the term is not colloquially inaccurate, since their chief use is to haul crude and refined oil. They also contain acids, asphalt, and other liquids and semi-solids. The latter, of course, are melted for loading and unloading. A type of tank car was used as early as the Civil War. It was simply a flat car with large wooden tubs bolted on it. By 1867 many such were used to haul oil out of the Pennsylvania oil fields.

R. R., Chicago.—The largest box cars on the Chesapeake & Ohio, Milwaukee Road, Pennsy and Santa Fe are of 100,000 lbs. capacity.

(2) Following is a table showing coal and water capacity of the tenders on the engines you asked about.

Engine	Tons of Coal	Gals. of Water
Santa Fe 5000	27	20,000
NP 5000 series	27	21,200
NP 2650 series	27	20,000
Western Md 1112	30	22,000
C&O 1572	15	12,000

A *NEWSPAPER report of recent date states that the Burlington's Zephyr between Chicago and Minneapolis was out of service two days on account of bearing trouble, and that a regular steam train was run in its place. Did the steam train make the schedule?*—H. K.

Last July 5th and 6th one of the Twin Zephyrs was pulled out of service because of a burned-out front roller bearing. Although changing the bearing was only a two-hour job, there was none handy, and the two days were necessary to get a new one. To take the Zephyr's place the Burlington pressed into service a four-car, air-conditioned train drawn by one of its old light Pacific types. Despite the fact that the Pacific was old and never was known as a fast engine, and despite the fact that the train was handicapped by four slow orders due to washouts, it was late only 25, 22, 8 and 6 minutes on four respective trips. Two steam engines were used on the run between Minneapolis and Chicago, and they were changed at LaCrosse.

A. P.—A&U stands for Arizona & Utah, projected from McConnico to White Hills, Ariz., 150 miles, but opened only from McConnico to Chloride, Ariz., 25 miles, in 1899, and never extended very far beyond that point. About 1900 it had 1 locomotive and 8 cars. It was taken over by the Santa Fe in 1906, and is now abandoned.

(2) We have no information about the ultimate disposition of Santa Fe cross-compound No. 260. It might have been purchased by the Tonopah & Tidewater, but if so it is no longer used by that road, for it is not listed in the *official* roster of that road printed in this department three months ago.

J. C.—The Buffalo & Susquehanna *Railroad* is now part of the Baltimore & Ohio, whereas the Buffalo & Susquehanna *Railway*, which was incorporated in 1902 and ran from Blasdell to Wellsville, N. Y., later becoming the Wellsville & Buffalo, is now abandoned. We have no spe-

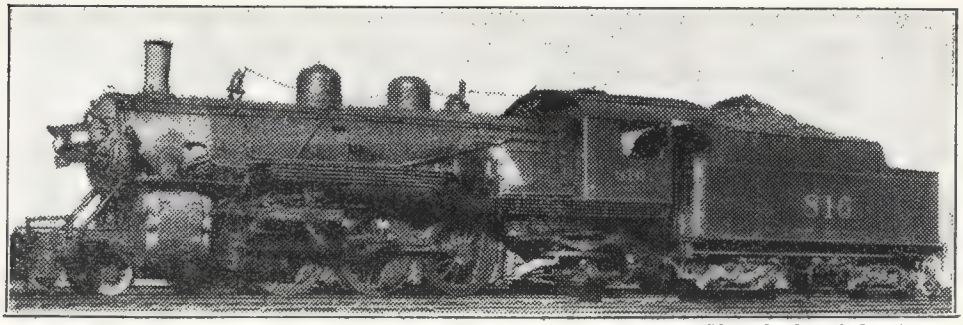


Photo by Joseph Lavelle

No. 816, One of the Seaboard Air Line's Light Pacific Types. The Complete S. A. L. Roster of Engines Appeared in our May, 1935, Issue

cific information about the reason for its abandonment.

E. F., Springfield, Mass.—The Morse code is used for sending train orders in the United States.

(2) The standard whistle signals were printed on p. 88 of our Aug., '34, issue. You will also find them in any book of train rules, a copy of which most railroad men own. At present the book of train rules (it costs 60c) is out of print, but the block signal and interlocking rules are still available, and cost 40c for the two. However, the Association of American Railroads is offering the complete, leather-bound booklet including train, block signal and interlocking rules with their amended variations, for $3. Usually this book costs $5. Write to Mr. J. C. Caviston, care of the A. A. R., at 30 Vesey St., New York City, for further information.

P. M., Flint, Mich.—The old Grand Trunk was chartered in 1851, opened from Portland to Montreal in 1853, Richmond to Quebec in 1854, Montreal to Toronto in 1856, and Toronto to Sarnia in 1858. In 1882 it was consolidated with the Great Western Ry. of Canada (chartered in 1845) and the Northern Ry. In 1892 it had 795 engines and 23,387 cars. At present, of course, it is part of the Canadian National.

(2) We have no data on the Grand Trunk Western wrecks at Vernon, Mich., "about 1922," and at Belray Yard, Mich., "in 1931 or 1932." Perhaps a reader can help you out. Or, if you have a *good* reason for wanting the information, write to the Bureau of Safety, Interstate Com-

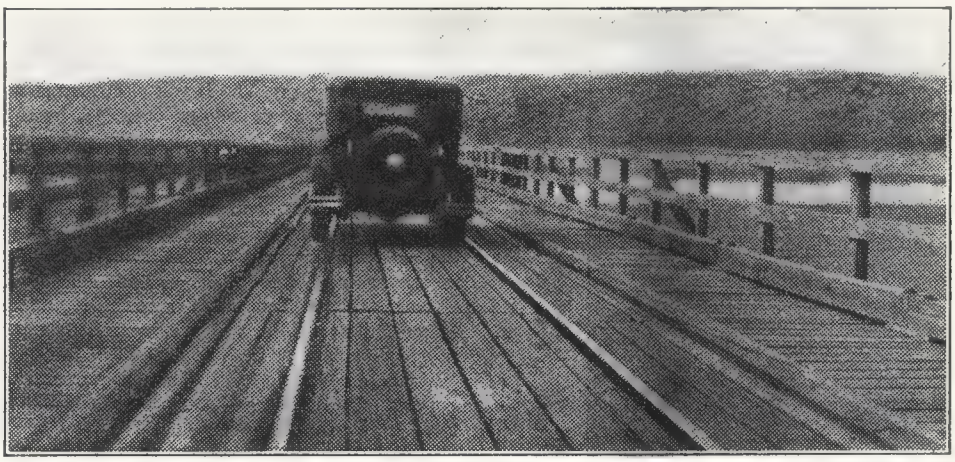
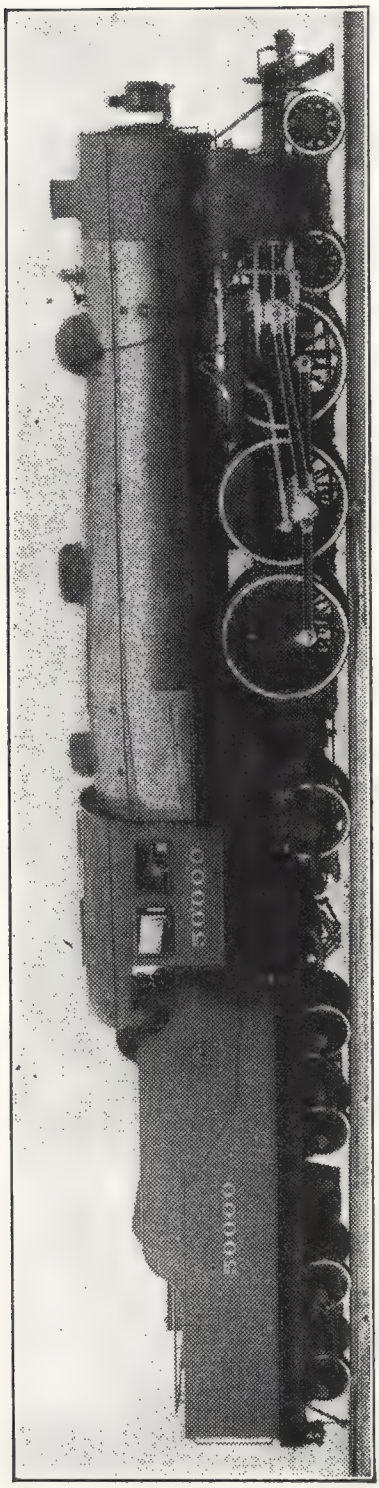


Photo by Everett Bair, Santa Fe Operator, Borger, Tex.

What Do You Think of It? On This Highway-Railroad Bridge Automobiles Have Rights Over All Trains, Which Must Approach It Under Control and Wait for the Watchman's Signal That No Gas-Buggies Are Occupying It Before They Can Go Ahead! It Crosses the Canadian River Between Stinett and Sanford, Texas, on the C.R.I. & G. (Rock Island) Line Between Liberal, Kan., and Amarillo, Tex.



This Old Girl Was the 50,000th Steam Engine Turned Out by the American Locomotive Works, Which Celebrated the Occasion by Numbering Her 50000. Built in 1910 for Experimental Use, She Was the First Engine in This Country to Have Steel Cylinders. Later She Was Sold to the Erie R.R., and Is Now No. 2509 of That Road. See Page 89 for Her Dimensions

merce Commission, Washington, D. C., for its reports on the wrecks.

E. M., Neenah, Wis.—The engines used on the Louisville & Nashville's "Pan-American" (heard over radio station WSM) are generally class K-5, Pacific type, Baldwin-built in 1923, Nos. 240-245, 264-283, which have 25 x 28 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 73-in. drivers, weigh 277,000 lbs. without tender, exert 40,700 lbs. t.f. When there are more than 8 cars in the train it is hauled by Class L-1, 4-8-2 type, Baldwin-built in 1926, Nos. 400-421, which have 27 x 30 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 69-in. drivers, weigh 334,000 lbs. without tender, exert 53,900 lbs. t.f.

(2) Class F-8, 4-4-0 type, Nos. 257-259, 276 of the CStPM&O has 19 x 24 cylinders, 73-in. drivers, weighs 130,700 lbs. without tender, exerts 19,167 lbs. t.f., built 1898, superheated and equipped with piston valves at St. Paul shops in 1933.

V. E. B., Toledo.—The Detroit & Mackinac Ry. was incorporated in 1894 as successor to the old Detroit, Bay City & Alpena. Running between Bay City and Cheboygan, Mich., 197 miles, it has 245 miles of line with branches, owns 22 locomotives, 840 freight, 39 passenger and 68 miscellaneous cars. Although it has a fair operating ratio, its interest charges, etc., have caused it to run up a deficit for the last two years.

H. D., Cleveland.—The section of the Pittsburgh & West Virginia between Pittsburgh, Pa., and Pittsburgh Jct., O., is 60 miles long, has 185 cuts, 170 fills, 96 bridges over ten feet long, and 17 tunnels. It was built between 1901 and 1904 and cost $25,248,395.

(2) In 1927 the narrow-gage Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn was sold. It was electrified shortly afterward. See p. 87 of our Oct., '34, issue for history of the road.

E. E. R., Cincinnati.—The narrow-gage line between Bellaire and Woodsfield, O., was the old Ohio River & Western, chartered in 1903 as the receiver of the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati. It ran from Bellaire to Mill Run and Zanesville, 112 miles, and in 1909 it laid a third rail for standard gage equipment from Bellaire to Vallonia, 9 miles, and from Zanesville to Lawton, 9 miles. In 1911 it had 12 locomotives and 230 cars. It is now abandoned.

W. O. S., Pasadena, Calif.—The old South Pacific Coast was chartered in 1876, opened in 1887 from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, Calif., 81 miles. It also had 23 miles of branch

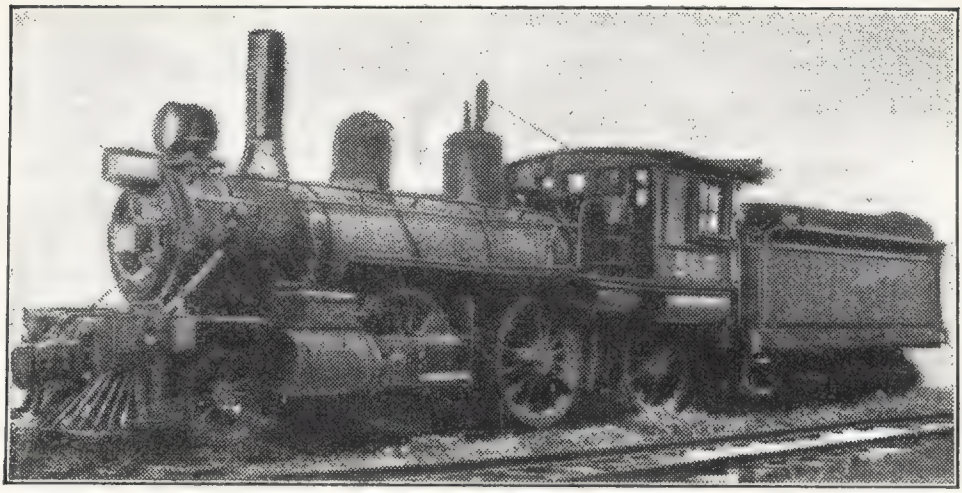


Photo from M. Greenblatt, 307 Lutz St., Moncton, N. B., Canada

This Ancient Mogul, No. 565, Class E-5-a, Has the Honor of Being the Oldest of the Canadian National's Almost 3,000 Locomotives. She Was Built in 1882, and at the Time the Photo Was Taken Had Not been Removed from the Official Roster, Even Though Her Rods Were Down. Next Oldest Was No. 540, Class E-4-a, Built in 1883, No Longer on the C.N.R. List

lines. In 1887 it also merged with several short lines, such as the Santa Cruz & Felton, etc., and was then leased to the Southern Pacific on July 1, 1887. In 1892 it had 22 engines, 687 cars, and 4 ferry boats.

(2) The narrow-gage (3 ft.) Pacific Coast *Railway* (a Pacific Coast *Railroad* operates in Washington) was inc. in 1882 as a consolidation of the San Luis Obispo & Santa Maria Valley and the old Pacific Coast Ry. The predecessor road was the San Luis Obispo Ry., incorporated in 1873 to operate between Port Harford and San Luis Obispo. In 1875 its name was changed to San Luis Obispo-Santa Maria R. R., and it was extended 36 miles into Santa Maria Valley. When the PCRy was organized there were 116 miles of track, but because of highway competition that portion between Los Olivos and Los Alamos was abandoned in 1932. It now runs between Port San Luis to Los Alamos, and has two branches from Santa Maria to Palmer and Betteravia. Total operated mileage is 85, and there are 270 freight and 6 passenger cars, 3 electric and 7 steam engines. The latter are Nos. 105-109, 2-8-0 type (15 x 20 cyl., 37-in. drivers, 160 lbs. pressure, 73,000 lbs. wt., 16,550 lbs. t.f.); and Nos. 110, 111, 4-6-0 type (16 x 20 cyl., 44-in. drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, 89,200 lbs. wt., 17,800 lbs. t.f.). Originally wood-burners, they now consume oil.

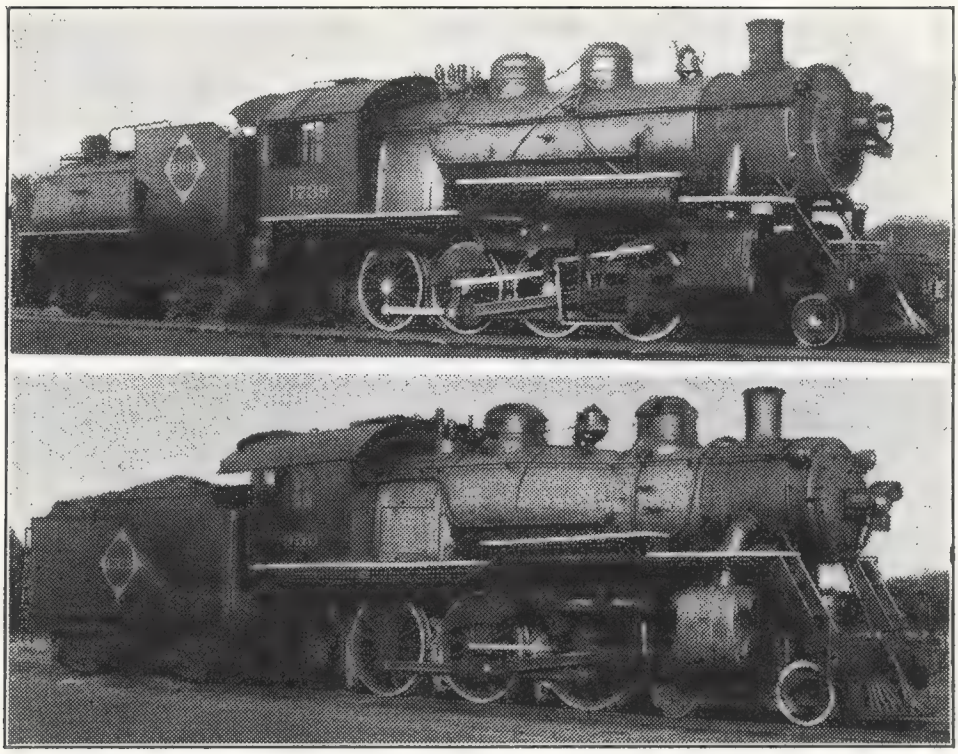
Comments and Criticisms

IN our August issue we thought we'd explode the almost nation-wide notion that the highest railroad tracks in North America cross Denver & Rio Grande's Marshall Pass, 10,856 feet above sea level; and so in connection with the diagram on page 84 we gave two instances of tracks which are higher—and right in Colorado, at that. But alas for our own zeal! We stated that the loftiest track in North America was at Fremont Pass, on the narrow-gage Leadville Branch of the Colorado & Southern. Well, Fremont Pass is right, but we put it near Climax, 11,320 feet, whereas it should have been Boreas, Colo., 11,494 feet, which is almost 40 miles east of Climax. Of course, our main point still holds good, but we shamefully acknowledge the error in location. It was first caught by Roscoe Migliore of Everton, Ark. Anyway, this is one case where it took two wrongs to make a right.

Several eagle-eyed readers have chosen to quarrel with our statement that the Chesapeake & Ohio 2-10-4 types are the world's most powerful two-cylinder locomotives. More powerful, they maintain, is Class H-1b of the Bessemer & Lake Erie, 2-10-4 type also, which exerts 96,700 lbs. t.f. or 109,935 lbs. with booster (the C&O engines exert 93,350 lbs. t.f. and 108,625 lbs. with booster). True enough, we'll admit. But No. 3035, one of the C&O series, exerts 98,400 lbs. t.f.—with booster, 113,675. This obviously beats the B&LE locomotives.

Of considerable more importance is the fact that tractive force is not the sole standard of power. The C&O engines have much larger boilers, larger driving wheels, larger grate area, more heating surface, and can consequently haul heavier loads at higher speeds than the B&LE locomotives. For these reasons we are inclined to let our statement stand. Do you blame us?

Locomotives of the Erie Railroad



Photos by Donald W. Furler, 65 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J.

Consolidation Type No. 1739 (Upper), and Ten-Wheeler No. 953 (Lower), a Couple of the Erie's Older Engines

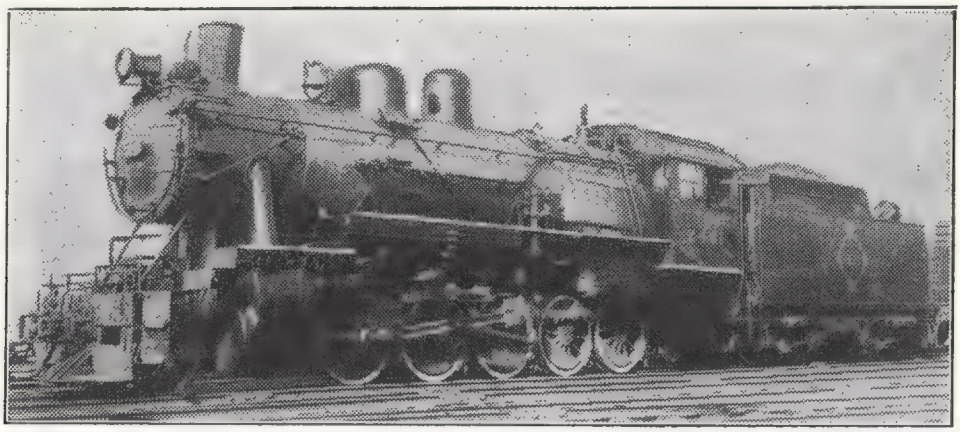
Class	Engine Numbers	Cyl. Dimensions (In.)	Driver Diameters (In.)	Steam Pressure (Lbs.)	Weight without Tender (Lbs.)	Tractive Force (Lbs.)
	Four-Wheel Switcher (0-4-0) Type—3 Engines					
A-1	8-10 (gasoline)	7½x 12	42	...	46,600	11,500
	Six-Wheel Switcher (0-6-0) Type—72 Engines					
B-1A	665 (out of service)	19 x 24	50	150	126,350	22,100
B-4	49	19 x 26	50	180	162,000	28,720
B-5	50-56, 58-99, 110-119	20 x 26	50	190	154,150	33,590
	(Nos. 63, 72, 80, 81, 92, 99, 119 have 180 lbs. pressure, exert 31,820 lbs. t.f.)					
B-6	100-109	20 x 26	50	190	148,100	33,590
B-Odd	2	19 x 24	44	180	133,000	30,130
	Eight Wheel Switcher (0-8-0) Type—91 Engines					
-1	120-135	25 x 28	51	185	214,000	53,950
C-2	1804, 1820, 1821, 1830, 1837, 1838, 1843-1846, 1848, 1852, 1856, 1859, 1860, 1865, 1871, 1877, 1879-1881, 1885	22 x 30	57	200	201,000	43,300
	(These are Class H-22 with pony truck removed)					
C-3 & C-3A	200-252	25 x 28	52	200	236,280	57,210
	(Nos. 200-229 weigh 230,210 lbs.)					
	American (4-4-0) Type—4 Engines					
D-8	403	18 x 22	68	140	103,600	12,470
D-13	499	19 x 26	72	160	136,930	17,700
D-25	404, 405	18 x 24	62	165	103,000	17,590
	Atlantic (4-4-2) Type—17 Engines					
E-2	934, 936, 937, 943 (out of service)	19 x 28	76	210	184,300	23,740
E-3	546, 550-555, 557-559	19 x 28	76	200	180,080	22,600
E-4	535, 536	22½x 26	74½	200	201,000	30,040
E-5	537	22½x 26	74½	200	204,200	30,040
	Ten-Wheel (4-6-0) Type—29 Engines					
G-8	860, 878; 30 & 34 of the N. Y., Susquehanna & Western	21 x 26	62	180	144,500	28,290
G-15A G-15B	950-974	21 x 26	68	200	185,210	28,665
	Eight-Wheel, Two-Truck Switcher (0-4-4-0) Type					
M-1	19, 20 (oil-electric)	10 x 12	38	...	130,000	300 H.P.
M-2	21, 22 (oil-electric)	10 x 12	40	...	233,000	600 H.P.
M-3	25	14½x 16	40	...	230,000	800 H.P.

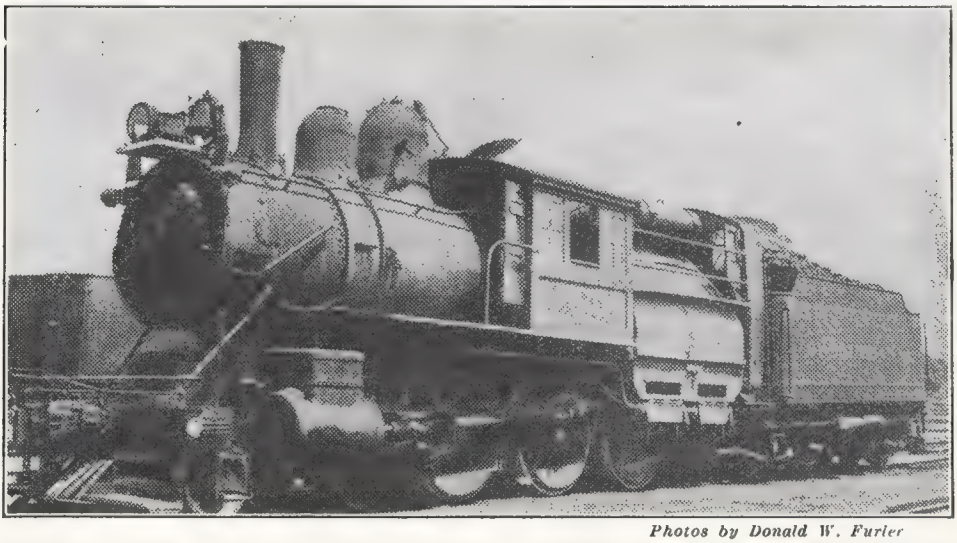
Consolidation (2-8-0) Type—237 Engines

H-20A	1583	22 x 32	62	200	205,900	42,500
H-20B	1570-1573, 1576, 1578, 1579, 1581, 1584, 1587-1589, 1591-1596, 1598-1603, 1605-1607, 1609, 1610, 1612, 1613, 1615	24 x 32	62	180	205,900	45,490
H-20C	2100-2102	22 x 32	62	200	218,940	42,500
H-21, H-21A	(160 engines) 1616-1790, 2000-2084 (except Class H-21B)	22 x 32	62½	200	200,700, 213,300	42,130
H-21B	1633, 1648, 1664, 1674, 1697, 1698, 1709, 1717, 1723, 1774, 1780, 2009, 2027, 2059, 2084	24 x 32	62½	200	213,300	50,130
	(Some have 190 lbs. pressure, exert 47,620 lbs. t.f.)					
H-22	1801, 1803, 1805, 1806, 1809, 1810, 1812-1814, 1819, 1831, 1836, 1841, 1842, 1847, 1849, 1858, 1861, 1862, 1864, 1866, 1869, 1873, 1875, 1884	22 x 30	57	200	207,000	43,300
H-27	1540 (out of service)	28 x 32	63	170	260,100	57,540

Pacific (4-6-2) Type—160 Engines

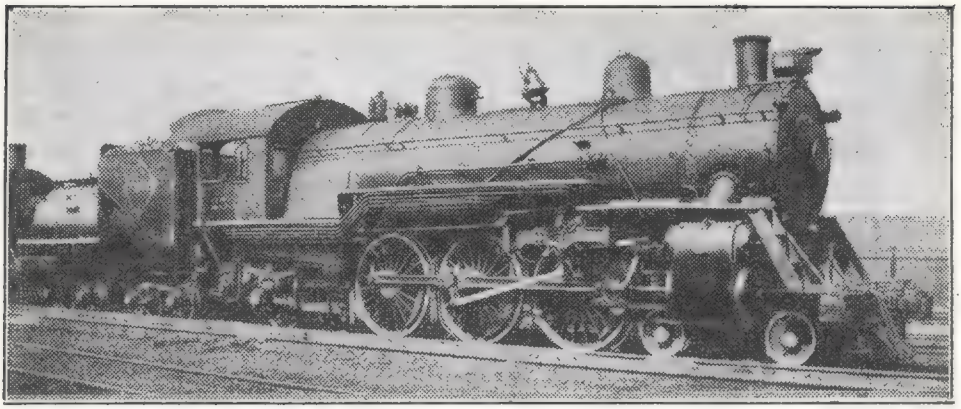
K-1	2510-2568	22½x 26	74½	200	243,550	30,040
	(Some have 215 lbs. pressure, exert 32,540 lbs. t.f.)					
K-2, K-2A	2900-2914	27 x 28	77	200	299,020, 301,800	45,070
K-3	2509	27 x 28	79	185	269,000	40,630
K-4	2700-2743	25 x 28	69	210	287,000	45,270
K-4B	2744-2753	25½x 28	75	215	about 285,000	43,500
K-5, K-5A	2915-2945	27 x 28	79	200	306,000-316,450	43,900
K-5B	2960	28 x 28	79	200	321,870	47,200

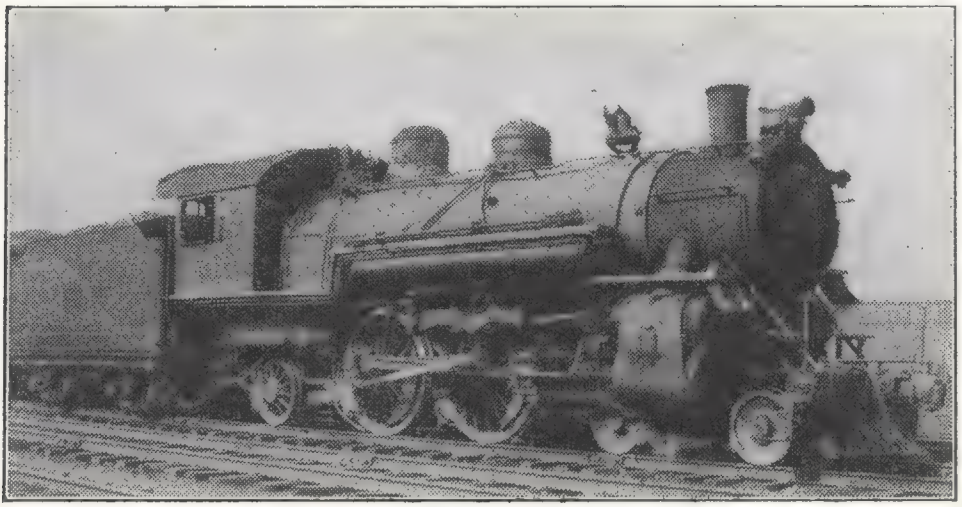




Photos by Donald W. Furler

(Upper) No. 2461, One of the Decapods Built for the Imperial Russian Government During the War, but Distributed Among American Roads When the Russian Revolution Made Delivery Impossible. (Lower) No. 30 of the N.Y.S. & W., an Erie Subsidiary





Photos by R. Roedema, 58 N. 14th St., Hawthorne, N. J.

Pacific Type No. 2533 (Upper), and Atlantic Type No. 535 (Lower). For Other Photos of Erie Engines, Turn to the "Lantern" Department

Mikado (2-8-2) Type—205 Engines						
N-1	3000-3154 (149 engines)	28 x 32	63	180	321,500, 329,900	60,390
	(Some have 190 lbs. pressure, exert 64,320 lbs. t.f.)					
N-2	3200-3214	27 x 32	63	200	320,000	63,000
N-3	3155-3194	27 x 32	63	200	343,480	62,950
N-3A	3199	28 x 32	63	200	346,050	63,500
"Triplex" Mallet (2-8-8-8-2) Type—One Engine						
P-1	5015 (out of service)	36 x 32	63	210	861,400 (with tender)	160,000
Santa Fe (2-10-2) Type—87 Engines						
R-1	4000-4041	31 x 32	63	200	417,200	83,000
	(Nos. 4004, 4010, 4015, 4020, 4021, 4026, 4028, 4033, 4034, 4041 have boosters, weigh 429,300 lbs., exert about 95,000 lbs. t.f. with booster)					
R-2	4100-4129	31 x 32	63	200	404,000	83,000
R-3	4200-4224	30 x 32	63	190	380,000	74,000
Decapod (2-10-0) Type—69 Engines						
J-2	2425-2429, 2431-2443, 2445, 2449-2462, 2464-2499	25 x 28	52	180	197,900	51,500
Berkshire (2-8-4) Type—105 Engines						
S-1	3300-3324	28½ x 32	70	225	443,000	71,000
S-2	3325-3349	28½ x 32	70	250	457,500	72,000
S-3	3350-3384	28½ x 32	70	225	461,470	71,000
S-4	3385-3404	28½ x 32	70	250	468,860	72,000

Total: 1095 engines (including those out of service and 2 of the N. Y. S. & W.)

NEXT MONTH: PERE MARQUETTE RY.

The Pere Marquette Roster Will Include a Map of the Pere Marquette, Erie, Chesapeake & Ohio, and Nickel Plate

Railroad Pipe Dreams

By JIM HOLDEN

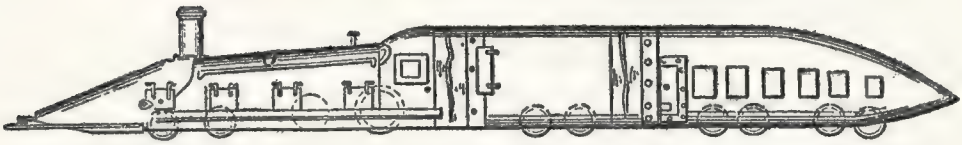
This Is Bascom's Sail Car. Tried Out on the Old Kansas Pacific. It Was a Great Success—on Windy Days. (See Page 98.)

ANYONE who thinks the streamline train is the final word in fast rail travel ought to look over some of the really astounding ideas of fifty years ago. At a time when gasoline engines were still in the Great Beyond and electricity was mainly being used to jump the hind legs of frogs, inventors were dreaming of trains shot through pneumatic tubes at two hundred miles an hour, gliding on oil at a hundred or skimming on three or four rails, or on a single rail. It was in 1894 that two American army officers proposed one of the boldest schemes yet—the Chase-Kirchner "Aërodromic" system—a train gliding on air (RAILROAD STORIES, Dec., '34).

Many of these prehistoric Zephyrs were actually built. Few made the hundred miles an hour their inventors craved, but run they did, after their fashion. Some Coney Islanders can still remember the Boynton Bicycle train with its two-story "palace car," which skimmed along one rail of the Brighton Beach line (RAILROAD STORIES, Dec., '34). Though inventors were busy all over the world, there were probably more such exhibits in America than in any other country. We Americans have always been a little nutty about speed.

About 1900 the trick railroad systems began to disappear. Inventors turned toward the automobile or went back to selling insurance. Dust fell on their plans. During the past two or three years there has been a new burst of railroad inventions, but so far they have not been quite so cock-eyed as the earlier dreams.

One of the inventors who have tried to speed up trains by running them on a single rail was E. W. Chalmers Kearney, an Englishman. Kearney was a very thorough fellow, and made up his mind to look over all the monorail lines in use. He found a few on the Behr system—running along the



The Reverend Samuel Calthrop's Plans for Streamlining Rail Equipment, after 70 Years of Neglect, Are Strikingly Modern, Even to the Hinged Drops for Getting at the Running Gear

top of A-shaped supports. These "monorails" really had three rails, he saw, and there was too much friction on them.

He paid a visit to the Brennan Torpedo Works and rode on the Irish inventor's car balanced by two gyroscopes.

"But aren't they very expensive to build?" he queried politely. As a matter of fact, they were. Kearney visited Berlin, where speed experiments were being made on standard gage two-rail tracks. These experiments were not a success, and showed that light cars were always likely to jump off the track, while heavy cars would zoom from one rail to the other. There seemed to be no way out of it. Before the experiments on the Berlin-Zossen line were over, Kearney went back to England.

"The two-rail system has about reached its speed limit," he concluded, as he set out to design his own monorail. Five years he spent from the time he began his studies till he finished his plans. By a curious coincidence, the Kearney system turned out to be very much like that Boynton Bicycle Railway, which had astonished Coney Island fifteen years earlier. It had the same overhead guide rail. But Kearney's electric cars were much better-looking than Eben Boynton's two-story steam "signboards."

By 1901 a form of streamline had been talked about so much that Kearney adopted "parabolic wedge-shaped ends" as a matter of course. "The sides are made as smooth as possible," a description ran, "and the windows have no outside sills." There was talk about "one-fourth the air resistance" and of running the cars on ball bearings.

Kearney built some model cars about three feet long. They made 30 miles an hour, which is pretty good for models, and they ran smoothly. He "fixed small wooden obstructions across the line and made the little cars run over them without apparently having the slightest effect on their safety."

The models were described by V. E. Johnson, an engineer, who commented: "One thing the Kearney system can never do; it cannot run us between England and America." But, as a matter of fact, several far-sighted people were even then trying to work out a line from England to America by way of Alaska!

Whether to call Kearney's line a "monorail" is a question, for though it runs on a single rail, it takes an overhead rail to keep the cars from tipping over. However, the record of Kearney's models (he never seems to have built a real train) and the success of the Boynton Bicycle Railway seem to show that here is one high-speed line which has never been proved a failure.

Today's streamline trains can at least bring more speed for the amount of power used. This was known even in 1865, when the Rev. Samuel Calthrop of Rochester, N. Y., took time out of a busy career to patent what appears to be the first streamline train. Said he:

"To diminish the atmospheric resistance is the object of my invention, which consists of regarding the whole train as an aërial ship and modeling its whole surface in accordance with principles so successfully applied in shipbuilding."

His train really did look something like a modern streamline, though it tapered toward the front instead of the rear. It would, therefore, have run better backward than forward, though Dr. Calthrop didn't know it.

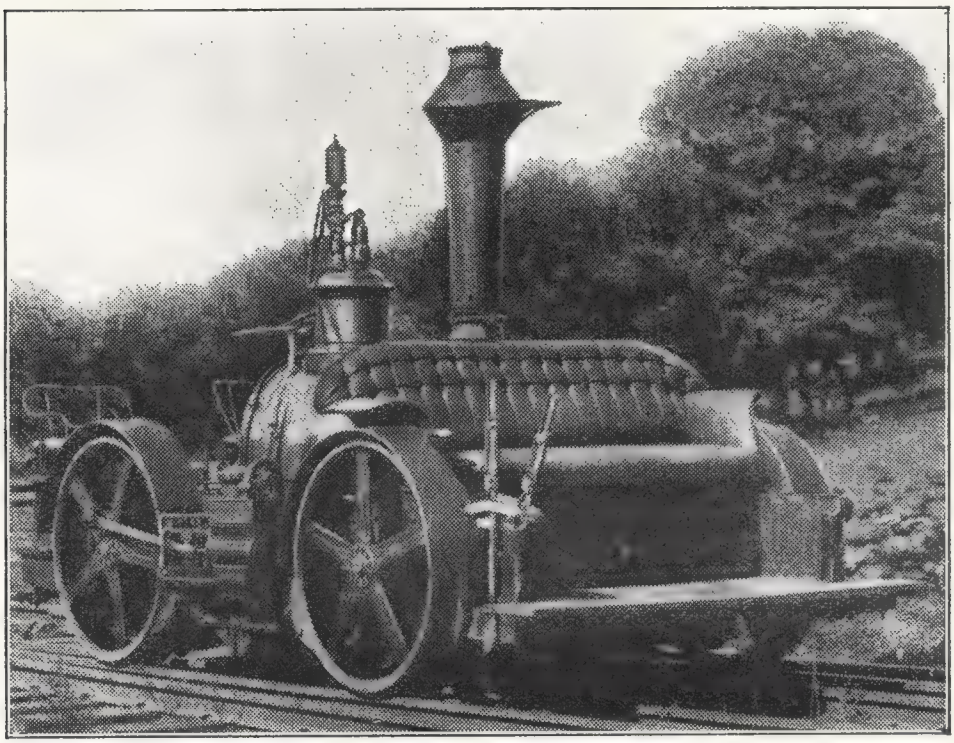
His drawing showed a bullet-shaped steam locomotive with a short stack and one car, stuck together. There was even an underpan. Dr. Calthrop was too much respected in Rochester to be called a "crazy idiot," but his friends probably thought him a little odd. The Reverend was a busy man and seems to have done nothing with his patent.

SOME inventors worried less about speed, more about smoke. Smoke, they said, is dreadful. It poisons you. Take smoke away and you will hear the laughter of little children. A radical effort to cure freight trains of smoke was the "sphere railway" of Albert Brisbane, who was Arthur Brisbane's father.

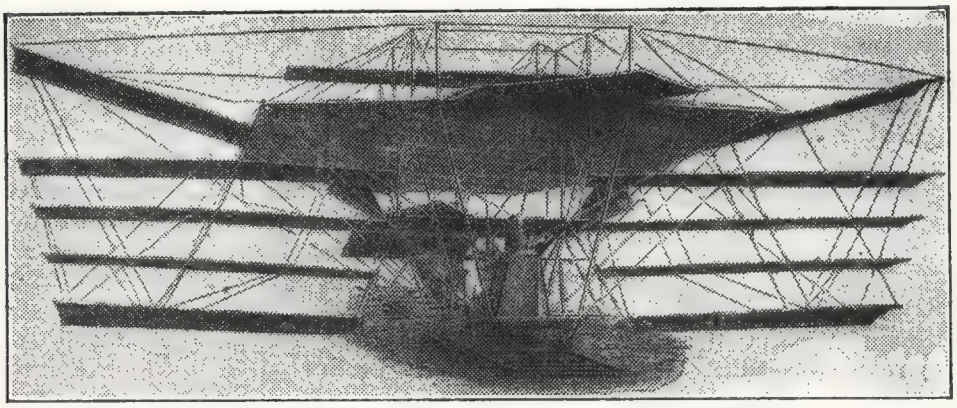
"The sphere is the simplest and the true form of a vehicle of motion," he once said, and designed a wooden tube anywhere from 2 to 10 feet in diameter through which sphere-cars could be sucked by vacuum pumps. "They would be made of metal," he explained. "Thin cast-steel shells for the smaller sizes and boiler iron for the larger, turned in a lathe with precision," so as to roll smoothly. They were to have manholes screwed on, and be full of mail, fruit, meat, wines, coal, but not people. They would roll on a polished metal rail. The tube was to be pumped out at one end, the spheres shoved in at the other. Electric telegraphs would tell where the "trains" of spheres were, and leather brakes would be made to project into the tube so as to stop them at various stations.

"We may safely calculate a speed of 200 miles an hour," said Brisbane calmly. "No crew will be needed, either."

As a matter of fact, his sphere railway was not a failure. A small one had already been used to whisk mails under New York City. It made nearer sixty miles an hour than two hundred. Similar mail tubes are still used.



Obviously This Queer Contraption Is a Steam-Powered Inspection Car (or Is She?). Gene W. Hatch, Circleville, N. Y., Who Sent Us the Photo, Wants Still More Dope on Her



Ten Years Before the Wright Brothers Flew in an Airplane, Hiram Maxim's Steam-Powered Whatcha-Ma-Call-It Lifted Itself off a Railroad Track after Picking up Speed. But When It Came Down It Missed the Track, and Just Another Job for the Big Hook Was Left (See Page 96)

Three years later a German chemist named Honigmann tried to solve the smokeless-train problem in a very different way. He built four " soda motors " for the Minneapolis, Lyndale & Minnetonka, a suburban line with a three-foot gage. The soda motor was a steam locomotive with the usual running gear but no fire. Its boiler was divided into three handy compartments. The two end chambers were charged with boiling water in a plant at Minneapolis. Steam from these ran through the cylinders. The exhaust was in the center compartment—made of pure copper and full of caustic soda or " sodium hydroxide " as the chemist laughingly calls it. This exhaust branched into many tubelets and the steam, acting on the soda, made heat by chemical means—enough heat to keep the water boiling.

It was an ingenious idea and must have worked after a fashion, but the back pressure on the exhaust was too heavy. The M. L. & M. tried all sorts of exhaust tubes and different kinds of soda. After four months of experiments they gave up, and the engines were turned into respectable steam locomotives. Enough copper fittings were taken from the soda compartments, the story goes, to pay the cost of making the engines over.

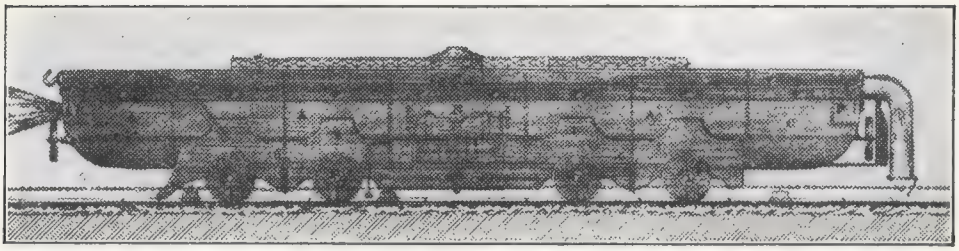
The " carbonic acid " railway was something else. This was a very early idea and bears the famous name of Sir Humphrey Davy. He wanted to use liquefied carbonic acid gas at terrific pressure and let it blow off at the rear of the train as in a rocket car. This was in 1824, when all sorts of motive power were being considered.

As a smokeless proposition the thermos-bottle engine has always been the inventor's best friend. This plan became practical in 1899, when Arthur P. Dodge invented the high-vacuum condenser and built what he called the " Kinetic Stored Steam Motor." In spite of its name, the machine performed well in the shape of a street car. Charged with water at 400 degrees Fahrenheit, which was kept hot by a tiny fire, it made 40 miles an hour and went 100 miles before running down.

" Here is the locomotive of the future," declared Cornelius Vanderbilt at the demonstration.

IN the same year the Metropolitan Railway of New York replaced its smokeless horses with equally smokeless compressed-air cars and built a half-million dollar charging plant. This magnificent gadget stood sixty feet high and managed to get up a pressure of 4,000 pounds per square inch. The air was stored in a battery of six hundred steel bottles. Cars were charged from them.

Each car had an air reservoir a series of bent pipes. From here the air ran through a reducing valve. Before going



The Submarine Railway Boat Was Invented to Ease the Crossing of the English Channel Without Building a Tunnel, but Excellent as the Idea Was, the Boat Itself Never Went Over—or Under (See Page 99)

into the cylinders it was pepped up by a hot-water coil, and the car made 15 miles on one shot of air.

A weird combination of the pneumatic and suspended railway ideas was the smokeless dream of A. H. Carryl in 1867. His patent cars were to hang from a monorail. A big air-pipe would drive them—a piston attached to each car ran through the pipe. (Ground railways using this plan were described in RAILROAD STORIES, Dec., '34.)

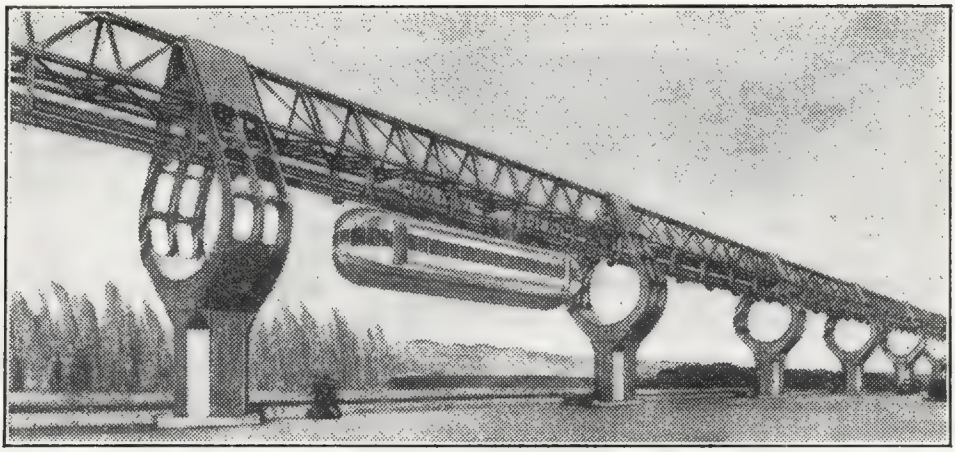
Others talked about trains to be pulled by electro-magnets, but this idea sort of died. Of electric-motor trains there have been legions. One type bears the name of William Wright, of Buffalo, N. Y.—"magneto-electric" was what he called it. His third rail was in the center of the track, as in toy trains. It was a hollow rail with an electric cable inside, and was made in short sections. The electric car was of the usual kind, except that it had a magnet hanging below—which pulled on a series of switches inside the rail. As soon as the car got by they dropped off again. This kept the third rail neutral except where the car was, and was supposed to save wandering children from being electrocuted.

Some thought was once given to a kind of railway called "undulating." These were a series of ups and downs. Of course, all railroads have them, but on this one the cars would coast down one incline and part way up the next, when they would be shoved to the top and start coasting again. This was considered a very practical idea in 1825, and such a line was built on the Stockton & Darlington, in England, to carry coal. A horse pulled the cars up. At the top he got aboard and rode down, along with the coal. As time went on, passengers began to climb aboard for the ride. This always annoyed the owners, who thought of them only as non-paying freight.

Beautiful railways have been sketched by certain inventors who might better have been poets. In one of the earliest a car

Photo from L. L. Reise, 2212 Forest Ave., Des Moines, Iowa

And Here Is the Meigs Freak, a Bow-Legged, Sausage-Shaped Affair with Four Sets of Wheels on Each Car: Two Sets Underneath, at Right Angles to Each Other; and Two Sets on Each Side, Mounted Horizontally and Contacting Inside Rails



A Drawing by Joseph B. Strauss, Chief Engineer of the New Golden Gate Bridge Now Being Built in San Francisco, of an Air-Tram System for Solving the Traffic Problem Which Will Be Created by the Bridge (See Page 99)

was supposed to coast all the way down one hill and all the way up the next. It never worked out. Plans were drawn for locomotives run by weighted wheels, by magnets pulling on weights, and every other sort of perpetual-motion machine. So far they have been flops.

Other ingenious people have drawn railways with trick tracks. No less than four rails would satisfy Joe V. Meigs, of Lowell (Mass.), who saw a great future for elevated lines if the cars would crawl on a row of I-beams, which would be cheap to erect. His cars were bow-legged, as their lower wheels almost met at the center and stuck out at right angles to each other. The upper wheels were laid flat, meeting at two center rails. These were to drive the train and keep it from tipping.

Meigs built a steam railway (1886) which his neighbors in Lowell rather unkindly called the "Meigs freak." It ran along the ground. Though Meigs had intended to show how cheaply an elevated could be built by his system he couldn't afford to elevate his own line, so the demonstration lost a good deal of its force.

A three-railer with a V-shaped track was another patent of about that time. It had a peculiar arrangement of wheels and was supposed to be very fast.

"Trackless" trains carried their own feet as caterpillar tractors do, with the tread running the full length of the train. One such line was built in Paris as an experiment on a small scale. "Three carriages are drawn by two goats without any fatigue, where in the ordinary goat carriages at least 12 would be needed," wrote a popular scientist. The disadvantages are clear, even without the goats.

YOU might even say that the first airplane flight was made by a locomotive. Hiram Maxim's contraption of 1894 was not exactly a locomotive, but neither was it anything else. It looked like an airplane, but was intended to run on two rails.

It was a huge affair—it weighed 8,000 pounds and consisted of a small steam hog with huge wings or planes, three to five sets of them, fifty feet wide. The steam engine drove a pair of 17-foot propellers in the rear. Just back of the boiler was a platform on which three men stood during the trial voyage. The affair ran on wooden rails, and had wooden outriggers fixed beneath inverted rails so that it would rise just a few inches. Maxim's idea was not to make a flight, but merely to find out whether an engine of such weight could lift itself. An inch off the track would tell the story.

An American himself, Maxim for some reason staged his demonstration in England. He was aboard with two other men, quite likely his engineer and fireman. A big crowd of scientists and railroad men were on hand. The engine chuffed, its big fans roared, it moved—sped down the wooden rails. After several hundred feet it gradually began to rise. Spectators held their breath. It rose till the outriggers touched the inverted rails for an instant. Suddenly one end slipped loose, then the other.

The contraption was flying! Maxim lowered the rudder, but in returning the wheels missed the track. The rails were caught up and the flying locomotive landed in a mass of wreckage from which the three pioneers stepped unhurt. The scientists were astounded, and newspapers talked about the " flight " for weeks.

Strangely akin to Maxim's pipe dream was the proposed balloon railway. This line is now (according to Bob White of Drayton Plains, Mich.) the Vitznau-Rigi Cog Railway, which was built in 1870 and extends from Vitznau to Rigi-Kaltbad and Rigi Kulm, in Switzerland. When first projected in 1859 it was to have been a monorail, with a balloon attached to each car to haul it up the steep slope. Something went wrong with the idea—perhaps nobody could get the balloon down again once it had ascended the mountain — and the line was finished as a steam cog-rail pike.

Other inventors have given less thought to trains than to routes. Most of these fellows worked with maps, drawing lines here and there and calling them railways. A former governor of Colorado, William Gilpin, drew a railroad all over the earth, named it the Cosmopolitan Railway and wrote a book about " the cordon which is to bind the nations of the earth together." Briefly: Starting at Boston, say, it ran west to Denver (where Gilpin lived), then branched. The southern line circled South America; the northern went to Alaska, skipped to Russia and went east to Germany.

In Russia a branch dove south to the Malay peninsula and by a series of picturesque skips, to Australia. In Germany another branch shot south, circling Africa. It was a neat layout and paid no attention to cities or mountains. Gilpin went into rosy raptures over the scheme, not worrying much over technical matters nor political arguments like those which held up the Suez Canal for twenty years.

The idea of a railroad to South America is a fairly simple one and must have been thought up about the time the Albany & Schenectady made its first run. Probably the plan never had a more eager salesman than Hinton R. Helper with his " Three Americas Longitudinal Railway." Helper was in South America trying to collect a claim of $42,000 for a client who had rented a steamboat to the Empire of Brazil, or thought he had. The claim was already ten years old, but Helper darted about Rio de Janeiro like a gnat, calling on this official and that, writing letters to the royal family and doubtless being a complete pest He argued, pleaded and mentally wrung his hands. Nothing happened. Then he conceived the idea of a railroad from Brazil to the United States. He began talking as though he would build one—as " soon as the claim was paid." To the Emperor he wrote:

" Cause this claim to be paid within the next two months (and why not the next two weeks?) and I can then promise at least a fair possibility, radiant with the roseate hues of probability, that your Majesty may take a special train from Rio de Janeiro and arrive in New York the following week."

The claim was flatly rejected. This was probably lucky for Helper, as he never could have built his railroad.

Much better worked out was the 140-mile Tehuantepec Ship Railway—to carry vessels from the Atlantic to the Pacific over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico. The father of this plan was James B. Eads, who not only made complete surveys and plans, but got permission from the Emperor Maximilian to build it.

This Was One Way of Solving the Problem of Traveling In Old-Time Day Coaches. "Every Man Should Carry His Own Hammock—or Something," Said the Inventor, an Ingenious Baldwinsville (Mass.) Fellow Named Herbert Small

Vessels of around 5,000 tons (nearly half as big as the "Morro Castle") were to be lifted on floating dry-docks and slid onto railway cars 400 feet long, where they would rest easily on padded plungers. Six rails were to carry the ship-cars—three standard-gage tracks. One to six engines would pull them, probably platform locomotives with triple-expansion engines or the decapods being built by Baldwin. As finally worked out in 1868, there were to be only two curves, with two floating turntables.

The idea must have been staggering to the public, though ship railways had been proposed for Nova Scotia and across Florida. You could tell it was an outlandish plan by the pains its promoters took to prove it wasn't. As a final argument Chief Engineer Elmer L. Corthell dipped his pen in rose-colored ink and wrote:

"The nearer together the nations of the world are brought, the fuller the knowledge, the closer the sympathy, the greater the friendship, the stronger the bonds that bind the race together and bind it back to God."

With American engineering skill on the job, the railroad would probably have worked. But Eads and his associates ran into money troubles before the first spadeful of earth was dug.

As for small gadgets to make rail travel safer or sweeter, the list is endless. A thousand devices were meant to throw or scare cattle off the track. A horse-hoser, for instance, was devised by L. W. Page of Shreveport, who patented it. "The water," he explained, "escapes from the boiler through the nozzle, through which it is driven by the steam pressure with great force, and the nozzle may be adjusted so as to throw the stream of water in other than a straight line so that the device may advantageously be used on curves."

For the passenger, many more gadgets. A hammock was to be slung from one seat-back to the next by tired travelers who couldn't afford Pullmans. If the opposite seat was not occupied, the inventor pointed out, the passenger could stretch out "practically at full length."

Maintenance departments had inventors, too. A Kansas Pacific man named Bascom made a sail-car in 1880 that worked so well as to bring this comment from a popular scientific book of the time:

"Had locomotion by steam not been invented, sailing on land would have become the most rapid mode of transit."

Bascom's car made forty miles an hour with a stern wind and did even better when the wind was from one side, carrying men and materials for repair work. Weighing 600 pounds, it had an eleven-foot mast and was a "great economizer of labor."

The age of fancy railroad thinking is not over, by any means. Surveys are still being made for a line straight down the Grand

Canyon, which would cut 350 miles from the Chicago-Los Angeles run (See "A Road That Couldn't Be Built," RAILROAD STORIES, Sept., '33.) Two years ago an English engineer proposed a pneumatic-tube railway under the Solent channel to the Isle of Wight. A tunnel is being bored under the English Channel, and there is talk of another twice as long from Alaska to Russia—meaning a railroad from the United States to Moscow. Thousands of miles of this line would have to run under concrete snowsheds, and the cost would run to billions, but there are countless fortunes in timber, furs and gold in that region. It all sounds pretty colossal.

Talk raged for years about the tunnel between France and England, partly because the voyage is so hard on delicate stomachs. By 1875 it had not yet been decided whether such a tunnel could be built. No matter. One inventor devised the galvanized iron "Submarine Railway Boat." The problem was solved, or at least it was described in Harper's Weekly, the fashionable magazine of the time. Unluckily the name of the inventor was left out.

"It consists of a large boat, resting on a massive truck, with eight large wheels," is how it was described. "The boat would be constructed of galvanized iron, water-tight, and strong enough to resist the pressure of water."

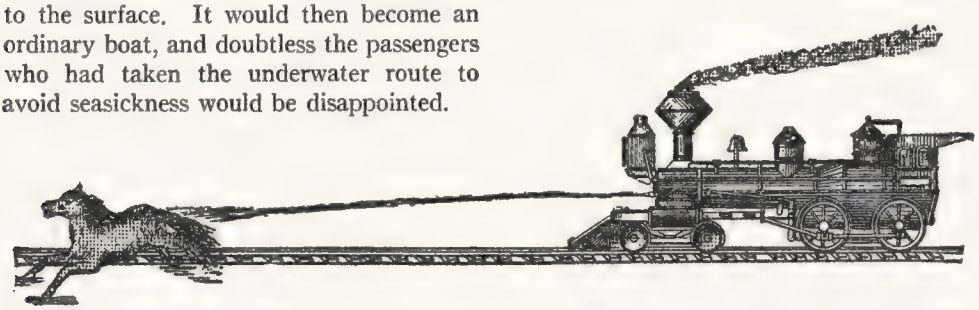
Big screws holding the boat or what-is-it to the trucks could be unfastened from indoors, should the motive power go out of whack, and the boat would supposedly rise to the surface. It would then become an ordinary boat, and doubtless the passengers who had taken the underwater route to avoid seasickness would be disappointed.

"It would require more space than we can give to describe all the internal contrivances of this curious boat," said the weekly with a regret which we all share.

Recently the chief engineer for the new Golden Gate bridge proposed a suspended railway. His sketches look like the dreams of inventors for the past seventy-five years; but Joseph B. Strauss is a practical man. About twenty years ago he built a model suspended railway and worked out every detail. It looks a little like the Langan line in Germany which can make 100 miles an hour and has carried passengers for 30 years without a casualty, but is not a monorail.

"The cars," as he once described it, "are suspended from standard narrow-gage trucks mounted on two rails in such a manner that should the trucks or the connection between car and truck fail, the car cannot drop to the ground. Oscillation of cars is prevented by means of shoes on the side and bottom of the car, which ride on a guide rail." In his latest drawings Mr. Strauss has discarded the lower guide rails.

Now that railroads are spending money for new ideas again, the Patent Office will probably be flooded with plans for trains that flap their wings and floating locomotives. Elevated lines that stretch forth rubber hands and pull their customers out of bed. Street cars that say "excuse me" and run either forward or backward. In fact, the more the better. It takes about a thousand goofy ideas to make a good one.



Here Is an Idea That Deserves a Couple of Aluminum Medals. The Invention of F. W. Page of Shreveport, La., It Was Designed to Cope With the Problem of Loose Livestock on Railroad Tracks, and It Used Water from the Boiler to Squirt Animals Out of the Way. What Is More, the Nozzle Was Adjustable to "Throw the Water in Other Than a Straight Line, so That It May Be Used Advantageously on Curves"!

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B. L. AHMAN, Jr., 3313 Westerwald Ave., Baltimore, Md., wants copies "Baldwin Locos," "Ry. Age," "Electric Traction," "Brill Mag.," before 1920; cash or trade from 235 negs.

J. AIKMAN, 382 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, Canada, buys steam loco. snaps from Canadian fans; send sample.

F. ANTHONY, 2076 Morton Ave., Muskegon, Mich., has GTW, PRR, M-K-T, IC, Burlington train orders to trade for others; send samples.

R. L. BANKS, 16 W. 77th St., N. Y. City, collects timetables and route-guides of small and abandoned electric rys. and transit cos., esp. Indiana Service Corp.

H. N. BARR, 153 N. Milton Ave., Baltimore, Md., has B&O negs. for sale or trade for other B&O negs. or prints.

MISS J. BAYLISS, 197 Davidson Rd., Croydon, Surrey, England.

C. C. BLAND, 15 Grandview Ave., Mt. Wash. P. O., Pittsburgh, Pa., has 116 size prints NYC, PRR, B&O, Erie, P&LE, P&WVa, UP streamliners, stations and interlocking plants, 6 for 25c., or trade for stations and interlockers; 116 size or smaller rolls developed, 8 prints 35c.

W. E. BOSTWICK, 1906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., will pay 25c. ea. for 1 copy May, Oct. '32; Mar., Oct. '30; June, Sept. '31 "Railroad Stories." Write first.

H. G. BOUTELL, 3723 Jocelyn St., Washington, D. C., has 4x5 prints at 15c. ea. of Florence & Cripple Creek No. 23 and Chesa. Beach Ry. No. 3, both taken about 30 years ago.

J. BOWIE, Jr., 3425 Hartford St., St. Louis, Mo., wants 116 size negs MoP, PRR, B&O, Santa Fe, NYC, CCC&StL, NP, UP, T&P; will trade 116 size of roads around St. Louis, or pay 10c. ea. Also sells prints 5c. ea., 25 for $1; send 10c. for list and sample.

K. P. BAYNE, 751 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif., has mimeographed copies of S.P. de Mexico and T&NO '34 loco rosters; trade for 6 size 116 photos any steam road or both for 35c.

L. BRADAS, 845 Cerrito St., Albany, Calif., wants photos and information on abandoned trolley lines of Grass Valley, Watsonville and Santa Cruz, Calif.

R. W. BROOKS, 27 Parcot Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y., has FJ&G, NYRy. Co., TARy. Sys., UTCo. and S. Ry. (trolleys); send 3c. stamp for list and photo; buys negs. or photos of 2nd Ave. RR.

E. C. BROWN, 20 Lebanon Ave., Greenville, Pa., has 7x9 album 53 B&LE photos $3 plus postage; also selling out postcard collection 15 for $1, free B&O photo with ea. $1 order. Has over 500 size 116 photo for sale or trade; 10c. for list and sample.

E. E. BROWN, Box 228, Stony Creek, Conn., wants 3 copies "Ry. and Loco. Engineering," published by Sinclair before 1897.

E. K. BURTON, 1347 Maple View Pl. S.E., Washington, D. C., has 620 size photos taken at Washington Term., 10c. ea.

G. J. CAPDEVIELLE, 5354 Bond St., Oakland, Calif., sells 116 size Tonopah & Tidewater engines at 10c. ea., 5 for 45c.

A. C. CHRISTENSEN, Box 5, Port Crane, N. Y., trades foreign and U. S. stamps for loco. photos.

E. S. COLE, 6433 Market St., Upper Darby, Pa., has many street car tickets 5 for 25c., some from 1897 at 10c. ea.; also several Official Guides 65c. ea.

C. R. COLLOM, 491 Walnut St., Meadville, Pa., has 3½x4½ prints HV, LEF&C, WA, S&T, logging roads, TV narrow gage; wants short abandoned lines, esp. NW Penn. lines and authentic pictures or drawing of rolling stock, period of 1875.

J. CONNELLY, 439 St. John St., Portland, Me., wants to buy collection engine prints, 116 size or larger; write first.

M. B. COOKE, 350 Princeton Ave., Jersey City, N. J., has ACL, Santa Fe, B&O, Wab., and many other engines and trains; send stamp for list.

J. E. CROY, 3481 N. Oakland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., has snaps of "Hiawatha." Collects timetables.

B. W. DEAN, 25 Bay View St., Burlington, Vt., has CNR, D&H and Rutland photos; wants postcard and 5x7 size SP.

P. DILG, 43 Bradfort Ave., Prince Bay, S. I., N. Y. City, has "Railroad Stories" Oct. '33-July '35 and scientific mags. for sale or trade for photos and negs.

J. DOCKENDORF, 43 Menahan St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has 1931-35 scientific mags. to trade for NYC and B&O engine snaps.

C. DOHERTY, 745 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., will sell or trade engine and other snaps of Century of Progress.

R. DURHAM, 521 37th St., Union City, N. J., has 120 size snaps new Lackawanna 4-8-4's, and locos and trains NYC, Erie, Rdg., Lackawanna and Pennsy elec.; send stamp for list and sample; will trade 4 prints for one 120 neg., or photo for photo.

F. EDLUND, Jr., 881 Reaney St., St. Paul, Minn, has 116 size photos streamliners entering St. Paul; other midwest roads on demand.

F. W. EINSTEIN, 601 W. 141 St., N. Y. City, has '34 "Railroad Stories," some slightly clipped.

E. ENDER, Jr., 2830 Sedgwick Ave., N. Y. City, beginner.

G. ERTH, 3547 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, has builder's card photos of Pennsy DeGlehn experimental 4-4-2, L&CV and NYC 999 at 10c. ea.; also has 7-in. card photos of Colo. Mid., SR, SJ&E, WP&Y, etc., $1 per dozen; send 10c. for sample and list.

L. A. ESCALLE, 608 E. H St., Colton, Calif., has mimeographed copies of S. P. de Mexico and T&NO loco. rosters to trade for 6 size 116 photos any steam road, or sell 35c. for both.

E. FEY, 4914 Balmoral Ave., Chicago, Ill., has 22,000 stamp capacity album to trade for postcard or larger engine photos.

J. FOSTER, 3791 Mississippi, San Diego, Calif., starting; send lists and samples.

R. FRANTZ, 229 Tohickon Ave., Quakertown, Pa., has 4 boys' books and '33-'35 boys' mags. to trade for 116 or postcard size loco. photos.

W. FULTON, R. 1, Oxford, Pa., has postcard size of Lancaster, Oxford & Southern (abandoned narrow gage), 10c. ea., hand-colored 15c.

D. W. FURLER, 65 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J., has 8x10 prints various roads at 40c. ea.,

4 for $1 postpaid, no trade; also many 2½x4¼ and 3¼x5¼ sizes. Wants postcard size or larger speed photos of RF&P and Southern's Danville Div. trains; also any old-timer speed photos. esp. in south or east, 5x7 or larger.

E. GARDNER, 47 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J., will trade $6.50 worth hunting and fishing mags. and geographic mags. ($1.50) for Apr. '31 to June '35 "Railroad Stories." Starting engine photo collection; send samples.

T. A. GAY, 257 88th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has postcard size roads in and about N. Y. City to trade for photos of complete trains.

R. GILLIS, 1832 Weston Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y., sells or trades 116 and p.c. size many U. S. roads; wants D&H, Vgn, N&W prints and Jan. '34 "Railroad Stories."

A. GMELIN, 15 Norman Place, Cranford, N. J., has CRRofNJ, B&O, LV, New Haven and other eastern roads' timetables last 10 years; will sell or trade for 1912 or older CRRofNJ or Lackawanna tts.

F. J. GOLDSMITH, Jr., 930 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. City, has negs. and prints of Knox RR, B&ML, and SR&RL for sale; also prints and negs. Me. trolleys.

J. T. GRANFORS, 209 39th Ave. E., Superior, Wis., has 116 size prints GN, NP, DSS&A, Omaha, Soo Line, LST&T, C&NW.

G. R. GRENKE, 107-38 109 St., Richmond Hill, N. Y., sells timetables 5c. ea. or trade for others, photos, negs., etc.; send 3c. for list. Wants 116 size GN, C&O, B&O, NP, SP, MoP, Nickel Plate.

J. W. GRIFFIN, 101 Douglas Drive, Toronto, Canada, wants 120 size broadside of PRR, NYC electrics and PRR, NYC, UP, Santa Fe 2-8-8-2.

W. GRIFFITHS, R.F.D. 2, New Hartford, N. Y., sells engine snaps Unadilla Vy. RR and NYO&W; buys D&H, Lackawanna and old-time Nickel Plate engines with nos. clearly showing.

R. W. GRUBB, Beecher City, Ill., has 30 "Railroad Stories," 40 public timetables, 150 books and mags. to trade for Official Guides or what have you.

T. HARVEY, 1700 N. Main St., Salisbury, N. C., will send train orders both forms of Southern Ry. for dope, rosters, etc. of small roads or trade same for engine snaps, time cards, train orders, etc., U. S. and foreign.

H. A. HEISTERHAGE, 121 Gertrude St., Syracuse, N. Y., beginner.

C. HESS, 111 E. Douglas St., Goshen, Ind., wants Jan. '32-Jan. '34 "Railroad Stories."

I. HINZE, 301 W. Oak St., Chisholm, Minn., interested in old-time railroad photos.

F. A. HIPPEY, 1026 S. Henry St., Roanoke, Va., will trade "Handbook of RR Construction," (1857) and "Bordentown Monument" (pub. PRR 1891) for loco. photos; send lists.

W. E. HOFFMAN, 16 S. Highland Ave., Baltimore, Md., wants PFtW&C, C&P, TWV&O, PCC&StL, C&MV, CI&E, PY&A, E&P, C&M, CL&N photos; write first, giving size of print, class and cost.

T. M. HOWARD, 170 W. 78th St., N. Y. City, has "Railroad Man's" Dec. '29 to Dec. '31 for $5 or trade for what have you. Wants Pullman Co. Book of Rules.

D. M. HUBER, Wolfeboro, N. H., has Rdg., B&M, MeC and IC photos to trade for train orders and emp. timetables, esp. B&M.

F. L. HUNT, 121 Julia Ave., Ferguson, Mo., collects modern equipment Class I roads and action photos.

R. INMAN, 1020 Moen Ave., Rockdale, Joliet, Ill., starting; appreciates your extra photos.

B. JACK, 274 William St., Peterborough, Ont., Canada, collects old-time prints engines and rolling stock; also modern freight power.

G. S. JOHNSON, 402 Newton St., Salisbury, Md., has annual passes StP&D 1886, B&Mo 1886, KCo&S and DB 1883, SC&P 1883 and others for trade or sale; also many railroad books; send stamp for list.

W. D. JONES, Morrisville, Vt., has 4x5 photos Hardwick & Woodbury engines 2 and 3; also 3¼x5½ snaps StJ&LC covered bridges at 10c. ea.

H. KAISER, Gen. Del., Burlington, Wis., has new copies "Run of 20th Century," 50c. ea.

F. KARL, 1420 St. Clair Ave., Sheboygan, Wis., starting; wants to hear from other fans.

R. KELLEY, 9 School St., Dorchester, Mass., will pay 10c. for Jan. or Mar. '34 "Railroad Stories."

KY. LOCO. HIST. SOC., D. Davis, secty., Morehead, Ky., wants new members; will buy or borrow negs. or photos of AC&I, B&OR, CNO&TP, EKS, F&C, L&A, LH&StL, O&K and others; write first.

D. KNOWLES, 194 Grenadier Rd., Toronto 3, Ont., Canada, has many 116 and few 120 size 35 U. S. and 14 Canadian roads to trade or sell 10c. ea., $1 per dozen.

H. KINGSBURY, Jr., 60 Carroll Rd., E. Hartford, Conn., has timetables and clippings; wants 5x7 or larger of Mallets or large engines, or train orders.

R. KNOX, 4467 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa., starting; send lists and samples.

E. M. LEO, 2451 Catherine Rd., Pasadena, Calif., has over 700 different photos 15 roads, postcard size and smaller, to trade for others.

C. A. LINBERG, Forest, Sierra Co., Calif., starting; wants to hear from other fans.

J. A. LINEHAN, 12 S. Warren St., Bradford, Mass., wants 116 size negs. of CRRofNJ 4-6-4T, 2-6-2T, 4-8-0, 4-4-2, PRR No. 1 and 2-10-0 type, Rutland and NYC; has B&M photos to trade; list and sample, 10c. Wants CNR 214, 407, 429, 565, 863, 1012, 1028, 1801, 2200, etc. Collectors who want engine picture stationery of their own, write.

C. LeGROVE, 3825 Hazel St., Burnaby, via New Westminster, B. C., Canada, wants CPR, CNR, GN cars and locos.

S. R. LOVOLD, 907 King St., La Crosse, Wis., has Burlington 3000 class Hudson type.

E. R. LOOMIE, 2671 Marion Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, wants small snaps of foreign engines and "Mother Hubbard" types; also trades N. Y. City trolley transfers.

M. MARTIN, 958 W. King St., Winona, Minn., interested in CGW, M&SL, DSS&A photos.

T. J. MASON, 9571 E. 49 St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has 400 unsoiled emp. schedules to trade for U. S. or Canadian transportation tokens only; list for 10c., refunded with first order.

C. MAYER, 92 Wilson Blvd., Islip, N. Y., wants 116 size negs. all roads and same size Colo. Mid., UP, CPR photos; has others to trade.

P. McCOURY, 6317 S. E. 94th Ave., Portland, Ore., will trade 6 Portland Traction Co. transfers for 3 other transfers and stamped envelope.

P. MICHAELS, 1222 W. Rankin St., Flint, Mich., has 116 size negs. certain GTW engines to trade for others; also has blue prints Monon, Soo Line, RI, St.L&SW for 2 photos ea.

E. C. MICHELL, 35 Ruley St., North Perth, W. A., Australia, will trade public timetables of Western Australian Govt. Rys. for current U. S. and Canadian employees' tts. or "Railroad Stories" before Aug. '34, and Oct. '34. (Postage 5c.).

C. E. MILLARD, 998 Greenfield Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., collects all types engine photos; has PRR, B&O, P&LE, P&WV.

M. MILLER, Cottage Grove, Ind., wants SI, D&N, CA&S, Ettrick RR, Tenn. Central and all Ky. and W. Va. short roads.

R. MILLER, R. 1, Lyons, Neb., starting; send neg. lists.

W. MILLER, 4765 Penn. Ave., Detroit, Mich., buys railroad and engine photos.

R. L. MUCH, Doubs, Md., has old style B&O conductor's lantern and snaps of engines at B&O Fair of the Iron Horse.

B. B. MURRAY, 839 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will sell "Baldwin Locos," July '34 and Jan. '35, "Loco. Progress," '32, and Official Ry. Equipment Register; best offer takes them.

A. NELSON, Kowkash, Ont., Canada, will trade CNR timetables, train orders, photos for other snaps, etc.

R. NENZEL, 562 University Ave., Reno, Nev., wants 116 size NP and CPR loco. photos; send lists and prices.

R. NEWNES, Salmon Arm, B.C., Canada, will buy or trade "Loco. Engineer's Journals" or engine photos for old CPR 4-6-2 types in 1104-08 class and old 4-4-2's in 209-211 class.

W. G. NICHOLS, 236 Parkville Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., has few D&H timetables '05 and '06; what offer?

M. NARDELLA, 1301 9th Ave., Altoona, Pa.,

wants Apr., May '32; and Apr. '33 "Railroad Stories."

J. NORTON, 4211 Meridian, Seattle, Wash., wants photos engines about 50 yrs. old.

J. L. NORTON, Jr., 60 Savin St., Roxbury, Boston, Mass., has 5 copies "Railroad Man's" '30-'31, and July, Oct. '34 and Jan. '35 "Baldwin Locos"—all for $2.

D. S. OSLER, 1337 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif., has over 500 postcard size PRR, SP, Santa Fe, LV, GN, StL-SF, Rdg. and others, 15 for $1; send stamp for list.

E. PENKOS, 145-09 105th Ave., Jamaica, N. Y., will pay 10c. for any issue "Railroad Stories" before Oct. '34; write first.

W. M. PLUMMER, Jr., 3120 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md., will trade scientific mags. Nov. '32 to date for engine photos or "Railroad Stories" to Apr. '35.

B. H. PURSER, Jr., Box 157, Jenkins, Ky., wants to hear from Lexington fans with Southern Ry. equipment photos.

L. J. REDMAN, 1528 Berkshire Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., starting; wants suggestions; has few PRR express wreck views at Pittsburgh last year.

D. S. RICHTER, 1412 6th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., wants 116 or larger photos of LV G-1, G-7, M-17; NYC 1300, 1902-20, 1924, 2333-94, 5034-44, 9603-04; TP&W, HPRA&S, GAS&C, HPT&D, ET&WNC, C&BI, GCW, GN&A, WBY&S.

J. O. RILEY, 520 7th St., Peoria, Ill., specializes in TP&W; wants KCS and FS&W. Will buy, sell or trade; send 10c. for list and sample print.

D. H. ROBERTS, Aloha, Ore., has 116 size photos of Ore. Short Line and Ore.-Wash. RR & Nav. Co. units of UP, incl. narrow gage Ilwaco Wash. branch now abandoned, at 5c. ea.

R. ROESSLER, 217 Cooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y., starting; will appreciate any spare photos.

W. V. RUSSELL, 404 N. Broom St., Wilmington, Del., wants 116 size negs. all PRR classes except electrics; will buy or trade.

R. RUSSOW, 1215 Melrose St., Chicago, Ill., has Jan. '34 and Jan. '35 "Baldwin Locos" at 50c. ea.; also has 5x13 of NP 5000, Santa Fe 2-10-10-2, WP 2-8-8-2, NP 4-8-4 at 50c. ea. or trade for either Jan., Feb., Mar. or Apr. '32 "Railroad Stories."

C. D. SAVAGE, 2829 N. E. Hancock St., Portland, Ore., has 116 size views of Ore. interurbans to sell or trade for heavy electrics, Diesels and streamlined trains.

W. SCHACKFORD, Jr., Box 105, Far Hills, N. J., has employees' timecards all divs. of DL&W to trade for others, photos or what have you; esp. wants 116 size or larger of Santa Fe's Albuquerque Div.

J. C. SHAFFER, 210 E. Springfield Ave., Champaign, Ill., has timecard and eng. picture collection from 1900.

J. A. SHUSTER, 532-B Kunawai Lane, Honolulu, Hawaii, has dozen diff. 116 size photos of Oahu Ry. & Land Co. for 75c. only; wants DL&W 398, 399, 1650.

W. H. SINCLAIR, 797 Windermere St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, collects all types engines; will supply information on geared type engines for stamp.

E. SMITH, Montvale, N. J., has many boys' books to trade for "Railroad Stories" and other railroad mags.

F. SMITH, R.F.D. 3, Marcellus, Mich., will trade July '35 "Railroad Stories" for June '35; write first.

R. SMITH, 36 Roland St., Wilkes Barre, Pa., has 92 prints of U. S. and few foreign trolleys; what do you offer? Also views GM&N "Rebel."

A. H. SOBOSLAY, 8805 Nevada Ave., Cleveland, O., will trade NYC, NKP, PRR steam locos and NYC electrics for any western road.

S. STEVENS, 911 Sewell Ave., Cape May, N. J., wants PRR photos.

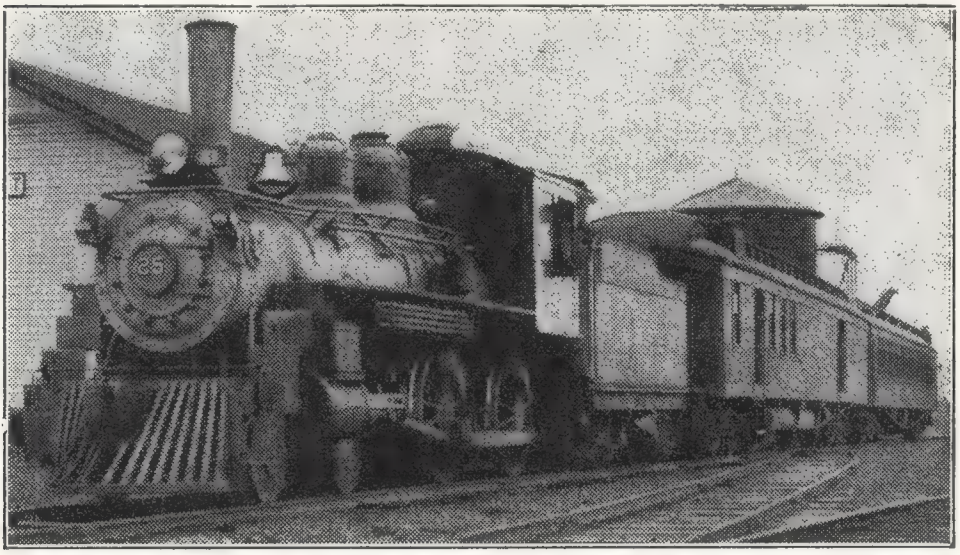
A. STINSON, Coolidge, Ariz., has 300 pieces sheet music (worth 60c. each) for Hawaiian guitar to trade—one sheet for every "Railroad Stories" before Dec. '34 sent postpaid.

C. E. STONE, 1048 Arch St., Ashland, O., starting collection emp. and pub. timetables; will pay cash or trade U. S. and foreign stamps; send lists and samples.

W. STROMKO, 212 Ferry St., Newark, N. J., has Santa Fe, Lackawanna, D&RGW, FEC, B&A, C&O, ACL, MoP, Burlington timetables to trade for postage stamps, covers or cadets.

C. THELEEN, 4226 Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa., will sell or trade Oct. '34 Official Guide; write first.

E. P. THELEEN, 4226 Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa., has timetables and "19" orders all large roads to sell or trade for old "Railroad Stories" or engine photos.



Soo Line No. 25, an Ancient Baldwin Eight-Wheeler, Snapped with Her Wooden Train (No. 87) at Gilchrist, Mich., by M. B. Cooke While on an Engine-Picture Tour. See "Spot" Department for Details

W. L. THORNBERRY, 203 Waddill Ave., Madisonville, Ky., has "Moody's Steam Railroads" 1925 (cost $25) to trade for a Colt .32 cal. automatic or for sale $5.

O. R. TORLEY, 1076 El Camino Real, Redwood City, Calif., has SP employees' timetables to trade, pref. eastern and southern short lines.

J. TREGO, Crannell, Calif., wishes to dispose of postcard size collection incl. 1 neg. album with 10 negs. and 60 photos of various U. S. roads; will sell lot for $5 or trade for same kind 116 size collection.

R. B. WALKER, Blue River, B. C., Canada, will take trip on Pacific Great Eastern; will get negs. on order.

C. WATERBURY, 115 N. Washington St., Elkhorn, Wis., has 4x5 right side views Milwaukee's Hiawatha, 15c. postpaid; 616 size prints Milwaukee's streamliner 6160 at 10c. ea., 3 for 25c. p.p.

M. WHEDON, Jr., 14 Spring St., Laconia, N. H., wants M-K-T "Katy Flier."

S. T. WHEELER, Stewartville, Minn., wants Mar. '35 "Railroad Stories"; also M&StL, CGW locos and small CStPM&O engines used about 30 yrs. ago.

G. WHITNEY, 1257 73rd Ave., Oakland, Calif., will trade "The Steel Highway," by C. J. Allen, "Building the Pacific Ry.," by Sabin, and "Flying U. S. Mail to S. A.," and other fiction, mags. for back nos. "Railroad Stories," timetables, etc.

W. WILTSIE, Box 22, New Providence, N. J., wishes to dispose of entire collection: 200 size 116 DL&W, Erie, Rdg., other negs., 10c. ea., 3 for 25c.; 1000 size 116 engine photos at 3c. ea., 9 for 25c., send for list; many back copies "Railroad Stories," 1931 to date, at 25c. and 15c. ea., depending on copy, plus postage.

J. WINSLOW, 12 Harding Parkway, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has trolleys and trains around N. Y. City; send 5c. for 116 sample and list.

C. WOOD, 1604 "O" St., Sacramento, Calif., has SP and WP prints; send for list; also SP train orders and timetables.

* * *

Abandonments

Quanah, Acme & Pacific, Matador to Matador Jct., Texas, 8 miles. Southern, Sumter Jct. to connection with Kingville-Marion Line, 16 miles. Northwestern of Southern Carolina, Wilson's Mills to Sumter to Camden, 77 miles. Burlington-Rock Island, Hubbard to Hillsboro, Tex., 25 miles. Frisco, Wardell to Yukon, Mo., 10 miles. Boston & Maine, Hudson to Fremont, 21 miles, and Epping to West Gonic, N. H., 18 miles. Oregon-Washington, Ainsworth to N. Jct., Ore., 71 miles (will operate over Oregon Trunk). Chesapeake & Ohio, Guthrie to Albemarle, Va., 4 miles. Dalles & Southern, Friend to The Dalles, Ore., 42 miles. Louisville & Nashville, Norton to Miller Yard, Va., 18 miles. Missouri Pacific, Ozark Jct. to Hartman Jct., Ark., 12 miles. New Haven, Pine Plains to Shekomeko, N. Y., 5 miles. Ursina & North Fork, Humbert to Ursina, Pa., 5 miles.

The Sunny Side *of the* Track

TALLOWPOT'S EXCUSE

A FIREMAN on the Pacific Electric was called for jury duty. When his name was read he asked the judge to excuse him. "Your honor," he said, "the Pacific Electric is very busy and I ought to be on the job."

"So you're one of those men who think the road can't get along without you?" inquired the judge.

"No, I know they could get along without me," said the tallowpot, "but I don't want them to find out."

* * *

THE LOCUSTS WON

THE following note was handed to the driver of No. 1400 train at Mexamphlope on the North Coast line of the South African Railways by a farmer resident at Nyoko:

"Will you oblige by whistling like hell as you pass through the farm in the hope of lifting the locusts? Thanks."

The driver whistled. All the locusts took flight at the sustained shrieking of the locomotive. The swarm settled in a railway cutting a few miles ahead and the train was delayed for several hours because the driving wheels of the engine were unable to grip the rails.—S. A. Railways and Harbors Magazine.

A TRUE FISH STORY

A C.N.R. fireman of the Third District transferred to the First District, drifted into a bar room for a crack at Rule G. He ordered his drink and handed the bartender a $2 bill.

The bartender glanced at the bill. "Sorry, buddy, we don't handle this stuff here."

Surprised, the fireman had stepped back to think things over, when a couple of natives came in. One carried a bundle which he gave to the bartender after he'd had a few drinks. The bartender weighed it, wrapped something in a small package and handed it to the native, who went out.

The fireman inquired: "D'ya mind telling me what this is all about? I'm a stranger here."

"Well," the bartender replied, "those fellows had a couple of drinks and paid me with a big codfish. I gave him back two herrings in change."—Gilbert Fournier (ex-boomer), 70 Manley St., Auburn, Me.

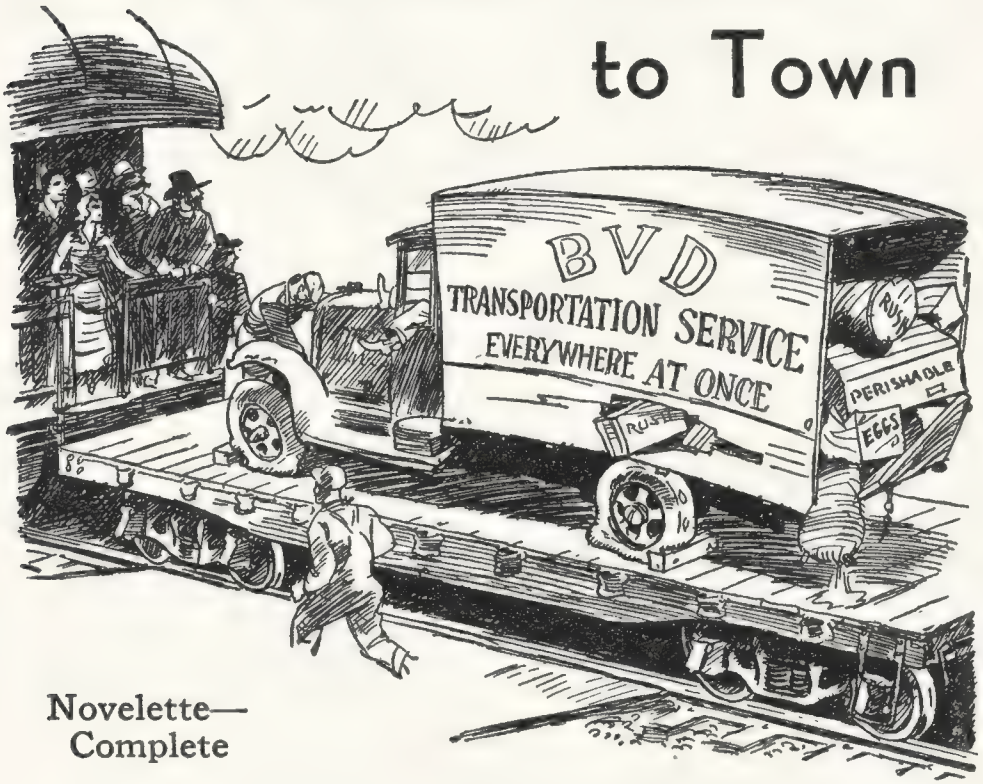
* * *

OH, YEAH?

SPEAKING of the wonders of science: We couldn't open Pullman windows, so science gave us air-conditioned trains.

(Editor's note: Pullman windows are purposely constructed so they'll be hard to open, to prevent them from rattling.)

The Busses Come to Town



Novelette—Complete

IT was summertime in the Sierras. The world was full of life and hope. Winds of prosperity were blowing over the California hills where fifteen months before a sixty-mile railroad, half a dozen towns, and dreams of man had lain abandoned.

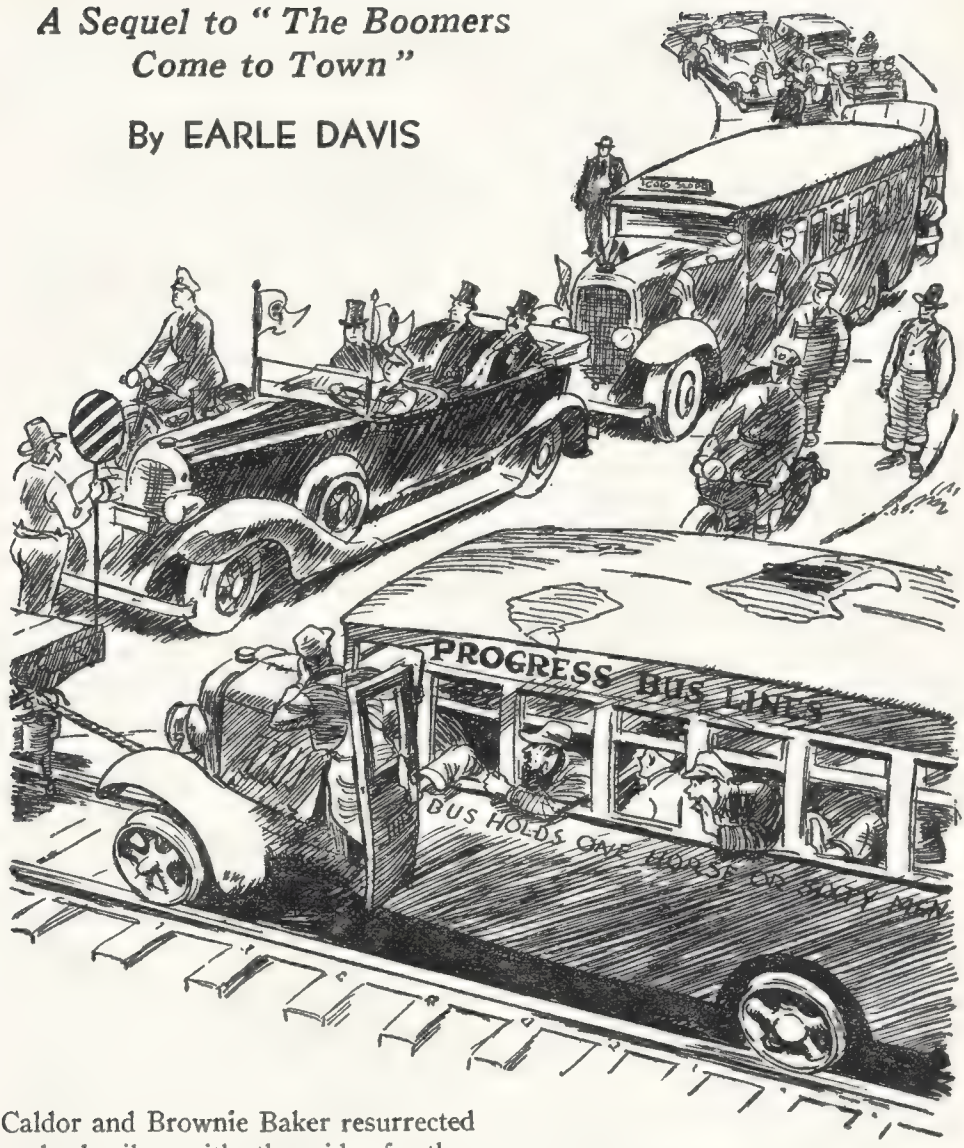
The streak o' rust was called the Boomers' Fast Line. Originally a branch of the great Continental System, it had been revived by two wandering knights of the rail, each with a record of roads and jobs as long as your arm. There was big Steve Caldor, rough and good-humored; he was president, general manager, and what-have-you. His partner was Brownie Baker. Brownie, short, lithe, a veritable human dynamo, was operating vice president, engineman, brakeman, and just about everything else that Steve was not.

Steve and Brownie maintained that the revival of their twin ribbons of steel was all luck. They said the gold strike was really responsible; that the world's demand for precious metal had lured a lot of prospectors to the Gold Slope country and a few of them had struck it rich. Naturally, there was need for a railroad, and the boomers happened along at the right moment.

Yes, they insisted, it was pure dumb luck. But those who know how Steve

A Sequel to "The Boomers Come to Town"

By EARLE DAVIS



Caldor and Brownie Baker resurrected a dead pike, with the aid of other boomers who flocked to that section when the news got around, realize that luck alone does not tell the story.

Anyhow, here they were, with a railroad on their hands. Sort of a boomers' paradise. It seemed too good to be true.

"Some day," said Brownie, mopping up a platter of ham and eggs in the beanery of the Heinzen Hotel at Gold Slope, "I expect to wake up and find this all a pipe dream."

Steve gazed lazily into his half empty cup of coffee. "Every boomer has dreamed of doing what we've done," he returned, "but most of 'em merely *dreamed* about it."

The last train had come back from Junction City. Across the open square they could see "Red" Stanley putting

away the 15-spot for the night. The 15-spot was their one and only motive power, and Red nursed her with the jealous affection that only a son of steel and steam can feel for his favorite engine. An old rebuilt 4-4-0 type, she made the fifty miles between Gold Slope and Junction City four times a day, in less than an hour each time hauling her old-fashioned but gaudily-painted passenger car and whatever freight was waiting.

Red Stanley was a boomer, too. He'd been born in a shanty on the Canadian Pacific near Revelstoke, B. C., and cut his teeth on an airhose gasket. He had followed his father from Revelstoke to Abilene, Texas, and down into Chihuahua, Mexico; working with the old man on a dozen roads in three countries, and then striking out for himself the night after Stanley, senior, had cracked up in a rear end collision on the Colorado Midland.

Somehow he had drifted over to Gold Slope with the rest of the bunch, and was now holding several titles on the Boomers' Fast Line. Besides being superintendent of motive power and foreman and machinist, he was superintendent of building and bridges and assistant purchasing agent as the occasion required.

After putting the 15-spot to bed, he sauntered over to the hotel and joined his colleagues in the nearly deserted dining room. The walls were fly-speckled but gaudily painted. Here and there were framed photographs of diamond-stacks which the ancient proprietor, Jake Heinzen, used to fire in the long ago.

"Hello, fellers!" Red greeted brusquely. "It's too damn peaceful around here." He broke off suddenly when Jake came for his order.

"You're right, Red," said Brownie, "it is sorta dead. We ain't had any trouble on this pike worth mentioning since the Continental tried to get the branch back."

"Well, we got trouble now," said Red.

"Whatsamatter?" Steve sang out. "Lose a quart of valve oil?"

Red didn't smile. "Just when everything was running so fine, too!" he moaned, tossing his battered hat onto a hatrack and twining his fingers through his tousled auburn hair.

"Don't tell us the Fifteen-spot busted a water glass," Steve joked.

"Or maybe blew up?" Brownie queried.

"It isn't that bad yet," Red admitted. "But, gentlemen, believe me when I tell you the Northern did one sloppy job of overhaulin' the old gal. Either that, or it's the way we've been runnin' her. I don't know. But if work keeps on pilin' upon her, the maintenance charges are goin' to bust us."

"Let's see," Brownie pondered "we've run her about twenty thousand miles since she was shopped. Why, that Fifteen-spot should be in first class shape yet!"

"She *should,*" replied the motive power man. "She's a beautiful machine, in her own way. It's only right that an old-timer like her hauls the boomers' trains. But she never was designed to run the way we're runnin' her. Naturally, she ain't got the material that a new engine has."

"It isn't hard to see what you're driving at," said Brownie. "You're just like all the motive power chiefs. They read a copy of *Baldwin Locomotives* magazine and then get the idea that the only way railroads can make money is by ordering new engines."

Red scowled a bit. "Sometimes they're right," he countered sullenly.

FAR in the distance, mountain peaks were bathed in lurid sunset. The air was quiet with the hush of twilight. Overhead a flock of wild ducks was wheeling westward.

"Even the ducks are boomers," Steve commented abruptly. "They don't stay any place very long. Us three's the same way. Some day we're gonna get tired of sticking here so long like a dumb bunch of—"

"Wait a minute, Steve!" Brownie protested. "How we going to boom around to other roads when there ain't even enough jobs for home guards?"

"On the other hand," said Red, at the same time digging into the hamburgers and French fried which Heinzen had just brought in, "if we stay here an' build up the Boomers' Fast Line, we're keepin' alive the boomer spirit, ain't we?"

"Maybe," Steve replied.

"We mustn't forget we're boomers," the short fellow persisted, and to his partner he said: "The first day I catch you walking around here like you was the guy who wrote the Book of Rules, I'll know you've stopped being a boomer and descended to the level of a railroad official."

Big Steve's pan cracked into a broad smile. "The same to you, brother." After a pause he added sententiously: "The boomers stay in town."

For a moment not a word was spoken. All three men listened to a rattle of dishes that came from the kitchen, and a loud guffaw from Jake Heinzen. The old hotel man, who was a leading stockholder in the Boomers' Fast Line, evidently had heard a joke which caught his fancy.

Then a gray-headed figure detached itself from a group at a corner table and came swinging toward them. It was Jim Cornish, veteran prospector, wealthy again for the third time in his life. Cornish had been the first man to strike it rich in the Gold Slope country and the first man, outside of Heinzen, to subscribe for stock in the boomer pike.

The old fellow was dressed in rough clothes like any other prospector, the only evidences of wealth being a huge diamond ring on one finger and a heavy gold watch chain attached to a standard railroad watch. The ring, he often boasted, had belonged to famous "Diamond Jim" Brady, king of railroad equipment salesmen.

"Well, boys, have yuh heard the bad news?" Cornish saluted the three men in a squeaky voice which betrayed his years far more than did his marvelously agile body, tanned and hardened as it was by hot desert sun and cold mountain winds.

The boomers braced themselves for a shock.

"Spill it!" Steve requested.

"Wa-al, now," said Cornish, shifting his mountainous chaw of tobacco from left to right, "there seems tuh be a hull trainload of trouble comin' down thuh main."

STEVE wiped his fingers on a paper napkin, gulped down half a glass of water, and winked at Red.

"More trouble, eh?" he responded. "Our operating vice president here was worried because everything was going so smoothly. What else is wrong besides our motive power?"

"Plenty!" cackled the prospector, his eyes darting around under white bushy brows. "I don't have tuh tell you gents about thet gol-dern new highway thuh State of Californy is

a-buildin' up here from Junction City."

"No, you don't," Brownie answered. He glanced at Steve. "Maybe we'll have to go back to the boomer trail after all."

"Nor I don't have tuh tell about this here Mike Meadows, the low-down so-and-so."

Steve shook his head. "Some day," he predicted grimly, "that bull is going to be shot down by one of his own men."

Meadows was a company "dick" for the Continental System. He was the mean type of flatfoot, the type that hated boomers of all kinds. Consequently the roving adventurers usually gave him a wide berth.

"Wa-al, this Meadows," Cornish explained, "is a-goin' tuh quit his job an' start a bus an' truck line up this way as soon as that gol-dern highway is ready. He aims tuh make thuh first trip come Labor Day, at thuh same time they have thuh openin' celebration. What'll we do about it, heh?"

The boomers failed to be upset.

"Much as we'd *like* to push Meadows and his trucks into Silver Creek," Steve said with a shrug, "I don't see what we can do, except to let him run and beat the rat at his own game."

"What is his game?" mused Brownie. "I mean, how's he gonna work it? He'd have to carry freight for almost nothing to go lower than our rates."

Cornish shook his head. He'd come to inform, not to answer questions. Besides, he wasn't worrying. The old-timer had put his pay dirt into the railroad, instead of spending it as he used to do. So he was well satisfied with himself. Anything that kept his money this long, he reasoned, must be good.

"Well," Red remarked after a pause, "it's funny, but we're in the same position all the railroads were in just before the busses an' trucks started cutting into their business. They were warned, but they didn't pay attention until it was almost too late."

"There's nothing funny about that," rejoined Brownie. "Look what happened to the railroads."

"As chief engine wiper on this here pike," Red continued the argument, "I suggest we make travelin' an' shippin' by rail so all-fired attractive that nobody'd think of using motor service between Junction City an' Gold Slope."

"The executive committee agrees," big Steve laughed. "Now we'll draw up plans and have 'em O.K.'d by the directors."

Because he was one of the "directors"—at least, one of the largest stockholders—Jim Cornish listened in while the three rails mulled over the situation.

"In the first place, Mr. Vice President," said Steve with mock dignity, "maybe Mr. Stanley has the right idea—"

"Bet your life he has," Red cut in, "about buyin' a new engine—"

"About buying a new engine," Steve parroted. "Yes. Around the time those lousy trucks and busses start rolling down the new state highway, we're going to have serious trouble with our motive power. Whether we like it or not, we'll have to be looking around for a new engine."

Big Steve grinned. "In case the Engine Picture Editor of RAILROAD STORIES decides to print our locomotive roster in the magazine, we want to make a good impression with the fans by having at least two engines in our list."

At this there was a general laugh, in which even the solemn-faced Red Stanley joined; and then they all got down to serious business again.

"HOW much money can we scrape together?" Brownie Baker wanted to know. As president and guiding genius of the B.F.L. purse strings, Steve did some rapid figuring. Expenses had been heavy; very little surplus was left. However, by omitting the semi-annual dividend, or a part of it, they might scrape enough together to pay for a new locomotive.

They did not argue what kind of engine she'd be. No heavy Pacific, or clumsy Mikado, or slow-paced Mogul. Not even a modern ten-wheeler. They were going to order a good, old-fashioned, high-wheeled, American or 4-4-0 type.

The Boomers' Fast Line hauled a few tons often—not five thousand tons once a week. They hauled one carload of passengers four times a day—not a train of empty passenger coaches three times a week.

"Allow about twenty thousand dollars for her," Red suggested. "Right now our fuel and maintenance cost on the Fifteen amounts to more than eleven cents a mile. With a properly designed new engine we'll cut that sum in half for a couple of years at least, and over a period of ten years it should not amount to more than eight cents."

Steve was already calculating the amount they'd save. "Assuming a long-time decrease in expenses of around four cents a mile," he announced, "a new engine would cost us about four thousand dollars a year less to operate. Why, she'd pay for herself in a few years!"

Jim Cornish whistled. "By gosh, gentlemen, it don't sound right. Wouldn't it be cheaper to put a new boiler on the Fifteen, an' fix her up like new?"

"We'd cut down our repair bill if we did that, and we'd also save much more than the cost of a new engine," Steve admitted. "But here's the other side of the matter. Good as the old Fifteen is, her general design is out of date. What I mean is, a locomotive plant can turn out an engine that would have the same wheel arrangement, would look almost the same as she does, and would be no bigger, but which would nevertheless be a lot different. With the same amount of fuel a modern engine would do one-third again as much work."

The gold miner nodded. "I guess you know what you're doin'," he conceded.

"Another thing," Brownie piped up, warming to the idea, "a new engine would be designed especially for us. And wait till we get going on those plans. Oh, boy! We'll have a locomotive that *is* a locomotive!"

"One Helluva Fine Locomotive"

THAT afternoon the boomers wired East to the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Then they rounded up the chief owners of the Fast Line and put the deal up to them. The plans were O.K'd almost unanimously. The only kick came from a fat, bald-headed stockholder who thought the new engine should be gas-electric. However, he didn't have a chance. Nothing but steam power would do for a boomer pike.

During the next two or three days, while waiting for the visit of a Baldwin man, they attacked the problem of bus and truck competition from other angles. Carefully they studied plans for the highway opening which were printed in the newspapers. Official arrangements fitted in perfectly with their own secret scheme.

"So far, so good," chortled the irrepressible Brownie. "What a Labor Day this will be!"

"The highway parallels our track for eight miles, too!" exulted Steve, his eyes twinkling. "When I think of what that means . . ."

The two partners laid their plans. They took only Red Stanley, Jake Heinzen, and one or two others into their confidences. With the holiday a few weeks away, they hastened to arrange for every detail.

Heinzen devoted most of his waking time to the plans.

"Gentlemen," he asserted, "the best way to win a fight is to win before it gets started. By golly, I'm sure proud of you boys!"

Three days after they sent their telegram, a Baldwin representative named H. L. Jensen arrived in Junction City. Brownie and Steve were the enginemen that afternoon, and their guest in the cab was Mr. Jensen. The newcomer was enthusiastic.

"I've heard a lot about you fellows," Jensen told them. "We in Philadelphia have been following your progress keenly. We feel that you are opening the eyes of railroad officials everywhere. Needless to say, we'll cooperate to the limit in producing the type of engine you require."

"Thanks," said Steve. "And if you want to get an idea of the motive power we need, keep your eyes open all the way to Gold Slope. We'll try to make this run a little faster than usual, just to show you."

Their "consist" that trip was three loaded box cars and the usual gayly colored combination baggage and day coach. Fortunately all three cars were bound for Gold Slope, and there were no passengers for the town of Speakes or Dominion. That left them with only two brief stops in the fifty miles.

They started to ramble at once. Steve was at the throttle and Mr. Jensen stood behind him.

"You see," Steve shouted above the noise of their motion, "we need an engine with more reserve power. Our schedule is less than an hour for the fifty miles. Sometimes, when we have a stop or two, it takes longer because this old girl can't get off her knees and start running fast enough."

"You want to travel better than seventy, I take it," yelled the visitor.

"Sure!" replied Steve. "And we want to be able to make ninety without pushing the engine. Whenever we hit eighty or more with this girl, I get the feeling that I'm expecting too much from her."

But the 15 was in good humor today. They pushed her far beyond eighty on the straight stretch between Dominion and Funnell, and arrived in Gold Slope 54 minutes after leaving Junction City. There they left the engine in care of Stanley's helper, while the three men trotted over to Jake Heinzen's beanery for dinner, where Red and Jake were waiting for them.

Despite his long, white mustache, his bay-window front, and his quavering voice, Jake was a youth in spirit. His life's afternoon had seemed to be darkening steadily before the boomers came, but now the sun was shining gloriously, and to Jake it seemed almost like morning again. He was glad

to live over again the early days of his railroad career.

"Gentlemen!" the inevitable salute, only heartier than ever, met them as they stepped in the door. "I have arranged a special table," he told them. "And the finest dinner yet."

After the usual introductions, Brownie turned to the man from the East and said: "We'd be tickled to death to have you join us."

Which the hotelkeeper was eager to do.

DURING the first part of the meal they said little about motive power, but when the waiter cleared the table and went out after a "specially-made apple strudel" that Jake himself had helped to bake, Mr. Jensen brought up the subject.

"As I see it," he began, "what the B.F.L. wants is another small engine—say one that weighs around sixty tons without tender. And you want her to develop her best horsepower at high speeds."

"That's it exactly," put in Brownie. "We've been getting all the dope we could on the Milwaukee's new streamlined Atlantic type—the one that pulls the Hiawatha. Now the thing that impresses us most about her is not her streamlining, but the fact that she develops her highest horsepower at speeds of eighty to a hundred miles an hour. As we understand it, this is due to the size of her boiler and drivers as compared to her other dimensions. The result is that she can accelerate very fast at high speed."

"You've put the whole case very well," the Baldwin man complimented him. "In other words, her boiler is big enough, and her cylinders are small enough to allow them to move back and forth at a terrific rate of speed without lowering the steam pressure."

"What size drivers do you think we oughta have?" Red inquired.

"For a machine as small as yours, I'd say eighty or eighty-two inches," Jensen replied.

"And how about the cylinders and steam pressure?"

"Oh, offhand, let's say the cylinders will be fifteen inches in diameter, with an eighteen-inch stroke, and the steam pressure about three hundred and fifty pounds."

"Gosh, they're small cylinders!"

"Yeh," reminded Steve," but look at the high pressure."

Jensen thought a moment.

"Well, here's our problem," he said. "We've got to carry at least sixty or sixty-five thousand pounds on the drivers. Seventy would be better. However, that calls for more than fifteen thousand pounds as your tractive force. If it is less, your engine will not start snappily; if it is more, she will slip her drivers."

"I see," Brownie put in, "in order to develop that much tractive force our drivers can't be too big, our cylinders can't be too small, and our pressure must be high."

"Exactly," replied Jensen, "but as soon as we get into higher pressures we have to think of heavier and stronger boilers."

"Which means more weight on the drivers," Red caught up the vicious circle, "and we're right back where we started."

The Baldwin man laughed. "Now you see how important proper balance is in a really efficient, high-speed engine. Back in the old days they used to design the cylinders so big that every time they made a stroke they took away half the steam from the boiler. The result was that the engine

could pull a lot but snailed along at fifteen miles an hour with its load."

"I don't doubt that you experts have the problem solved," Steve remarked with a grin. "Now, we'll tell you exactly what we want. You draw up the specifications, we'll look 'em over and O.K. 'em, and we'll give you half the price in advance, and the rest when you're finished."

"I SUPPOSE, of course," the Philadelphian suggested, "that you boys will want us to build a streamlined shroud over the engine, so she'll be strictly up to the minute in every respect."

"A streamlined shroud?" Steve and Red shouted the words together, while Jake started out of the doze he had fallen into during the discussion.

"Say, mister," Brownie warned Jensen. "We wouldn't have a streamlined shroud on a pushcart. Don't you dare to streamline a single nut or bolt on that engine. If we can't make schedules without a lot of tinplate hung on our locomotive, we don't want to make 'em at all. No, sir! You can wrap her and deliver her in cellophane, but for Pete's sake, keep the sheet metal roofing on houses where it belongs!"

Red Stanley echoed the opinion. "However," he countered, "I think it would be a good stunt to finish her in stainless steel, or aluminum, or somethin' like that. We can make her a second 'Silver Engine.' She'd be the only locomotive of her kind in America, an' you know what swell advertisin' that'd be."

"It would, all right," Steve smiled. "We'd have all the ten thousand members of the International Engine Picture Club out here taking snapshots of her."

"Why not?" Jensen returned. "You could sell 'em all round trip tickets, too."

"Not a bad idea," the big fellow agreed. "But let's get back to the engine. Another thing we don't want is a lot of fancy experimental devices hung on her. I can't see much economy in paying a man eight dollars a day to look after some doggone thing-amajigs that save a dollar a day in fuel."

"That's the idea!" chorused his short partner. "Make her lines simple; keep her junk below her running board, don't worry about fitting her with an air reverse and see that everything is easy to get at."

Jake shook his head as they got up from the table. "By golly," he gave his benediction to the meeting, "she'll be one helluva fine locomotive when she is finished. That gol-darn sleuth, Mike Meadows, will have plenty of competition."

For two days they pow-wowed over the proposed eight-wheeler, and when Mr. Jensen finally packed up and headed back to Philadelphia, he went with a check for $12,500 in his pocket. Under his arm were the rough plans for what was to be just about the slickest 4-4-0 ever built, and in his heart was more enthusiasm for the great game of railroading than he'd ever known before.

WITH the problem of a new engine disposed of, the partners decided to tackle the bus and truck situation in earnest. Although the Baldwin Works was rushing their order, they could not expect their "superpower" until late fall or early winter. In the meantime they had to do the best they could with the old 15-spot.

They had neither the money nor in-

clination to buy a new passenger coach. True enough, the old one would contrast strangely with the new engine. But by the time she arrived, Steve and Brownie promised each other, she would not be recognizable as the old combination car they had picked up a year and a half ago on the Junction City dead line of the Northern System.

For a whole week the two pals turned over the operation of the road to Red Stanley and his enginemen, and only once or twice were they able to take charge of a train themselves. But they were not loafing. They were hunting up and down the countryside for an old bus.

An old bus? That and nothing else. They had reasons. As Brownie put it, "What gets my goat is the way the railroads sit back and let the bus people run off with their passenger business. Even if they were too dumb to reduce fares and put the bus companies out of business—even if they were too sleepy to realize that people would be willing to pay more on a train if schedules would be re-arranged to suit their convenience—the least they could have done was to tell the people how gosh-awful most busses are. Well, we're going to."

Two days later they found their gas buggy. It was ready for the junk pile, but it was no worse than thousands of other busses being operated on the nation's highways every day. At first the company wanted $350 for it, but Steve succeeded in beating them down to practically n o t h i n g, explaining that he wanted it only as scrap.

"Why not get part of that money back?" suggested Brownie. "We won't need the motor and mechanical parts. Maybe a junk dealer would take them off our hands."

"Sometimes I think there's hope for you yet," Steve grinned. "Now and then you actually seem intelligent."

The idea was a good one. By the end of the day the partners found a man who gave them as much for the motor as they had paid for the whole thing. In addition, they made him tow the bus to the railroad yard, where it was loaded on a flat car for the 200-mile trip to Junction City.

The next day they had their little section gang down in the Junction City freight yard. With a borrowed truck they towed the shell of a bus over to the B.F.L. tracks. Here the tires were taken off and the outside of her rims flattened down. Then she was hauled on to the Fast Line rails, where she stood, solemn and forlorn, sagging body and weather-chipped paint—the perfect picture of rickety transportation.

Late that night, two hours after the evening train had arrived in Gold Slope, Steve and Brownie mounted to the cab of the 15. With only Red Stanley along, they slipped out of the Gold Slope terminal and ran light to Junction City. Stealing into the yard, they hooked onto the old bus body with some heavy rope. Slowly they pulled her behind them, while Red ran alongside and made sure the bus' rims were sufficient to hold her on the rails.

Then they stopped. Red fastened an air-hose extension to the angle-cock of the locomotive. The other end he passed under the windshield of the bus. Getting into the driver's seat, he signaled the fellow conspirators to start. Slowly they moved off into the darkness with the bus in tow.

"This old wreck," Brownie explained to Red as he carefully guided the slow-moving locomotive with its strange load, "will be Exhibit Number

One in the war of the Boomers' Fast Line against the bus and truck menace. We'll show that bull, Mike Meadows, a thing or two."

THAT, however did not complete their plans for the Labor Day celebration. There was still the truck side of the affair to be taken care of. The next day old Jim Cornish went down to Junction City and borrowed an ancient truck. Although the vehicle was on its last legs, he managed to drive the thing to Gold Slope where he parked it near the B.F.L. roundhouse.

Then Steve and Brownie got the local printer to make up ten thousand circus-type handbills, which they paid for with railroad tickets. In box-car letters these bills announced the great transportation show at Gold Slope, Calif., on the afternoon of Labor Day. Admission was to be free, refreshments were to be served, and everyone attending was to receive a handsome souvenir.

As usual, the newspapers were glad to tell the world about the latest activities of the Boomers' Fast Line. This time, of course, their doings were somewhat overshadowed by reports on the progress of the new highway and Michael Meadows' plans for celebrating the opening of his bus and truck service.

Junction County was in a lather of excitement. The boomers had guarded their movements well. Although some news had leaked out about their singular purchase, nobody outside of their own " officials " had any idea what was in store for them.

Handbills were plastered on fence posts, barns and trees along the new highway. The electrically-lighted billboard across from the Junction City railroad station, which also faced the bus depot, solemnly announced the most startling and stupendous transportation exhibit of all time.

Every home and store in Junction City and in all six towns along the fifty miles of railroad between it and Gold Slope got a card telling about the event. The cards, incidentally, were distributed free of charge by local members of the International Engine Picture Club, who were championing the iron road.

Most of the people in Junction City were getting used to the " antics " of the Boomers' Fast Line, but now they felt that something big was going to happen. However, those who were " in the know " had sealed their lips. When anybody asked about the plans, they answered casually:

" Oh, that transportation exhibit? It's coming right along. You'll find it educational."

Three days before the holiday the entire personnel of the Boomers' Fast Line was drafted into the task of preparing the much-heralded e x h i b i t. There was much pounding and sawing within the combined roundhouse and shop at Gold Slope; while the 15-spot stood outside when she wasn't running, unhoused and neglected. Many yards of heavy cotton cloth were carried into the shed, and pails of black paint went after them.

THE night before Labor Day was a hot one in Gold Slope—in more ways than one. Jake had organized a big party, to which anyone who could get in was invited. The afternoon train from Junction City had been crowded with passengers, some of them coming up to Gold Slope to stay for the night.

Most of the crew of the B.F.L. that wasn't on duty came to the party. Be-

tween his runs as conductor of the morning train, and his duties as advisory vice president and member of the board, and his position as hotel owner, Jake had found time to organize a Boomers' Band—and it was a good one.

This night the band played its peppiest, the young folks danced, the gold miners and the townspeople let off steam; and in the exuberance of the moment all thoughts of tomorrow were banished. No one seemed to be worrying over the serious competition of a bus and truck service that was to be put on by Mike Meadows.

At quarter of eleven Brownie Baker slipped out into the hall, where he waited. A few minutes later big Steve Caldor and Red Stanley joined him. Together they walked over to the roundhouse, where the 15 was standing with steam up. They hooked onto the lone passenger car, and with dimmed headlight backed down to a siding where a flat car from a foreign road, recently unloaded, stood ghostly and silent. They coupled to it and then pushed the train to the enginehouse.

After ten minutes of almost noiseless maneuvering, they backed out, slowly towing the old bus behind the flat car. In the darkness the gas buggy looked much the same as it had looked when they dragged it in. But darkness covers a lot of things.

Still working easily, they rigged up an incline on which they pushed the old truck. After minutes of cranking, they suceeded in starting it. Working swiftly now, before the noise would call attention to them, they drove the truck up onto the flat car and blocked it there. When everything was in shape they widened on the throttle of the 15 and pushed the load onto the main. Then, without stopping, they glided down toward Junction City, and out of sight around the first curve.

Four hours later the engine and passenger coach came back to Gold Slope, and the boomers went to their hotel rooms. The party was still going strong, but they turned in for the night.

Not all of them had retired. Two of the night force were staying behind to watch the mysterious train, which had been set on a siding down below Dominion.

A Bad Day for Mike

NEXT morning the sun came up into a clear sky. The whole county was celebrating its happiest Labor Day in twenty years. At Junction City big shots were arriving, ready to take part in the opening of the new highway from that city to the Gold Slope mining country.

At exactly noon the lieutenant governor of the state would cut the ribbon in two, and a long cavalcade of cars, led by the official automobiles, would move slowly up to Gold Slope. Immediately behind the officials would be the first commercial truck and passenger bus of Michael Meadows' new company.

The former railroad dick had named his transportation system the P.D.Q. Company. He had felt that he must match the wit of the boomers with his own, and this was the result.

While things were getting started down in Junction City, the boomers ran their usual morning train to town and back. It left Gold Slope at 8 and arrived at Junction City fifty-five minutes later. Returning, it departed

about 9.30 and pulled into the home terminal on time. So far nothing unusual had happened.

Instead of parking their engine and car on the shop track, to wait for the evening trip, the boomers turned the 15 around and got ready for another run. About that time the station platform, gaily decorated with flags and bunting, began to fill up with a crowd of railroad men and their friends. Among them was Jake and his band. By pre-arrangement they all piled aboard, and the 15 left town again.

They rambled on down through Funnell. Here the new highway paralleled the railroad all the way to the town of Dominion. It was on their right side, and as Steve, who was running the engine, looked out at it he could not restrain his merriment.

"What an exhibition!" he chuckled. "The progress of transportation!" Brownie laughed, too. "The P. D. Q. stands for progress, doesn't it?" he asked cryptically.

For eight miles they followed the highway. Then a short distance above the town of Dominion it veered to the left and crossed the railroad, missing the town entirely because of the hills around it, and following a more circuitous route down to Junction City.

The boomers had parked their strange train on an old siding just south of Dominion. They sped through town, stopped for the siding switch, and then nosed in for their "train."

MEANWHILE, the festivities in Junction City was getting under way. Meadows' truck and bus were all slicked up, and the letters "P.D.Q." two feet high and laid on with real gold leaf, shone like the ramparts of heaven. It was his big day. For years the former bull had been hated and insulted by railroad men. Now he'd have his revenge.

About one o'clock the celebrities arrived, the crowd grew impatient, and the ceremony began. To tell the truth, most of the people wanted to get up to Gold Slope and see what the railroaders had to offer, and they were seizing this chance to get a free ride.

The lieutenant governor, fortunately, was too hot and uncomfortable to speak at great length. He mumbled a few words to the effect that progress could not be stayed, and cut the pretty ribbon which opened the road.

There was a mighty rumble as the scores of cars started their motors. A sprinkling of cheers went up, and the new highway was officially dedicated.

The procession moved at a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. Meadows had hired a "professional" band which was blasting forth in great style, and the mayor of Junction City was pointing out places of interest along the way.

It was not exactly a pleasant parade. The weather was hot and dry, and there were too many speeches. At each town along the way they stopped while the lieutenant governor stopped long enough to speak a few words of wisdom, kiss some child or other, and have his picture taken.

Finally the procession glided through Dominion and up to the straight-away which paralleled the Boomers' Fast Line right-of-way. It approached the tracks slowly. From the south the crossing was blind, and no engine or train could be seen until it was immediately upon the highway.

Just at that point a figure appeared on the tracks carrying a striped danger sign. The figure held up its hand, and at the same time a locomotive whistle

blast screamed forth. The parade came to a halt within a few feet of the rails.

The improvised crossing watchman was old Jim Cornish. Those of the crowd who recognized him were wondering what was up. There was a hush in the official conversation. Everybody gazed at the hill which cut off their view of the railroad.

Now they could hear a train approaching. It was not running fast, they knew. The officials fidgeted and waited and cussed.

AT length the 15-spot stuck her nose onto the highway. Her boiler followed her headlight, as it should, but behind her boiler was something else. There was *not* the usual cab and tender. Instead, there was a big white sign, twelve feet high and a hundred feet long. It completely covered the sides of the tender and the coach. On it were painted bold words with two-foot letters. They read:

TRANSPORTATION PROGRESS, 1934

One out of every 125 Americans is injured in highway traffic accidents and one out every 3,500 is killed.

IT'S YOUR TURN NEXT, BROTHER.

But that wasn't all. The big tent-like sign ended with the car, and trailing it was a flat car. On it was one of the neatest tableaux mortal man has ever seen. Planked square in its middle was the old truck. All four of its tires were flat. In front of it stood a motionless man, stooped down as if wrestling with the crank.

On its right front wheel another rigid railroader was simulating a weary tire-repairer who has found out his jack is too small for the car. In the cab was a thug with his feet hanging out the window. Spilling from its cracked-up sides were boxes of merchandise marked "Valuable" and "Perishable." Both its sides carried this caustic inscription, lettered on in bold yellow paint:

B. V. D. Transportation Service—Everywhere at Once!

Trailing behind the flat car, and setting up a terrific din, was the remains of the old bus Steve and Brownie had purchased a couple weeks ago. It had been carefully "put in shape" by Steve and Brownie. There were holes in its roof, and selected wreck gashes on all the sides.

The rig was pack-jammed with railroaders and their friends who acted as passengers. They were wedged in so tightly that their arms and legs were sticking out of the windows. Dressed up as a bus driver, with an old greasy army cap on his head, Jake Heinzen was bent over the wheel, for all the world sound asleep.

The outside of the bus had been provided not only with dents and bruises which told their story, but also with this inscription:

Progress Bus Lines, Inc.—This bus holds one horse or sixty men. Ride with us and you'll never forget it.

Next to every spot where Steve had used an ax to good effect was a placard pointing out little features which make bus riding so distinctive. Near a gaping hole in the side was the legend:

Note our patented one-piece side. Tests have shown that it's all a grown man can do to kick a hole in it.

The spectacle rooted the paraders speechless. The lieutenant governor hemmed and hawed and gulped, not knowing whether to laugh or be angry.

The mayor blinked. Mike Meadows' mouth gaped open.

It was not until the baffled procession had started up again, and the whole line was moving, that they realized how completely they had been taken in. For the next eight miles they had to run alongside this apparition on rails! The track literally hugged the highway all the way.

Up in the cab of the 15, Steve Caldor was doubled over with laughter. By no means serious himself, Brownie Baker carefully adjusted the pace of the engine to that of the parade, which by now was the next thing to a riot. Residents of Junction City who had driven up in the procession for the celebration were cheering wildly—that is, cheering the railroad men.

RAVING but undaunted, Meadows ordered his band to play. However, the band was pretty weak. Its members were enjoying the spectacle themselves, and when they finally got started half of them were playing one piece and the other half another.

Brownie pulled the whistle cord and held it down. A terrific, prolonged blast shrilled forth and completely d r o w n e d out the efforts of the Meadows band. Knowing they were licked, they faded away with a few plaintive *oompahs* and half-hearted drum beats.

The engine whistle stopped suddenly, and then another racket smote the ears of spectators. Jake Heinzen's railroad band was holding forth inside the coach. The bandsmen were putting all they had into a lively march, most of which came from instruments which were far less musical than noisy.

Mike Meadows was sore. His freckled face was red all over. Those railroad fools were turning his triumph into a farce. Desperately he passed the word along to speed up.

The head car finally accelerated. But so did the train. The automobiles ran faster still, and still the engine kept pace. By now the band was going as fast as anything else, and everybody in the parade except the officials and the former railroad dick was roaring with laughter.

Just then one of the leading cars got too close to the fresh dirt shoulder of the pavement. Its right wheel swerved, and the car pitched to one side, and the automobile behind it crashed into it. A moment later four automobiles were tangled up, and the parade itself had completely halted.

The train halted, too. Members of the International Engine Picture Club got out to take pictures of the scene. In the twenty minutes that it took to straighten out the mess, the officials and highwaymen were boiling over. Jake's band blared on as though it were inspired. The figures around the truck and in the bus came to life and tossed over plenty of useless advice.

It was humiliating to Meadows. Even the mayor and the lieutenant governor no longer tried to keep straight faces.

AGAIN the procession got under way. Again the train stuck close to it. And when the highway turned away from the tracks at Funnell, the boomers pushed on to Gold Slope. They knew the parade would stop at Funnell for the usual speeches and picture-taking, and they hoped to arrive in Gold Slope in time to welcome it there.

They had to travel slowly because of the trailing bus, but they arrived with time to spare. The new highway ran directly by the station, again paral-

leling the railroad tracks for the length of the town.

As soon as the train was parked in a convenient position, the boomers arranged for the permanent exhibition. They dragged out a pile of newly painted anti-truck signs and hung them on the bus and truck. They re-arranged their tableaux so that when the photographers came they would find everything spotted just right.

The highway ceremonies in Gold Slope had been planned to take place in front of the town hall, a block away from Heinzen's Hotel. Curiously enough, the "transportation exhibit" track was within a stone's throw of it. Not very curious was the fact that the railroad display attracted most of the crowd. Old Jake had outdone himself on the refreshments. The souvenir, too, was attractive. It was a fine glossy photo of the 15-spot.

Reporters from the Junction City newspapers had a field day. It was a swell chance to do some clever writing. Even the worst of them could write an amusing feature about this Labor Day fete. As for the press photographers, they found the "transportation exhibit" the best subject matter in weeks.

Late in the afternoon the operating chiefs of the Boomer's Fast Line consented to be interviewed in the Gold Slope station. Big, easy-going Steve Caldor acted as spokesman. Around him were bunched the others: Brownie Baker, still dressed in overalls and engineman's cap, and a deliberate smudge of black on his cheek; Jake Heinzen, wearing the grotesque bus-driver uniform; the freckle-faced Red Stanley, with a spanner wrench dangling at his side; and old Jim Cornish, chewing tobacco and sporting his well-known "Jim Brady" diamond ring and heavy gold watch chain.

Steve answered the questions easily.

"I'll tell you why we did all this," he drawled. "We ain't like most pikes. They're too matter of fact. We try to be human. That's why we got this exhibit together. . . ."

DISASTROUS as his celebration was, Mike Meadows was far from giving up. The boomers' railroad was operating to capacity, and Mike figured to get his share of the business, both passenger and freight. Indeed, the ex-bull was sure of *some* traffic. The big transcontinental truck and bus lines which passed through Junction City routed all their people and goods via the P.D.Q., and that helped a little.

The fight went on. The boomers did not rest on their laurels. When they weren't working on the railroad they were working against the highwaymen. For example, employees of the road and rail enthusiasts refused to deal with storekeepers who shipped via truck or rode on the bus. As a result, Mike got very little of their business.

Meadows' freight schedule was flexible. He ran the truck whenever there was anything to haul. His bus made a pretense of operating by timetable, completing one trip to Gold Slope each morning and returning in the afternoon. With stops, the journey required two hours or more each way, and although the round trip fare was only seventy-five cents, the greater part of the bus passengers came through from distant points. Returning from Gold Slope, the conveyance was generally empty. The boomers had done the job well. Thus far the railroad had not felt any serious inroads from highway competition.

Reports from the East indicated that the new locomotive would be ready

some time before Christmas. Steve and Brownie let drop a hint where it would do the most good, and the rumors about the new motive power took some astounding twists. The boomers neither denied nor affirmed them.

A week after Labor Day as many of the directors of the Boomers' Fast Line as could be rounded up met in a room at Heinzen's to take stock of the situation. As president of the line, Steve Caldor made the report. It wasn't cut and dried or prepared beforehand. Steve knew what he had to say without thinking up a speech to say it in.

During the first five months of the year, he summed up, the road had hauled an average of a hundred persons a day, from whom they had collected an average of thirty cents apiece. Although the fare from Gold Slope to Junction City was fifty cents—a cent a mile—the average was much less because of the short haul business between towns along the line, and also the daily-except-Sunday trips from Gold Slope to Gold Camp, another ten miles.

Thus total passenger revenues had amounted to $5,460. Freight revenues, despite the low rates they had set, were approximately eight times as much. The number of men on salary averaged twenty-five—all boomers, of course. Expenses for the first half of the year had been around $38,000.

"Although this includes many things you'll never find listed in the books of a big company," Steve pointed out, "there are many things in the books of big companies that you'll never find in ours. I don't doubt that another company could have operated this pike for much less than what we paid for the six months. We could cut that sum in half ourselves. Instead, we plowed back a great part of our earnings into improvements, whereas the big railroads have to pay them out as interest to bankers."

APPLAUSE greeted this statement, and Steve went on, warming up to the subject:

"What's a railroad for, anyway? I'll tell you, fellows. *It's to provide efficient, low-cost, safe transportation to the people who use it, and to earn a livelihood for the men who work on it.* Our road is doing just that. Every one of our stockholders is now an employee in some capacity.

"We have outstanding thirty-five thousand dollars worth of stock—at least, that's what we sold it for. We were hoping to be able to turn back five thousand dollars in dividends to you employee-stockholders at this time. However, as you know, our new locomotive is going to cost twenty-five thousand. I have already given a check for twelve thousand five hundred as half payment. That practically eats up the earnings for the first half of the year.

"The question is whether or not we shall distribute a dividend. As you know, we have a reserve fund of ten thousand in the bank. We could use part of that."

Financial talk usually bored old Jim Cornish. Tonight, however, he was listening keenly. He got up as soon as Steve put the question.

"I ain't much good as an employee," he apologized. "An' I don't have tuh depend right now upon either salary or dividend. But just thuh same, I own more stock than any uh you. Now, I hope I'm makin' myself clear when I say that if yuh declare a dividend I fer one will refuse it. Of course, I know some of our boys ain't so well fixed as I am. Howsomever, you've

paid 'em good wages, an' I think they can wait a bit longer."

"That is right," Jake Heinzen burst out. "None of them would have any stock if you had not given it to them as their wages first."

Steve grinned. "Does anybody object?" he asked.

Nobody did.

"Well," he went on. "We'll pay the rest on the new engine out of the reserve fund, and then re-deposit the amount as soon as we get it. Of course, that will cut down your chances for extra money next winter, too. Another thing. We've gotta straighten out a couple curves and buy some snow-fighting equipment, which will take *more* money. We spent a lot on supplies this spring, and we won't have to do it again in the fall. The decrease here will take care of the extra expense. On the other hand, it may not."

Steve sat down, and Brownie got up.

"I'll make it snappy," he began. "I just want to remind you we're fighting bus and truck competition. Meadows isn't doing much business. He's just hauling enough to keep him going. If we can string him along until winter sets in, Old Man Winter will do the rest.

"But it's going to take a little money. I realize that it is wasteful for us to spend money which rightfully belongs to the people in order to fight another form of transportation. But don't forget that it was sheer waste for Meadows to start his line in the first place, and the highway itself comes very close to being wasteful. We're all paying for that, but some of us don't know it. Shall we or shall we not be allowed to spend a reasonable amount? Whatever you say goes."

He paused and looked around.

There was no argument. From the shout that greeted his words Brownie knew he had a clear board.

The New High-Speed Schedule

THE first thing Brownie did was to provide for permanent anti-bus advertising on the sides of the B.F.L. passenger coach. The gaudy stripes which had formerly betrayed its coming for miles were painted out with white, and over the white were words of praise for the safety of the railroads and censure for the bad records of their highway competitors. The Fast Line train looked like a traveling billboard. For that matter, it was—and just as effective as any traveling billboard.

Next, the operating vice president arranged for a permanent exhibition of railroad pictures at the Gold Slope station. The entire upper floor of the station had been painted and renewed for the purpose. With the help of the publicity departments of the various big railroads, they issued a call for pictures from all over the country.

Each month they would be judged, and the owner of the most interesting photo was to be given a prize, the prize being a week's excursion up to Gold Slope from Junction City, with all expenses paid. Included was a trip in the cab of the Fast Line's engine.

This contest was not expensive. The winner would put up at Jake's hotel. His trip over the road would cost nothing. And the other railroads, which were now waking up to the advantages of advertising, were providing trans-

portation to and from Junction City.

Another point in Brownie's program was to beautify the station grounds at Gold Slope. There was not a park in town, and what it had in colorful characters it certainly made up in drab buildings and lots. At first Brownie was stumped on how to do it. Landscape architecture, he knew only too well, meant spending money. And then he hit upon an idea that would work in more ways than one.

The Boomers' Fast Line had been troubled with hoboes who were trying to beat their way from Junction City to the gold camps. At first Steve and Brownie pretended they didn't see them, but later on they were annoyed by so many Weary Willies and Panhandle Petes that they had to kick them all off.

Brownie's idea now was to let them ride free—in return for two hours' work at Gold Slope. There was one hitch in this plan. The small coach, even after it had been altered, seated only 50 people, and often wouldn't accommodate its regular pay passengers. It was Jake who thought their way out of the difficulty.

"Why not let them ride the rods?" he suggested. "We could lay boards across and make a fine platform that would be as safe anyhow as a highway bus."

"I'll be hanged!" Brownie congratulated the older man. "Not only that, Jake, but we'll put cushions on the boards. And we'll install seats on the back of the tender. Then we'll spread the news. The only railroad in America to provide cushions and safety platforms for bums who ride the rods!"

Gradually all of these ideas fell into step. The anti-bus advertising hit hard. One of the Junction City newspapers, *The Globe*, complained about the rules of fair play being disregarded, but its rival, *The Telegraph*, declared that "while such tactics are unprecedented, they aren't necessarily unfair." Moreover, *The Telegraph* pointed out, the railroad so far had been careful to confine its statements to the strict truth, and that while the truth probably hurt, it was not illegal.

MIKE MEADOWS was madder than a wet hen every time he saw the car with its funereal message in black and white, warning citizens against the perils of highway travel. One day he met Steve Caldor in the station at Junction City.

"I'm sick and tired of this damn foolishness," he blustered. "You fellows better lay off if you know what's good for you."

Steve returned a cold stare. "Come on up here," he said calmly, "and sit down a minute!"

The tall rangy boomer led the way to his locomotive cab. Meadows followed and sat on the fireman's seatbox, which Brownie had vacated for him.

"Now what's your trouble, mister?"

"That there sign you have painted on the side of your car is insulting and libelous," the former bull accused. "Unless you take it down at once I'm goin' to get a lawyer an' sue you fellows for damages."

"Why, that's funny," Steve replied slowly. "I didn't know your name was on it anywhere."

"It ain't."

"Well, what's the matter then?"

"What's the matter?" Meadows shouted. "Why, it's hurting my business. That's what's the matter."

"Gee, that's awful!" Brownie injected solemnly as he shook his head and scratched his chin.

Mike Meadows rose and clenched his fist. "You dirty, little—" he began. Mike's fist was huge and horny. Before he had taken a step Brownie was fondling the coal pick. Meadows sank back. The boomer fireman laughed.

"I was just going to say," Brownie resumed the conversation from a different angle, "that coal picks are a lot heavier than they were in the days when I started to railroad. By gosh, Steve, do you know that I once broke a new pick over the head of a Santa Fe bull in Kansas City, and that dope hardly felt it? But you take this one here." He lifted up the pick, scanning it closely. "Why, it's some pick. I'd match it against *any* thick-skulled company policeman."

Meadows grunted, turned on his heel, slid to the ground, and stomped away.

THE bait for hauling bums free was unbelievably successful. The boomers had printed posters announcing the "new, de luxe Pullman service for all bona fide hoboes." It was not only good news for the tramps but it was first page stuff in newspapers throughout the land.

Results were overwhelming. Every time the train pulled into Junction City a line of "blanket stiffs" was waiting for it.

The Only Railroad in America to Provide Cushions and Safety Platforms for Bums Who Ride the Rods!

Just as Brownie surmised, this novel experiment stimulated passenger business by provoking tourist curiosity. Most of the passengers enjoyed the idea of the thing, and hundreds rode merely for the thrill.

The sad-looking station at Gold Slope began to show results. A large lawn and flower beds had been laid out. A neat driveway was projected from Main Street. The passenger platform was entirely rebuilt. Gold Slope actually began to look human.

"We haven't had a trace of bad luck since we started our new policy," Brownie told the Junction City reporters. "Most people think hoboes are criminals. Some of 'em are—but not the ones who come up here to get a free ride on our pike.

"All the other railroads pay salaries to policemen to keep hoboes off their property. We welcome them. As a result, we get a lot of work done for nothing."

"What about kids riding freight cars?" a reporter piped up.

"Nothing doing!" Brownie's reply was emphatic. "We're just as keen for safety first as the Southern Pacific is, or any of the other big roads. Not even members of the International Engine Picture Club are permitted to ride freight—especially if they are under age."

Within a couple of months the picture exhibition was assuming undreamed-of proportions. The engine photo prize winners were escorted up and down the road; their pictures were taken and published by alert newspaper men, and reports of B.F.L. doings were relayed far and wide by the press associations.

When Thanksgiving Day rolled around, business was still increasing. Enterprising property owners, convinced that Gold Slope was on the map to stay, made plans to erect a block or two of new buildings. Real estate promoters were coming up "to look things over." Shrewdly pooh-poohing the chances of the town's ever amounting to anything, they stealthily inspected favorable property on the outskirts of town.

"Fellers," Jake told Steve and Brownie exultantly the night after the first property shark was sighted on the streets, "we are in for a boom."

"I thought we had one already," Brownie replied.

"No no, I mean a property boom," Jake explained. "Real estate promoters—lots and sub-divisions."

"Oh, I see," said Steve. "The kind of subdividers who take a hundred-dollar acre and subdivide it into a dozen two hundred-dollar lots."

"Sure, that's it," approved Jake. "They're bad. They make a boom, sell property at high prices, and then beat it. The sucker who buys later finds that his property is not worth half of what he paid."

Brownie slapped his leg. "By gosh!" he said. "That's an angle of the railroad business I never thought of. Why can't we take over the land around town on a commission basis and sell it for the owners at fair prices? The more people we get up here, the more traffic our road hauls. We'll line up the owners and get permission to act as agents. Then we'll sell the land at a higher price than the owners could ever get from the sharks, and at a lower price than the little fellows could ever buy from them."

"Good idea!" Jake enthused.

THE boomers lost no time. They pulled Red Stanley out of service temporarily and went to the saloon

where they picked up old Jim Cornish.

Red was sent down to the county courthouse at Junction City to obtain the property lineup, while Jake was to hustle over to the town hall and look up all the available records there. Cornish was to take Jake's place as conductor of the evening train. Brownie and Steve would make the rounds of the known property owners and put the matter up to them.

Thus the Boomers' Fast Line ventured into real estate. Within a week prices had been stabilized, plenty of property was available, and the newspapers were giving free publicity to the innovation.

This, in itself, produced a small boom. Right at the start, excited by the prospects of buying valuable land cheaply, hundreds of people pulled up stakes and headed for Gold Slope. Many of them hoped to resell after prices went up. But Brownie and Steve spiked their plans.

"Property may go up and down in dollars and cents, but it is never actually worth any more than its honest value," they announced. "We won't let prices rise beyond that value. Everyone who buys land must sign an agreement that he will not only use it, but will not attempt to sell it at a greater price within five years. The higher a skyrocket goes, the farther it has to fall. We don't want skyrocket prices. If you intend to come here and live, we welcome you. If you intend to come here and speculate, you are requested to stay away."

"I see where business picks up next spring," Brownie commented. "Every one of 'em aims to build, and most of 'em figure on waiting until the end of winter."

"Mike Meadows will probably cash in on a little of it," big Steve growled. "It looks as though he'll manage to sneak through the winter. We good citizens are paying for a new highway snow remover to keep the asphalt clean for him."

With Lawyer Anderson, the B.F.L. attorney in Junction City, finally put in charge of the land office, the boomers gave attention to other problems. Most immediate of all was the new locomotive. It would be ready in a couple of weeks. After much arguing on the matter, the management decided on the number. Jake had thought that No. 1 would be best, while the others had put forward various suggestions, somewhat more imaginative. Brownie championed No. 1000.

"In the first place," he maintained, "it sounds like more than almost any other one. Secondly, it is the same type as the famous Nine Ninety-nine, and closely resembles it in many details. At the same time it's one jump ahead of her. What could be more fitting, then, than number One Thousand?"

His suggestion carried the day. No. 1000 she would be, and instructions to that effect were dispatched back East.

CERTAIN of her date of delivery, the boomers lost no time in telling the world about her. But they didn't tell too much. They assured reporters that she was being built under the utmost secrecy and was designed to startle the big railroads "out of their shells."

In his rambling dissertation on the subject, the only time Steve came near the truth was when he informed the newspaper men that her most distinctive feature was her obviousness. Not knowing a great deal about engines, and thinking perhaps that Steve didn't know what "obviousness" meant, the reporters quoted him exactly.

Steve Caldor went down to Junction City and called on Superintendent Byers of the Northern System. Byers was tickled to see him. And refusing to talk about anything until he got the confidential dope on the new locomotive, Byers listened intently as Steve explained. When the boomer was finished he laughed uproariously.

"It's too good to believe," he congratulated the visitor. "And I hope you do everything with it that I think you will do. Why," he changed the subject somewhat, "do you know, I might have been holding down the operating vice president's job on this road if I hadn't been hostile to the big power craze?"

There was an awkward silence. Steve broke it.

"What I came for was to find out how the chances are to rent a passenger coach for a week or so before the One Thousand is due," he told Byers. "Do you have anything handy around here?"

The super thought a minute, then decided he did. Together they went out and looked it over. It was a combination car of much the same vintage as the one the boomers now owned. Steve decided on it—provided the car wouldn't cost too much.

The super suggested five dollars a day, and Steve approved. Arrangements were made, the two men chewed the rag a while longer, and Steve left in time to catch the afternoon train back to Gold Slope.

TWO weeks later—on a Tuesday, to be exact—there was much excitement in Gold Slope and Junction City. The new B.F.L. locomotive was due to arrive on the noon freight over the Continental. She would be boarded up, of course, and her side rods would be down; but everyone was so anxious to look at her that even her arrival was news.

A delegation of engine picture fans was waiting at the yard limits at the east end of Junction City. A Continental switch crew was held in reserve in order to pull her from the train as soon as it arrived and shunt her over to the Fast Line tracks in time to make the evening train back to Gold Slope.

In truth, the 1000 was worth the trouble. Never before in the country's history had any railroad seen a locomotive like her. As engines go, she was tiny. She was a simple American type, with the usual four-wheel leading truck and four drivers. Her clean-cut boiler was set as far down as it could go, but even at that it seemed unusually high.

Her stack was short and slightly tapered, and behind it, in perfect symmetry and presenting a straight line to the eye, were the sand box, steam dome and cab roof.

To provide her ample boiler with enough heat, her firebox was much longer than usual on American types. Yet her tender was slightly smaller than that of the 15, since the size of the fuel compartment was reduced. The spokes on her 82-inch drivers were thin and graceful, and the tires were only three inches thick, thus exaggerating the apparent size of her wheels.

Because she wore a graceful pointed "cowcatcher," much longer than those now in vogue, her front drawbar was extended more than usual to permit her to couple to any kind of equipment. Her stainless steel main rod was connected to her first pair of drivers, and her glistening Walschaert valve gear controlled the movement of the latest type of piston valves.

There was no junk on her. In the

cab was a good old-fashioned Johnson bar. On each side of her boiler was a simple lifting injector. Missing was the battery of incidental gages that adorns most modern engines. Missing, too, was the conglomeration of pipes which hang under the cab.

But the most distinctive feature—the thing that hit all beholders in the eye and demanded their attention—was her finish. From toe to heel she was clothed in stainless steel and aluminum. In the sun she was light itself.

Brownie was ecstatic. "Did you ever see anything like it? Why, Steve, she's the spirit of the new transportation. A combination of the best in the Old and the New. Light weight, high speed, flexibility, low cost and knockout looks. What more could any road ask?"

That afternoon the boomers announced their train would be late in arriving at Gold Slope, because it was towing the new engine, and refunded half the price of each ticket to each passenger as compensation for the delay.

They coupled her behind the 15 spot, and then hooked onto the borrowed passenger car. Fortunately there was no freight today, and the two engines and the single car comprised the entire train.

A great crowd had gathered at the Junction City station. Movie camera men asked one of the boomers to say a few words. As usual, the job fell to Steve.

"She looks like she'll be exactly what we want," he said proudly. "But we'll be sure after we get her under steam. We hope to try her out within a day or two, and to assign her to regular service in a couple of weeks."

Then he added with a wink, mindful of the fact that the reels would be projected in movie houses far and wide:

"Further pictures will be shown next week. Don't miss the scenes of her first run!"

STEVE ran the 15 back to Gold Slope, while Brownie fired her. Red Stanley stationed himself in the cab of the 1000. The coach was packjammed with paying passengers, while the rods and tender ends were filled with hoboes.

Steve kept his speed down to around thirty-five miles an hour all the way. What with stops at each of the six stations along the line, it was more than two hours later when they grated to a stop at the Gold Slope station.

Jake had organized a welcoming celebration. When the train was more than a mile away the festivities started; by the time it was in town the noise was terrific. Everything from Thanksgiving Day leftovers to half the towns pots and pans joined in. It took Jake to arrange such a thing!

The boomers worked on her until early in the morning. They had to fit her main and side rods, fill her boiler with water, her tender with fuel, and fire her up. An hour later, when she was carrying fifty pounds of steam, they gave her a thorough inspection. Then they filled her lubricator, greased her up, tested her air and performed the hundred and one other odd jobs there are to do around an engine fresh from the shops.

Last of all, they tested her safety valves. Slowly, as they increased her oil supply, the quivering needle swept the face of the dial.

"This thing gives me the creeps," Brownie exclaimed. "Ten years ago I'd simply have collapsed if I'd watched a steam gage with the needle past the three hundred mark. And I still feel as though something's wrong."

But his feeling did not last long. Once past the 250-pound mark, the needle moved perceptibly. Only a few minutes later there was a feather of steam at the pop, and following it was a thunderous report as the steam spurted out against the roof of the engine house.

By the time they were completely finished with her it was almost 3:30 A.M. Brownie suggested that they run her out and try her that very night. Neither Steve, Jake nor Red objected, so the four of them mounted to her cab after kicking out the blocks and pulling up the smoke jack.

Steve was at the throttle. He flipped her headlight to dim, swung the reverse lever down in the corner, and laid his hand upon the throttle lever. Then he cautiously squeezed the latch. It clicked and came out of place. He cautiously moved it back. Her cylinder cocks hissing, the 1000 trembled ever so slightly and throbbed ahead.

Brownie cheered. Red grinned. Jake laughed. Then, slowly and steadily, the giant wheels of the engine began to turn. Her stack *wooshed* softly as her left piston completed its first stroke. Steve adjusted her throttle a fraction of an inch, but she responded to even so delicate a change. Majestically she stalked out of the house, her bright jacket reflecting the light of the full moon with a radiance only surpassed by the moon itself.

Slowly they glided by the darkened station and alongside the deserted street. Stealthily they moved her around the curves of the wye. Then they stopped.

"Well?" Steve wanted to know.

"Let's go on up the line," Brownie answered. "Afraid she'll break down?"

"I'm game," Stanley acquiesced.

"It is a noble idea," Jake assured them.

Steve did not reply. He leaned over and pulled back the cylinder cock lever, then reached for the throttle lever again. Gingerly, as though he were tinkering with the works of an expensive watch, Steve adjusted her to her run.

"After some of the engines I've handled in my day," he said, "and even after the Fifteen-spot, this engine is almost unbelievable. The accelerator of an automobile is no more sensitive than the throttle of this gal."

SO saying, Steve slipped the reverse lever back toward center and gradually opened the throttle wider. With a steadiness that was uncanny, without slipping her wheels, the 1000 bounded ahead. She picked up speed amazingly. Soon they were traveling more than forty and still accelerating.

"Let's take her down to Junction City and back," Brownie suggested. "She won't run hot. She's come all the way across the continent. Another hundred miles won't hurt her."

"With the permission of our super of motive power," Steve replied as he looked at Red Stanley.

"If the president and two vice presidents have no objection," Red came back dryly, "I see no reason why we shouldn't."

Steve gave the engine her head. As effortless as a bird in motion she raced on into the night.

The next day the 15-spot hauled the trains again, but the boomers definitely announced that three days later their new motive power would be put into service. On the same day, too, their fully reconditioned rolling stock would also take to the rails again.

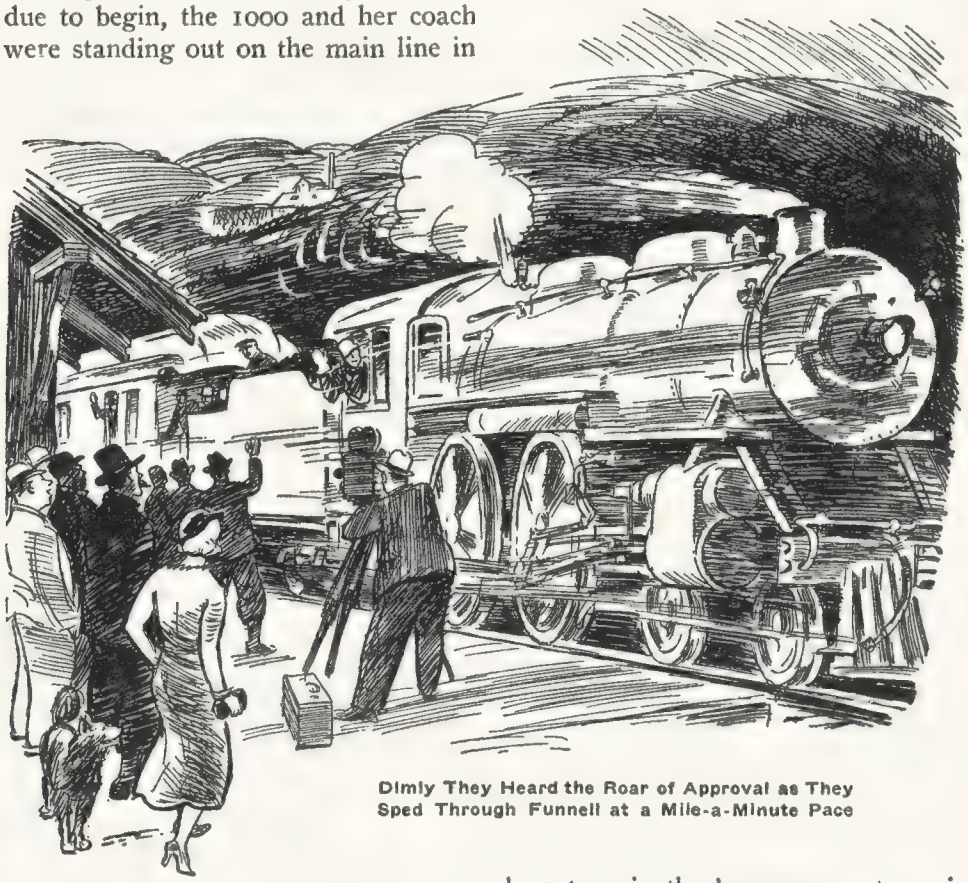
After what seemed two weeks, the

eventful morning dawned. No better day could have been picked. The air was clear and crisp, and the sun was shining brightly.

Long before the morning trip was due to begin, the 1000 and her coach were standing out on the main line in front of the station. The coach was a revelation. Everyone had thought it was going to be painted in silver, and the suspense of waiting to see her was dimmed by what each outsider regarded as a certainty.

Painted she was—but not in silver, or in white, or even in red. The boomers had done the logical thing. They had adorned her with a smooth, bright coat of gold! In her own right she was able to command any attention; behind the 1000 she positively blinded a spectator.

Reservations for the morning run to Junction City had been made weeks before. Even at that, the coach was crowded to capacity, and chairs had to be set up in the baggage car ten minutes before she was due to leave. Despite the outward noisiness of the send-off, there was the feeling in the air that old records would be broken this morning.



Dimly They Heard the Roar of Approval as They Sped Through Funnell at a Mile-a-Minute Pace

"By golly, it is wonderful!" Jake told Brownie and Steve three minutes before they were due to leave. "Everybody in town is down to the depot to see you off. Such spirit I have never seen."

Brownie was nervous and restless as the time grew short. Even Steve fidgeted as he waited for Jake's highball.

They compared watches for the tenth time and looked at the gages for the twentieth time.

When the highball came they were in their seats waiting. Just as the second hand of Jake's watch crossed the space between the fifty-ninth and the first divisions of its circle, Jake's voice boomed out and his hand flew up.

The 1000 leaped joyfully as Steve widened on her. Gaining speed with every turn of her enormous wheels, staying at fifty until she rounded the curve at the south end of town, she could not be restrained on the tangent track. By the time they had covered three miles she was running more than ninety miles an hour.

Brownie could not believe the speed recorder. Actually, the machine was riding easier at this rate than the 15 used to at sixty miles an hour!

NO stops had been scheduled for the trip. They would highball through each town as swiftly as circumstances would allow in their attempt to make a new record.

Steve hesitated to push her any harder until they reached the straight track south of Funnell. For five miles they maintained n i n e t y, and then dropped to sixty for the curves. But the engine took them so smoothly—they had been heavily banked a year ago, when they first started the mile-a-minute service—that he decided to try the next long one at a higher rate.

There was a six-mile tangent into Funnell, and Steve pushed her to ninety-five here before he shut off and drifted. They clattered through the town fourteen minutes after they had left Gold Slope—and Funnell was a good fifteen miles from home!

Dimly they heard the roar of welcome, approval and goodby all rolled into one vast shout as they passed through the hamlet at a mile-a-minute pace. Thirty seconds later Funnell was back in the distance.

"This baby sure picks up above sixty," Steve shouted. "If we wanted to, we could average eighty miles an hour and still slow down for every curve."

Out of Funnell he opened her wider than ever. This time she hit the hundred mark. Because the sight of the pointer on the right side of those three digits actually frightened him, Steve shut off.

Then he cursed himself and drew the lever back again. Gaining confidence in himself and his iron horse, he traveled faster than ever. The nine miles from Funnell to Dominion he covered in seven minutes and forty-five seconds.

He blared through town, into the long cut which led to Silver River Valley. Two miles later he applied the air for the first time on the trip. The train slowed to twenty-five for Silver Creek trestle. Once across it, he resumed the mad pace. Despite the slowdown for the bridge, he managed to cover the eleven miles to Speakes in nine and a half minutes.

On the four uphill miles to Summit the 1000 was not even inconvenienced, and she put them behind her in a trifle less than four minutes. All that remained was the eleven-mile stretch into Junction City.

"Now I'll push her!" Steve shouted.

"Go ahead!" Brownie urged him.

It was slightly down-grade the rest of the distance, and the 1000 needed little pushing. Here the curves were long and sweeping. Not once would it be necessary to travel under sixty-five. Most of the time, to tell the truth, he went far above that figure.

And because he knew he could bring her to a dead stop from a speed of eighty miles an hour in at least a mile, Steve let her ramble until he passed the last milepost.

Then he applied the brakes, and after that he shut off. Slowing as smoothly and easily as she had started, the train kicked up her heels and rolled to a halt amid a thunderous ovation.

Before the crowd had a chance to rush them to the places of honor, Brownie checked back on their time. They had made the fifty miles in exactly forty-three and a half minutes, or at an average of almost seventy miles an hour.

FOR a week or two, however, the boomers did not quicken their schedules. Before they did that they wanted to feel the engine out and to decide how fast they could run with safety on every mile of the route. In a few places they changed the pitch of the track to permit higher speeds around the curves, and in a few others they strengthened the shoulders of the embankment.

Then, one day, they made the upbound trip in forty minutes. As a result of this a new schedule was issued. Provided there were no intermediate stops, the morning train would leave Gold Slope at 8 A.M. and arrive at Junction City by 8.48. If there was a stop or two she might not pull in until 8.53. A similar schedule was set up for the return trip, as well as for the afternoon journey.

"If this isn't rendering service to the people of Junction County," Brownie told the editor of the *Telegraph,* "then I'll be hanged if I know the meaning of the word. I'll be frank, too, in saying that I don't see how any of the inhabitants of your fair town have the nerve to patronize that bozo Meadows."

The editor shrugged his shoulders. "Neither do I," he confessed.

Mike Meadows with his P.D.Q. Transportation Company was hardly a thorn in the side of the boomers. Thus far they had not felt to a distressing degree the effects from his competition.

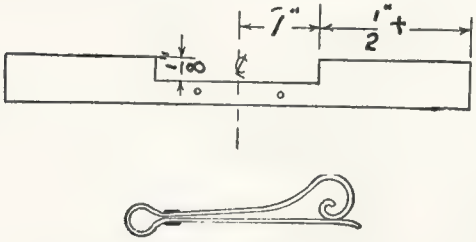
The only thing that kept Meadows going was the through business from other highway lines, and now that winter had come, this was falling off. The end came swiftly and dramatically. In a vain attempt to keep up his breakneck schedule over the icy highway, he skidded and overturned his bus. Fortunately neither he nor any of his passengers was killed. But the gas-chariot was a total wreck. The rest of his story is brief. The former detective had not made enough money to tide him over such a loss as this. What little good will he had was gone, and what little insurance he carried could not put him back on his feet.

"We feel sorry about it, of course," said Brownie, winking mischievously. "But Meadows was licked before he started. You can't beat the combination of a flanged steel wheel on a steel rail—and that's what the railroad is."

Easily Made Couplers and Trucks

By CHARLES G. CUNNINGHAM

THE axle boxes or journals shown here are too large for scale models, but were designed primarily for tinplate roads. By changing their size you can make these trucks near to scale, and they are simple to make! After completing the jig or pattern—which only takes a short time—they can be turned out rapidly.



Coupler in Flat Strip and the Finished Coupler

These couplers may be fitted on any type of car. The dimensions given for the car pictured in last month's article. Take a long strip of phosphor bronze or half-hard brass about 1/32" thick and bend the big circle in the shape shown on the drawing of the finished coupler. Perhaps the first few won't have the fancy curve, but your later ones will, as you acquire the knack.

After determining the length you desire the coupler to be, bend the back loop around a nail driven into a board. Hold the strip in position around this nail and touch a drop of solder right where the loop comes together. Don't solder all the way up the strip, for there will be no spring left.

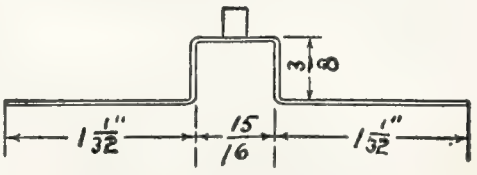
Snip off the other end just beyond the first loop and bend it out slightly. There is your almost finished coupler. Now, on some of the tinplate cars you will have to cut away part of the coupler to get it into place.

This may be done in either of two ways: (1) You may take all the strips and, using one as a pattern, compress them in a vise. File to suit your particular cars. (2) The other way is to drive a headless nail into a board and file the back part of the couplers down to the height of the coupler thickness you desire.

As for connecting these so that you may operate them with a release bar, construct your bar with a short piece of stiff wire projecting down and soldered to the top of the coupler. When this release bar is pushed down, it yanks the coupler down and slips it out of engagement. To engage again, just push the cars together.

The trucks need a jig before you can start production. Take a piece of wood about 4" long, ½" thick, and any convenient width. Test one side for levelness. Plane it, if necessary. A handy way to test wood to see if it is level is to take an ordinary straight-edge ruler and lay it along the wood with the edge down. Hold the wood with the edge of the ruler on it to the light. If you can see any light under the ruler edge, then that place is hollow.

Locate your axle centers on this wood. Drill two holes the exact size of pins which



Bolster for Standard-Gage Cars

will fit the axle holes in the journal boxes. Now drive two nails 5/16" either side of the horizontal axle center line. Do this for both axle boxes. This prevents the journals or axle boxes from turning when you assemble the strips that make up the rest of the truck.

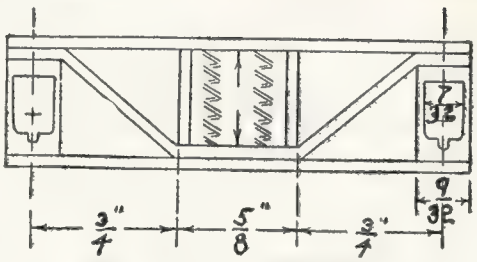
First make the journal boxes. Take a piece of brass or whatever metal is handy, ⅝" wide, 1" thick and any length to 3 inches. Cut the bar into pieces ¼" long. You will need two to a truck frame. Drill the holes for the axle size you are going to use. In the case of these trucks for standard gage, they will be 7/16" from the bottom edge.

After drilling them, file the door impression on one side. Put the completed journal boxes on the pegs, placing them between the two holding pegs. Now take some strip brass 1/16" thick and 3/16" wide. Spring the arched piece into place, using another nail at the bottom of the arch to hold it in place while you solder the top of the arch to the top of the journal boxes.

Now cut another piece from the same strip brass and solder this to the bottom of the journal boxes. Your third piece of strip brass is soldered onto the top of the arched brass which has been soldered to the tops of the journal boxes. In soldering this third piece, be careful not to unsolder the arched piece from the journal boxes.

Thus you have the skeleton of the truck frame, all being held in place by the simple jig which saves tempers and fingers from hot irons. Now cut two pieces to fit the middle of the truck. These are the vertical pieces. The springs are dummy and about 1/8" wide. They may be smaller or wider, depending upon what you have on hand. Use brass springs, if possible, as they solder very easily. There is your completed truck, except for the paint which usually is black.

Many of you will desire to fit this truck to other gages. You can easily do this if you use a little common sense. To figure the length of your truck, just find the axle centers and lay these out on paper.



Bar Frame Truck (Side View)

Then draw in your journal boxes and the frame freehand. Here, on paper, is the place to change the design to your heart's content.

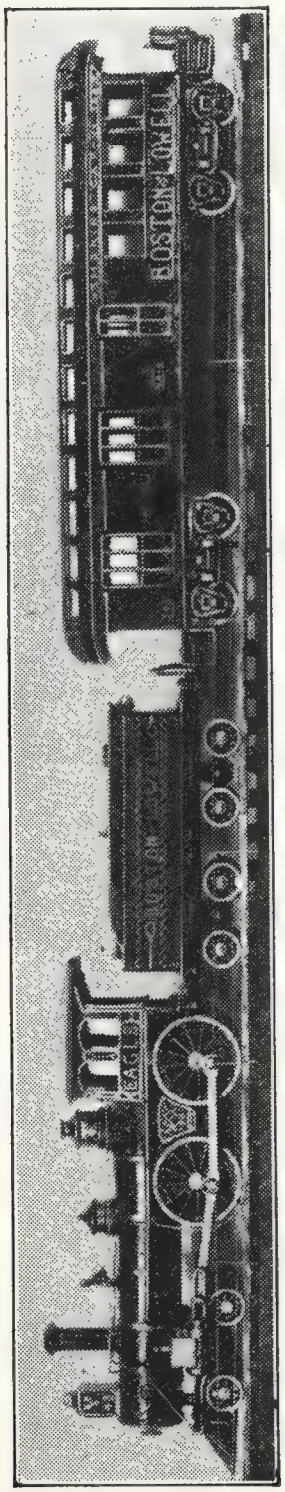
After you have a truck that looks correct for the wheel centers, lay out this truck on a jig similar to the one described. What if you are slightly off on the true scale model? The trucks that we are building are mostly for service, not so much for looks.

Every car will require a little different type of bolster than the one shown. The one in the drawing, with a few changes in height and width, will fit various cars. If you make many of these bolsters, you need a small press that should not take over an hour and some elbow grease to create.

Take a piece of brass, iron or sheet steel and file on edge flat. File into this edge for ⅜" plus the thickness of your metal, which in this case should be about 3/64" (if using these bolsters for other than standard gage, disregard the dimensions) and ⅜" wide plus the thickness of the metal. Now take a piece of metal similar to the one you have just been working on. File it just the opposite, so it will fit into your female piece, leaving the thickness of the metal you plan to use in your bolster as the only crack to be seen.

Place the flat strip on the edge of the female piece and put it into the vise with the male piece. Close the vise and your bolster will be formed. The round piece on the middle of the hump should be the same size as the pin in the original bolster.

Next month's article will tell you how to rebuild a tinplate caboose to make it look like a near scale model.



Rare Type of Old-Time Cast-Iron Model of B. & L. Train in the Possession of F. Wyman

Model Engineers and Clubs

NO charge is made for printing news of what the model builders and model clubs are doing. "Trading Post" items also are published free. But do not demand a steam-operated locomotive in exchange for tinplate equipment, as some readers have done. And do not expect anyone to give you good tinplate equipment in exchange for a lot of second-hand magazines.

When writing to any of the names listed here, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Or use a reply postal card, which is really two postal cards hinged together. These can be obtained at any post office for two cents. You write on one card, leaving the other blank. The fellow who receives your double card tears off the blank one and uses it to send a reply.

* * *

HAS any model fan a train that will beat this old-timer? (See photo.) The loco. consists of an 8-wheel Rhode Island engine built about 1880, 8-wheel tender and combination baggage and smoking car. The whole train is made of cast iron, painted green, and built to serve the same purpose as Lionel and Ives elec. trains of today. The wheels have no flanges and run in a grooved track. Principal dimensions are: Length overall 12¾ in., drivers 2½ in., track gage 2 in., and height 5¼ in. Car overall, 16¼ in.; height 5 in. and wheels dia. 1¼ in. Engine is green with gold trim. Wheel rims are done in aluminum paint, smokestack and box are black. The word "Eagle" is lettered on the cab, with No. 43 on headlight. Lettering on tender is "Boston & Lowell." There is another loco. like mine in the rooms of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society at Harvard University.—F. Wyman, 89 City Island Ave., N. Y. City. (Editor's note—Are there any more trains of this type in existence today?)

* * *

MY model railroad has 250 feet of track, 10 locos. and 60 cars. I need operators to help me run it.—Lucien Wellborn, Box 176, Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

I WISH to build S. P. Mallet, but don't know how to get started. Model makers, please write.—James Boynton, 4211 Howe St., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

I AM starting a model railroad with N.Y.N.H. and H.R.R. scenery from Boston to New Haven.—Harry DeLaria, Canton St., Dedham, Mass.

* * *

THE RAILROAD DIVISION of the Detroit Society of M. Engineers has 17 members. Meets every Thurs. evening. The club's pike is called The Detroit Union Railroad. Its equipt. consists of Penna. loco. P-5, 8 freight cars and 5 pass. cars. The members have under construction two Hudson type locos., one a live steamer—page L.B.S.C. and Joe Lozier—also C. & O. Mikado.—B. Shaw Redmon, 5251 Seebaldt Ave., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

VERNON VALLEY is the name of my railroad. I have hopper, poultry, reefer and flat cars ready to roll as soon as the Right of Way Dept. gets some track laid.—J. Griffin, 101 Douglas Drive, Toronto, Canada.

* * *

IN building my A.T. & S.F. loco. I used alarm clock screws and a wooden boiler covered with tin. The valve gear is an accurate working model. Cab contains seats and firebox door. Track gage is 1⅜ in.—A. Golding, 740 S. 12 St., Slaton, Texas.

* * *

I AM building a model railroad in ¼ in. scale, copying the Penna system.—Floyd Hunt, 121 Julia Ave., Ferguson, Mo.

* * *

THE 354 CLUB has been organized by W. S. Hofford to help model makers in OO or HO gage. The club has a booklet that is in loose-leaf style, which is passed around to all members. From the booklet the members may copy information and add such as they feel will help others. The club gets its name from the two scales, i.e.: 3.5 mm. and 4 mm. For information write W. Madlener, Room 1600, 90 John St., c/o Herbert Clough, Inc., N. Y. City, or W. S. Hofford, 451 S. Cela Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

I HAVE just completed a model of a subway car used on the Interborough Rapid Transit line in N. Y. City. It is 22 in. long, 4¼ in. high, and 3 in. wide. It has Lionel tracks with an Erector motor on one axle. It draws juice from an overhead system via a trolley pole. The speed is about 100 ft. in 40 seconds. The job took me about 12 weeks to complete. The lettering is Washington, Philipsburg & Eastern Interurban.—K. Merrill, 603 6th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

OVERLAND Central is the name of my railroad.—M. Shallenberger, 808 8th St. S., Fargo, N. Dak.

* * *

MY WORKING model of B. & O. 5200 series loco. cost about $5 and 5 years of spare time to build. She is ¾ in. scale.

Cylinders are made of babbitt with D valves. Cylinder bore is 1¼ in. by 1¾ in. Drivers also made of babbitt, with steel plates on the backs. Loco. is operated by compressed air.—Henry Sprague, Fairmount, North Dakota.

* * *

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY model railroad has 17 locos., all tinplate, over 200 feet of main line, and 100 feet of sidings. Visitors welcome. I'd like to start a model club here.—Ralph Traxler, Box 124, LaPlace, Ill.

* * *

TINPLATERS having trouble with light engines not pulling full tonnage might try putting adhesive tape on the treads of the drive wheels. If they are elec. locos., don't put any on the leading drives.—Robt. Wilson, Jr., 420 W. Pear St., Compton, Calif.

* * *

" HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH YOUR MODELS " (Aug. issue) interested me especially, as I've done quite a bit of model photography for builders who like the queer effects I achieve for them. If the model is almost perfect I photograph it from slightly below its center, creating an illusion of life size. Making the model fill—or even run out of—the picture also adds to this effect. Also, by using some sort of horizon or background (mountains or trees) out of focus the same effect is produced. Avoid shadows, however.

Another and more difficult trick is to include the model builder in the picture with his model. Sometimes I have him alongside the model, sometimes getting into it, etc. The art of this is to make a composite picture and copy it. Careful measurements must be taken to get the figure in proportion with the model. It's hard to describe all my tricks. The only way to learn is by experimenting with a ground-glass focusing camera and then do your own finishing.—James Baldwin, 25 S. Plum St., Media, Pa.

The Model Trading Post

Free Information Service

QUESTIONS about model railroading—either tinplate or scale equipment—will be answered free by mail by our technical staff, if you enclose stamped envelope. (Residents of Canada or any foreign land, send a loose stamp from your own country.)

I WANT O gage equipt. in exchange for army compass, carbide hunting lamp.—Chas. Bender, 3118 N. Darien St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE 2 pass., frt., Lionel locos., all strd. gage, to trade for camera.—J. Biewever, 3768 Mississippi St., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel strd. gage cars Nos. 112, 114, 116 and 514; also O gage locos. Nos. 258 and 262-E.—N. Brown, 94 Sylvester St., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

WILL trade my ¼ in. scale auto car castings for other ¼ in. scale items.—W. Cox, 747 N. Ridgewood Pl., Hollywood, Calif.

* * *

I HAVE many mechanical and fiction mags. to trade for O gage equipt. or typewriter.—Albert Dormio, 130 Mt. Pleasant St., Frostburg, Md.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for my violin? Would like model rolling stock.—J. C. Engle, 225 Easton Ave., Peoria, Ill.

* * *

MY Lionel strd. gage outfit in original boxes cost over $100. What am I offered?—Norman Falk, 44 Eckert Ave., Newark, N. J.

* * *

I DESIRE OO gage equipt. for my strd. gage Lionel train No. 400 E.—Paul Hartline, Laurel-Dale, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE O gage equipt., Lionel and Ives, to dispose of. Write for details.—Robt. Hooper, Jr., Malver and Bellona Aves., Ruxton, Md.

* * *

WANTED: ¼ in. scale Hudson or Pacific loco. with elec. drive.—Eugene LaVancil, 900 S. 35th St., Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

I WISH to trade my Lionel strd. gage equipt., loco. No. 258, cars Nos. 817-12, for loco. No. 3316 or 3115.—W. Mierick, 111 New Jersey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

HAVE complete set castings for ¼ in. scale loco. boiler. Want strd. gage equipt.—J. Morgan, 1404 E. 9th St., Cleveland, O.

I WANT Lionel hand switches, track or rolling stock. Will pay cash or trade.—Warren Nichols, 326 Parkville Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for my Ives elec. pass., frt. cars and track?—Leon Paresean, Jr., Box 138-B, N. Grafton, Mass.

* * *

I HAVE Erector motor, railroad scrapbook and mechanical mags to trade for mechanical reversible loco.—M. Raucher, 321 Georgia Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for my O gage equipt. locos. Nos. 259-E., 262-E., A.F. 3309, 3319, etc.?—Geo. Schneider, 101-68 130th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

* * *

I WANT photos of Penn. locos. Have model making magazines.—Jos. Stefan, 717 N. Glover St., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

I NEED strd. gage switches. I offer machining or casting work in exchange.—R. Trostle, 231 Walton Ave., Altoona, Pa.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for my OO gage equipt., Erector set, steam engines, etc.?—H. Walton, 1410 University Ave., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

I HAVE much Lionel O gage equipt. to trade for O gage equipt.—W. Wilkie, 88 Beekman Rd., Summit, N. J.

* * *

I WILL trade my Lionel No. 805 cars or 807 caboose for A.F. 8 or 6 wheel box cars. Canada only.—J. Aikman, 382 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, Que., Canada.

* * *

WANTED: Zephyr, No. 3000 A.F. mail, 3001 A.F. Pullman, 602 bagg., etc.—K. Dibble, 210 W. Jefferson St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

* * *

I DESIRE plans for O gage trolley cars.—Norman Falk, 44 Eckert Ave., Newark, N. J.

* * *

I WANT to trade my puzzle set, painting outfit, etc., for strd. or O gage loco. and cars.—G. Frye, 112 W. 11th St., Covington, Ky.

* * *

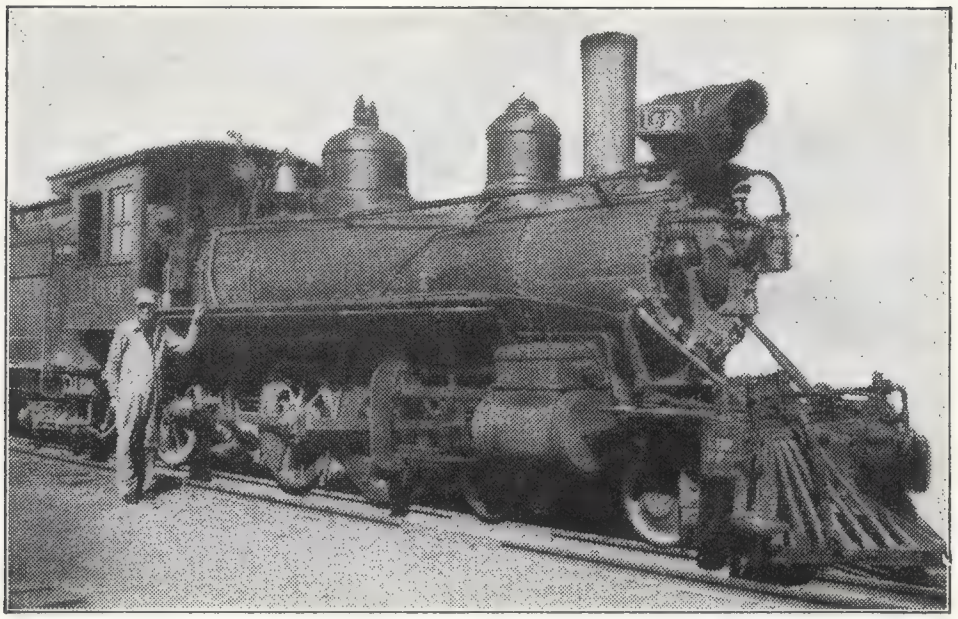
WANTED: ¼ in. scale equipt. rolling stock, track, etc.—W. Johnston, 129 Primrose Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

* * *

I'D like to hear from someone who has Penna. K-4 Pacific type chassis (wheels and frame) with or without motor, to trade or sell.—Albert Farrow, 132 10th St., S.E., Auburn, Wash.

* * *

I WANT to get in touch with owner of a steam-operated loco. about 1½ ft. long. Am disposing of O gage equipment, Lionel A transformer, 110 v. 60 cycle, 40 watts; multivolt transformer; Lionel steam type loco. No. 262, etc.—W. L. Greene, Smyrna, Ga.



D. & R.G.W. Engine No. 169 and Her Hogger, Lewis R. Lathrop (See Page 54)

On the Spot

NEXT month's front cover will bring us back to modern railroading. It shows a train racing a tornado on a Western prairie. Emmett Watson did some magnificent work on that painting, and he is staking his reputation on the fact that you readers will like it.

The month's leading story will be another Rud Randall novelette by the master of railroad fiction, E. S. Dellinger. It is called "Tornado."

Also in the November consist will be several carloads of short fiction from your favorite authors, a rare consignment of true tales and illustrated features, and the little old red caboose crammed to the cupola with six popular departments. There won't be an empty in the whole train!

The present make-up of RAILROAD STORIES is based upon the type of material which readers have been voting for in past issues. Everyone who sends us a "Reader's Choice" coupon clipped from page 143, or who makes a coupon of his own in a letter or card, is an advisory member of our editorial crew.

Votes from the August issue are still pouring in. Returns so far show the following line-up in order of popularity:

1—"When Destiny Calls," Dellinger
2—"Big Grain Rush," E. P. Kid
3—By the Light of the Lantern
4—On the Spot
5—"Bakehead Hennessey," Samples
6—"Wrecking Boss," White
7—International Engine Picture Club
8—"Horseshoes," Pugsley
9—"Van Horne," Carter
10—Locomotives of Great Northern
11—"Old Iron Horse," Martin
12—"Lazy Man," Frey

The Information Booth

Lackawanna Railroad

I WANT details of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western wreck near Hackettstown, N. J., on or about June 18, 1925.—JOSEPH BROWN, P. O. Box 528, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

AM I the youngest railroad worker in the U. S.? Have 3 years' rating at 21 years of age. My father, John H., has a B. & M. service record of 35 years as freight conductor without a mark against his name.—WALTER VAN HORNE, 146 Salem St., North Revere, Mass.

WABASH was the first to cut St. Louis-Chicago running time from 6½ to 5½ hours, though 25 minutes are lost running via Delmar Station and West Belt. This makes the Wabash the fastest in miles per hour of the 4 roads operating between the 2 cities. The schedule time between Edwardsville and Decatur, 90.6 miles, is an average of 66 m.p.h. As the speed limit is 70 m.p.h., the engineer has little leeway to make up lost time. The "Banner Blue" train is hauled by Pacifics painted a shiny dark blue and polished cylinder heads trimmed with gilt. The rods also are polished. She is the most outstanding train running out of St. Louis.—CARLISLE SCHADE, Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

WHO remembers collision of C. & A. First No. 11 and No. 8 at McLean, Ill., on March 29, 1901, when Engineer Joe Templeton was killed? I was night owl at McLean at the time.—GLENN WARD, Box 29, Plenty, Sask., Canada.

* * *

CAN anyone give particulars of wreck at Indianapolis, Oct. 31, 1903, in which 16 Purdue Univ. students were killed, and the injured included former Governor Leslie and Engineer David Shoemaker? Shoemaker never returned to his cab; he died at Greencastle, Ind., March 11, 1935.—GUS MACKENZIE, 4431 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

* * *

ASKING about a smashup on the C. G. W. at Green Mountain, Iowa.—DON HOLT, Luke Field, Honolulu, Hawaii.

* * *

WHO can give details on wreck of Jersey Central Philadelphia flyer at Ox Bow Curve west of Mauch Chunk in the early 1900's?—DONALD KERN, 604 Center St., East Mauch Chunk, Pa.

* * *

NEW HAVEN R. R. has large shops at Readville Mass. The yards there hold more than 200 unused locomotives, most of which are serviceable; the others are destined for the boneyard.—JOHN NORTON, JR., 60 Savin St., Roxbury, Mass.

* * *

EOLA, Ill., four miles east of Aurora, is Burlington's boneyard. In 1929 100 old-timers were stored there. Today there are none—all scrapped. —DONALD ANDREWS, 409 Main St., Chariton, Ill.

* * *

MOTHER HUBBARDS are thick in the Reading's locomotive graveyard at Modena, Pa. Engine picture fans could harvest a lot of good stuff there.—GRANVILLE THOMAS, 31 West Ave., Ocean City, N. J.

* * *

PUSHERS on Ohio roads hereafter must be placed in front of, instead of behind, cabooses, by order of State Utilities Commission. A few months ago a caboose collapsed under pressure of a pusher at Kile Station, causing death of 2 men.—WM. TEICHMAN, 2101 Grandin Rd., Cincinnati, O.

IN connection with Earle Davis' article, "The First Railroad Strike" (Aug. issue), the following may be of interest: The Norfolk County R. R. was chartered in 1847 to unite with Walpole R. R. and build from Dedham to Blackstone, 28 miles. First train, Walpole to Dedham, April 23, 1849. Original instructions from Supt. H. W. Nelson to Conductor J. J. Floyd for running this train are on exhibition in rooms of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Harvard Business School, Boston. Welcome Farnum, manufacturer, of Waterford, was behind this enterprise, which was simply an outlet for Blackstone Valley products. The Norfolk County R. R. was a loss to stockholders, including Mr. Farnum.

Boston & New York Central R. R. was formed in 1853 by consolidating the Midland, Southbridge & Blackstone incorporated but not built, and the Norfolk; total, 63.8 miles; opened in 1854. It was soon in financial difficulties and was not operated 1858 to 1864.—CHAS. E. FISHER, Pres. Ry. & Loco. Historical Soc., Inc., 6 Orkney Rd., Brookline, Mass.

* * *

FOREIGN rail fans, please write. Send me facts about your roads, also rail magazines, train orders, etc. I will send you the same.

Out in the Rocky Mts. is an old narrow-gage hog still snorting along with all she can haul, on the pilot of which I used to stand sanding the inside rail from a tin can. She is the sole survivor of a litter of 11 iron hogs. Our official engine picture fan, Roy Blackburn, is on her trail and we are hoping for the best.—JIM BULLARD, C. R. I. & P. conductor, caboose 18058, Eldon, Mo.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jim Bullard is a crackerjacker freight solicitor and is chairman of the business committee of train crews on the St. Louis-Kansas City Div. A photo of Jim on his famous caboose was the frontispiece of our May, '30, issue.)*

* * *

LANTERN Dept. said York Harbor & Beach R. R. had one locomotive. Portsmouth Old Rails say they never knew of an engine lettered "York Harbor & Beach," but that locomotives used there were from the B. & M. Does any reader know if Y. H. & B. No. 1 was ever in service and, if so, what became of her?—THEODORE DAY, 10 Lake View Ave., Beverly, Mass.

* * *

SPEAKING of steam roads on islands, I believe the U. S. Navy has one on Mare Island naval base in San Francisco Bay. Can any reader verify this?—J. E. SCHWARTZ, 2234 Jefferson Ave., Ogden, Utah.

* * *

ANOTHER island railroad is the Pittsburgh & Ohio Valley, 2.04 miles, listed by *The Official Guide* as "rendering general freight service." It is solely on Neville Island, Pa. Motive power, three 0-6-0's, last one built in 1931.—D. G. WALSH, 2111 East St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Section for Juice Fans

Ohio Public Service Co. Car No. 2, Now Retired from Service and Owned by W. Lupher Hay, 1803 Fulton Rd., N. W., Canton, O. The Car Stands on a Section of Track near Lakeside, O. This Picture Is Used on Mr. Hay's Personal Stationery, with the Slogan: "Prosperous Railroads and Trolley Lines Are Essential to a Prosperous Nation. Travel in Safety and Comfort by Street Car or Train."

JUICE lines are given too little space in RAILROAD STORIES, but there is no similar publication in the electric field, so the juice crowd reads R. R. S. and enjoys it immensely. But we'd appreciate more attention. Many readers would like to learn about the Electric Railroaders' Ass'n, a non-profit group consisting of employees and ex-employees of electric lines, also just plain "fans." We have buttons, booster stamps, special stationery, handsome membership certificates and pocket identification cards. For details write E. JAY QUINBY, Secretary, Electric Railroaders' Ass'n, 17 Longmeadow Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

* * *

THE first "stickers" to show a streamlined train were used by the Suburban Collector Club. These stamps were printed for their exhibit last April in the Riverside, Ill., Public Library. The design shows the Burlington Zephyr at the Riverside station. These are private stickers; not government. Belgium is about to issue a set of 15 stamps to celebrate the "Le Belge," first locomotive made in Belgium. The cheap stamps of the set will show a streamliner. The others show "Le Belge." —ROBERT WHITE, Drayton Plains, Mich.

* * *

NEW streamline interurban cars on the Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville line were put on to save the road from bankruptcy. Three substations converting high tension to low voltage trolley current have been made automatic, allowing 2 men to do the work formerly requiring 9. On July 15 fare was reduced to 1 cent a mile, which makes the rate between Gloversville and Schenectady 35 cents instead of $1. An intensive advertising campaign is under way.—ROBT. BEDFORD, 205 Prindle Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Motive Power Enthusiasts

LAST summer I took an engine-picture tour. Starting by auto with another member of the International Engine Picture Club one midnight from Newark, N. J., we reached the Emmitsburg R. R. in Maryland the following morning, took some pictures, then dashed on to Point of Rocks, Md., and snapped a B. & O. train. Then we followed a branch of the Southern from Warrenton to Orange, and the C. & O. to Staunton for the night. Next morning we made some fine C. & O. photos.

In the West Virginia hills we stumbled on an abandoned roundhouse, yard, rolling stock and 2 dilapidated narrow-gage locomotives. A man named Nicely told us about remains of Longdale Iron Co.'s railroad. Snug and dry in roundhouse was No. 2, which he used to run. We followed the C. & O. to White Sulphur Springs. Then cross lots to Princeton on the Virginian electrified zone. Then to Bluefield to N. & W. electrified. My friend turned back there, but I continued.

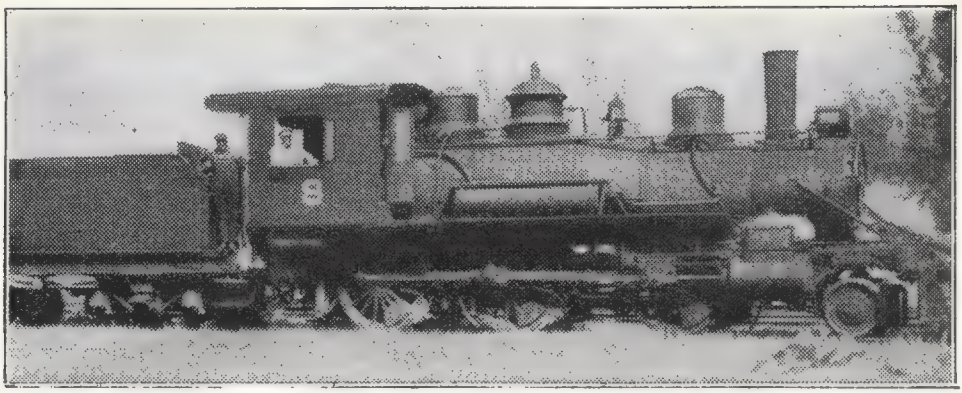
Determined to ride an electric, I walked 3 miles at night and boarded an empty coal drag. I got soaked in a storm, because the train was running too fast for me to unload. After that I walked 7 miles back to main line and got nice pictures at Williamson. Then took a passenger train to Columbus, interurban to Toledo and bus to Detroit. Got Grand Trunk station shots. Then bus to Bay City and night train to Gaylord, looking for B. C., G. & A. R. R. I saw the tracks but no trains, so I rode a truck to Boyne City. There I met Engineer Bill Standen and Fireman Ray Gaslinghouse, sole surviving crew of 20 on that little Michigan road. (See Photo.)

Then I took the P. R. R. to Mackinac, a ferry to St. Ignace, the D. S. S. & A. to Trout Lake, and the Soo Line, with wooden coaches hauled by a 4-4-0, to Manistique to see the M. & L. S. tri-weekly train. Then went from Gladstone to Escanaba for pictures of E. & L. S. power. Couldn't make the supt. and M. M. understand why anyone should want railroad photos. Finally I came home via Milwaukee and Chicago with slathers of interesting photos.—M. B. COOKE, 350 Princeton Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are always glad to print news of engine-picture tours conducted by members of the I. E. P. C., but we hereby assess Brother Cooke 10 brownies for using bus lines on part of his trip.)*

* * *

TAKING a Pennsy excursion train to Richmond, Va., a group of engine picture fans visited the S. A. L. roundhouse there and were courteously received while trying to take photos. We were permitted to view



No. 9, Boyne City, Gaylord & Alpena R.R. Engineer Bill Standen and Fireman Ray Gaslinghouse Are the Only Remaining Engine Crew on This Road, Which Once Had 20 Regular Engine Crews as Well as an Extra Board

the inside of the cab of one of the new 2-6-6-4 type locomotives, of which 5 were built by Baldwin this year. We wandered all over tracks of the S. A. L., the R. F. & P., the A. C. L. and the C. & O. without interference.

I want to get interlocking layouts of various roads, for which I offer in exchange the layout of the R. F. & P. from the roundhouse up to and including the loop at Broad St. station, giving switch and signal numbers.—W. E. HOFFMAN, 16 S. Highland Ave., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

WHILE in Maine recently I went considerably out of my way to take photos of the Sandy River Line, knowing that the little old narrow-gage pike was doomed to extinction. At the Farmington terminal I watched engine No. 3 highball from the station, slowly gather a moderate speed. Up the line a row of alders were growing alongside the right-of-way so close that they brushed against the side of the train, and when the rear platform of the last coach disappeared around the curve it seemed almost as if these green branches closed in to make a leafy bower, as though Nature herself were paying a tribute to the Sandy River Line's 55-odd years of glorious railroading.

In your Nov., '33, issue was a photo by Linwood Moody showing the wreck of No. 8 on the Wiscasset, Waterville & Farmington. This wreck, which occurred June 15, 1933, ended the career of that pike. In June, '35, I walked over the abandoned roadbed a mile from Whitefield station with my young son and took a picture of that same engine, still resting there over the river bank but now stripped of everything detachable, including even the cab window glass.

My son discovered that the old engine wasn't entirely deserted, for a robin had made a nest in one corner of the cab, just over the engineer's seat. In the nest were four sky-blue eggs.—J. W. LOMBARD, 93 Meadowbrook Rd., Fairfield, Conn.

* * *

H. G. MONROE (Aug. issue, page 132) misquotes me as saying that the "Little Tennesse's *tank* wheels were the old style with paper cores." What I told him was that the 4 leading *truck* wheels were of the paper core. Please print this, because I don't want my railroad friends laughing at me.—W. E. MILLER, care of Nassau Hotel Atlanta, Ga.

Our Own Almanac

CORRECTING our Aug. almanac: We are informed that L. F. Loree, president of the D. & H., was born April 23, 1858, *not* Aug. 23. Our original information came from the book "Who's Who in Railroading," published by Simmons-Boardman, so we have a good alibi.—EDITOR.

* * *

REGARDING Sept. almanac: Victoria and Australia's first steam train made its first run from Melbourne to Sandridge (now Port Melbourne) Sept. 13, 1854. Rides were free and the few coaches pulled by the tiny engine overflowed with passengers. Australians are proud of this train because its engine, made here after it was learned the locomotive ordered from overseas would not arrive in time, did valuable service for years; also because the carriages are still in service today as sleepers for workmen. The line at first was a private road, Melbourne & Hobson Bay Ry., but later was taken over by the government.—ROBERT REILLY, 316 Pt. Nepean Rd., North Brighton S-6, Victoria, Australia.

* * *

CORRECTING July almanac: "Old Betsy," the N. P.'s first locomotive, was standard gage, not narrow gage. Her original name was "Minnetonka." She was not called "Old Betsy" until sold to Polson Logging Co., Hoquiam, Wash., in 1895. She was one of 4 of the same type bought by the N. P. in 1870, the others being "Itaska," "St. Cloud" and "Ottertail." In their prime each could pull ten 10-ton cars between Carlson and Brainerd, Minn.—JOHN MICKELSON, 1136 Pacific St., St. Paul, Minn.

A Miscellaneous Carload

LINWOOD MOODY'S article, "The Narrow-Gage Roads of Maine" (Sept. issue), makes me think of the fact that 11 miles of the Rangeley Lake & Megantic R. R. were built to connect the Maine Central at Oquossoc with the Quebec Central at Megantic. In '33 this stretch was abandoned, leaving Kennebago without transportation. A bus company was organized to meet this lack; it fitted up a 20-passenger bus with flanged wheels to run on rails. Vibration proved to be excessive, so the chassis was replaced with a truck frame on 4 wheels, which made it O. K. Does anyone know of other abandoned roads used that way?—WM. SCHALLEK, 7 W. 81st St., N. Y. City.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *When a cloudburst put the Rio Grande Southern out of business in 1929, an auto chassis was mounted on flanged wheels to connect Ridgway with Telluride, Colo., 45 miles; giving mail, baggage, and passenger service.)*

* * *

OMIT swearing in railroad fiction.—W. E. JONES, 405 E. Second St., Lima, O.

* * *

"MUD RUN COLLISION" (July issue) interested me greatly, because my dad was the operator on the Lehigh Valley wreck train that cleaned up after the spill. At that time one of the cars of each wreck train contained a shack for an operator, who cut in on the wires whenever necessary. Stirring tales are told about the Susquehanna & New York with its steep grades and "S" curves. One time a long train broke away down the mountain. Engineer Lake followed in a new Baldwin, No. 108. On rounding a curve he and the fireman saw that a log car had taken out the bridge, and both jumped. The 108 made a nose dive into the gully that took both a Pennsy and a Lehigh Valley big hook to bring her out.—H. F. SPENCER, Endicott, N. Y.

* * *

FOR 10 years I boomed on many large roads and some small ones as op, agent, clerk, dispatcher. Shortest time on one road, 5 days. Longest, 4 years. Them was happy days. Perhaps some old boys would drop me a line.—CAPPY RICKS (now with N. & W.), Church Road, Va.

* * *

AS a clergyman I am on the lookout for material for my sermons. May I be permitted to use the outline of the story by James W. Earp, "Nothing but the Rules" (July issue), to illustrate a topic such as "The Fallacy of the Self-Made Man"? (Don't print my name.)—O. H. R., Alta., Canada.

* * *

TELL your authors to cut out the wrecks. Let's have real railroading.—DAVID DALZIEL, 333 Central Park West, N. Y. City.

* * *

I DISAGREE with those who say that RAILROAD STORIES contains objectionable language or that the covers are cheap-looking. Those guys don't know what they are talking about. Rail fans, please write.—CHAS. TANGUY (age 13), 240 College St., Hudson, O.

* * *

YOU print too many love stories. Make this a rail magazine. Omit the mush!—FLOYD OLSON, 1007 6th St., Ashland, Wis.

* * *

HAVE your authors run out of humor? Give us something besides The Engine Picture Kid's foolishness.—GARLAND PETERSON, 510 W. 37th St., Norfolk, Va.

* * *

LONG train mentioned in July issue was beaten by the Erie in 1914 with locomotive, 250 loaded 50-ton gondolas and dynamometer car. Length of train, 8,547 ft.; weight, 17,912 tons; average speed, 14 m.p.h., Binghamton-Susquehanna, 23 miles.—C. C. MADISON, 1510 S. 17th St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

I'D like to form a club exclusively for boys interested in railroading. Write, giving address and age.—FRED MILLER, JR., 1342 10th Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

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Foreign Rails

I DON'T know whether any American roads bother to mark up the home depot on their power, but it is a common practice here in Great Britain. Each road has a different system of marking.

An elaborate code system has just come into force on the London, Midland & Scottish. The marks consist of a figure and letter combination on small cast-iron plates, which are screwed in position at the bottom of the smoke-box door on L. M. S. locos. Each combination represents a different depot (or "shed," as they are usually called here). Every engine carries the mark of its home depot. It is a most useful system to crews and officials, especially in busy territory, as it enables them to see where a "foreign" engine belongs. Fans find it interesting.

The Germans also believe in the idea, but carry it into practice with Teutonic thoroughness. May, '32, RAILROAD STORIES printed a picture of the cab of a standard (heavy) 2-cyl. Pacific of the German State Ry. system. Beneath the number is a plate bearing "Rbd. Hannover," which indicates the engine belongs to the Hanover Division. You can also see the name "Hannover" on another little plate, lower down to the right of the engine number. The latter plate shows the engine's home depot.

Photo by A. M. D. Pender, 201 Red Lion Rd., Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey, England

This English Gal Is No. A49 of the London Passenger Transport Board, Formerly Metropolitan Ry. Built by Beyer-Peacock & Co. in 1889 and Originally Used in Underground Service. The Cab Is a Recent Addition

The marking of the division name has another use. In some cases it serves to identify the engine, being a necessary part of the engine number. The reason for this is found in the peculiar rostering system of the German State Railway. Each wheel type has been allotted a certain combination of figures as a prefix to the engine numbers, such as "01." for the standard heavy Pacific type shown in this picture; "18." for all 4-6-0 types, etc. This is used as part of the engine number, and every wheel type leads off afresh from ".001."

The standard types are still few enough in numbers to be ticked off in a straight series, thus "01.001." "01.002.," etc. With other categories, however, it is necessary to allot a block of numbers to each different pattern of engine in that category; thus with the 4-6-0 type, prefixed "18.", the first pattern of 4-6-0 might be allotted numbers "18.001." to "18.099.", the next design might run from "18.101." upward.

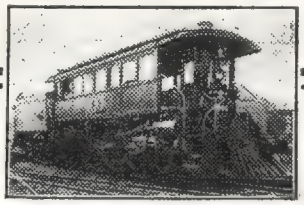
This is all right while there are fewer than 100 engines of a given pattern. What happens when there are 300 or more engines to be crammed into a series of 100 numbers? Just this, the engines of that class are numbered off from "18.001." (or whatever it may be) *on each division*, and there may chance to be a dozen "18.001.'s", in which case the division name identifies each particular engine.—HUGH WHITE, Liverpool, England.

Photo by Austin Corcoran, Allen State School, via Warwick, Queensland, Australia

Photo Taken from Car Window, Toowoomba-Brisbane Local, Queensland, Australia

* * *

WORLD'S longest submarine tunnel, diving under one of the great ocean highways, will be con-



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Georgia Railroad	**4-6-0 No. 62**
Chesapeake and Ohio	**4-6-0 No. 144**
Erie	**4-4-0 "E. B. Thomas"**
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POPULAR MECHANICS

structed soon to join the railway systems of the two most important and populous islands of the Japanese Empire, Honshu and Kyushu.

This tunnel, 6½ miles long, with one mile actually under the Straits of Shimonoseki, will permit trains to cross from Shimonoseki on the main island to Moji, the gateway to the prosperous industrial district of Northern Kyushu. Boring probably will begin in 1937. Total cost is expected to be about $5,000,000.

Japan's new "Comet" design train consists of 3 cars, each 19.76 meters long with 68 seats and standing room for 52. The motor is 8 cylinders, 150 horsepower. The center of gravity is far lower than in an ordinary train. The train is painted cobalt blue. It was designed to run between Tokio and Osaka at 130 kilometers an hour.—K. UCHIDA, Asaka ch. Hongi, Tokio, Japan.

* * *

IN connection with John Thomas's article, "The Great Railway Race" (Aug. issue), the following list of Norris locomotives from *The Engineer* (London, 1899) may be of interest: No. 12, "Washington"; No. 13, "Philadelphia"; No. 14, "Boston"; No. 15, "Baltimore"; No. 20, "President"; No. 31, "Niagara"; No. 32, "New York."

Will some one send information about locomotives of the East Kent and the Kent & Sussex railways?—C. W. MENDENHALL, 933 W. 60th St., Seattle, Wash.

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Stops falling hair, itching, dandruff. Only those who possess patience and persistence should reply. Free Circular—18 application jar, $5.00.
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Old Leg Trouble

HEALED WHILE WORKING

Congestion from VARICOSE VEINS, SWELLING, MILK LEG, or injuries cause itching, leg rash and most old leg ulcers. Viscose Home Method relieves pain, heals many sores or no cost for trial. Mention your trouble for a FREE BOOK

Dr. M. S. Clason Viscose Co.
140 N. Dearborn St. **Chicago, Ill.**

ECZEMA

is not a skin disease, says Dr. Hoermann, well-known Milwaukee Eczema specialist. If you have Eczema, salt rheum, weeping eczema, milk crust, scald head, moist tetter, write for book of little-known facts FREE. Also learn about Dr. Hoermann's simple home treament which has produced amazing results in his private practice. Address Dr. Rud. Hoermann, Inc., Suite 119, 2200 N. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

321 Miles for 5 Cents

HARRY COTTERELL'S letter (July "Spot" dept.) about a 79-mile trip on the N. Y. City subway-elevated lines for a nickel leads to the question of just how far one can travel on these lines for the lowly jitney. Needless to say, one can select a closed circuit wherein travel can be prolonged indefinitely.

However, for practical purposes a route can be selected whereby one can cover the entire system of both the B.-M. T. and the I. R. T. Such a route is given hereafter. All transfer points have been checked to assure that the directed transfer can be made without charge. The charge for the entire trip is 5c, but on its completion one cannot repeat the same trip without paying another fare.

Every station on the B.-M. T. is either visited or passed in transit except the stub terminal at Fulton Ferry. This terminal can be reached at certain times of the day by a detour from the Flatbush Ave. station of the Fulton St. line. The Culver line to Nassau St. runs week days only.

Every station but 5 stub terminals on the I. R. T. is visited or passed in transit. These stub terminals are the City Hall station of the East Side subway lines; the City Hall station of the East Side "El" lines; the Bronx Park station of the 3rd Ave. El; the Bronx Park station of the Lenox Ave. subway line; and the 147th St. terminal of the Lenox Ave. line. They may be visited by appropriate detours.

The trip can be shortened by omitting the side trips to terminals indicated by the tours which are indented in the following itinerary:

Drop nickel in turnstile at Park Row, Brooklyn Bridge station of B.-M.T.
Take B.-M.T. Brooklyn Bridge train to Sands St.
Change to B.-M.T. Lexington Ave. train to Eastern P'kway.
    Take Jamaica train to 168th St., Jamaica.
    Return on same train to Eastern P'kway.
Take B.-M.T. B'way Brooklyn train to Canal St.
Take B.-M.T. Sea Beach train to 59th St.
    Take 4th Ave. train to Fort Hamilton.
    Return same train to 59th St.
Resume B.-M.T. Sea Beach train to Coney Island.
Take B.-M.T. Br'ton Beach train to Prospect Pk.
    Continue Brighton train to DeKalb Ave.
    Take any bridge train to Canal St.
    Take any southbound train on Nassau loop to Chambers St.
    Take Culver subway train to DeKalb Ave.
    Take Brighton Beach train to Prospect Pk.
Take B.-M.T. shuttle train to Franklin Ave.
Take B.-M.T. Fulton El to Atlantic Ave.
Take B.-M.T. 14th St. train to Union Sq.
    Continue 14th St. to 8th Ave.
    Return on same train to Union Sq.
Take B.-M.T. Queens train to Queensboro Plaza.
Take B.-M.T. Astoria train to Beebe Ave.
    Continue Astoria train to Ditmars Ave.
    Transfer to I.R.T. train or remain on B.-M.T. train.
    Return to Beebe Ave. on any train or I.R.T. bridge train.
Take I.R.T. bridge train to 57th St.
Take I.R.T. 2nd Ave. El train to 129th St.
Take I.R.T. 3rd Ave. El to 149th and 3rd Ave.
Take I.R.T. Lenox Ave. train to 96th St.
    Take Broadway train to 242nd St.
    Return on same train to 96th St.
Continue I.R.T. West Side train to Times Sq.
Take I.R.T. shuttle to Grand Central.
Take I.R.T. Jerome Ave. train to 167th St.
Take I.R.T. 9th Ave El to 145th St. or 66th St.
Take I.R.T. 6th Ave. El to South Ferry.
Take I.R.T. 2nd Ave. El to 57th St.
Take I.R.T. bridge train to Queensboro Plaza.
Take I.R.T. subway train to Grand Central.

JOIN NOW!

NO DUES, NO INITIATION FEES—BUT WE DO WANT YOUR ENTHUSIASM

If you are a "Juice Booster" you should belong to the E. R. A. Buttons, Booster Stamps, Stationery, available for members. Handsome Membership Certificate for framing and Pocket Identification Card free to Members. Write to

E. JAY QUINBY, Secretary E. R. A.
17 Longmeadow Road, Yonkers, New York

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RAILROAD STORIES
280 Broadway, New York City

Reader's Choice

Stories, features and departments I like best in the October issue are:

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3.....
4.....
5.....
6.....
7.....

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Occupation.....

Address.....

SAVE ON TIRES

BUY NOW

GOOD YEAR

GOODRICH-FIRESTONE

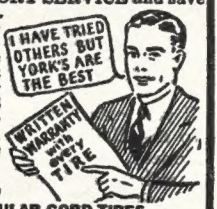
FISK-U.S.

AND OTHER MAKES

$2.15 29 x 4.40-21

$1.85 30 x 3½

Tire users throughout the United States declare that our standard brand, thoroughly repaired tires give them LONG, SATISFACTORY SERVICE and save them money. The vast business we do annually is evidence of the excellent values given our customers for 18 years. You can depend on our tires. Buy now — while prices are low.



Don't Delay—Order Today

BALLOON TIRES

Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	$2.15	$0.85
29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85
30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-16	3.75	1.45
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.35
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$1.85	$0.75	33x4½	$3.45	$1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4½	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	0.85	35x5	3.95	1.55
32x4½	3.35	1.15			

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES (High Pressure)

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$4.25	$1.95	36x6	$ 9.95	$3.95
33x5	3.75	1.45	34x7	10.95	3.95
34x5	4.25	2.00	38x7	10.95	3.95
32x6	7.95	2.75	36x8	12.45	4.25
			40x8	15.95	4.95

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
600-20	$3.75	$1.65	825-20	$8.95	$4.95
650-20	4.45	1.95	825-22	9.95	4.45
700-20	5.95	2.95	900-20	10.95	5.65
750-20	6.95	3.75	975-20	13.95	6.45

ALL OTHER SIZES

DEALERS WANTED

SEND ONLY $1.00 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered. ($4.00 on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C.O.D. Deduct 5 per cent if cash is sent in full with order. We reserve the right to substitute one brand for another when necessary. **ALL TUBES BRAND NEW —GUARANTEED.** Guard against price advances—**Order Now!** Any tire failing to give 9 months' service will be replaced at half price.

YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 2101-A
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

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Make Extra Money

New easy way to earn money taking orders from friends and others for new **Initial** Playing Cards. Also, many other smartly styled decks not shown in stores. Popular low prices. *Start earning at once.* Thousands of prospects near you. No experience needed. Men or women, write for sample outfit—**FREE.** General Card Co., 1201 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 129, Chicago, Ill.

HEAT 1½¢ Per Hour!

AMAZING INVENTION—New Radiant Heater. Burns 96% air. Makes its own gas. No piping. No installation. Gives roomful of clean, healthful, penetrating heat, like sunshine, for 1½ cents an hour. Hotter than gas or electricity, at 1-10th the cost. Easy to light and operate. No smoke. No soot or ashes. No odor. Portable—carry it anywhere. **Low priced.** Guaranteed.

AGENTS! Make big money. New easy plan. Write quick for territory and Outfit Offer!

30-DAYS' TRIAL

Liberal Offer. Try it 30 days at our expense. Write **at once** for special, introductory, low-price offer and no-risk trial opportunity. No obligation. Send **today.**

THE AKRON LAMP CO.
1150 **High Street, Akron, Ohio**

Take I.R.T. White Plains train to Gun Hill Rd.
Continue on same train to 241st St.
Return on same train to Gun Hill Rd.
Take I.R.T. shuttle to 3rd Ave. Fordham Rd.
Take I.R.T. 3rd Ave. El to South Ferry.
Take I.R.T. 9th Ave. El to 167th St.
Take Jerome Ave train to Woodlawn.
Return on same train to 167th St.
Take I.R.T. subway train to 125th St.
Take Pelham Bay train to end of line.
Return on same train to 125th St.
Take I.R.T. Lexington Ave. train to Bowling Green.
Take I.R.T. shuttle to South Ferry.
Take I.R.T. West Side line to Chambers St.
Take I.R.T. West Side line to Nevins St.
Continue West Side train to New Lots or Flatbush.
Return same train to Franklin Ave.
Take opposite train to Flatbush or New Lots
Return on same train to Nevins St.
Take I.R.T. Lexington Ave. train to Bowling Green.
Take I.R.T. shuttle to South Ferry.
Take I.R.T. West Side line to Times Sq.
Take I.R.T. Flushing train to Woodside Ave.
Continue on same train to Main St., Flushing.
Transfer to B.-M.T. or remain on I.R.T.
Return on any train to Woodside Ave.
Take B.-M.T. train to Queensboro Plaza.
Take B.-M.T. tunnel train to DeKalb Ave.
Take B.-M.T. West End train to Coney Island.
Take B.-M.T. Culver El train to 36th St. and 5th Ave.
Take 3rd Ave. El to 65th St., Bay Ridge.
Return on same train to 36th St. and 5th Ave.
Remain on B.-M.T. 5th Ave. El to Bridge St.
Take B.-M.T. Myrtle Ave. El to Wyckoff Ave.
Take Myrtle Ave. train to Metropolitan Ave.
Return on same train to Wyckoff Ave.
Take B.-M.T. Canarsie train to Atlantic Ave.
Continue on same train to Rockaway Ave.
Return on same train to Atlantic Ave.
Take Fulton St. El to Lefferts Ave.
Return on same train to Atlantic Ave.
Take B.-M.T. Fulton St. El to Park Row.
Detrain at Park Row, Brooklyn Bridge exit.

The actual running time with allowance for transfer time will take between 23 and 25 hours, which may be reduced somewhat by utilizing express trains wherever possible. Short transfer waits are averaged longer by the long transfer waits during the night. It is a tremendous amount of transportation for the price of a jitney. Here is the mileage:

	Miles
B.-M.T. first leg. Park Row to Astoria	
Between main transfer points	48.38
Loop trips to terminals	30.61
I.R.T. System—Astoria to Flushing	
Between main transfer points	106.90
Loop trips to terminals	67.67
B.-M.T. second leg. Flushing to Park Row	
Between main transfer points	43.10
Loop trips to terminals	24.93
Total miles for 5c	321.59
Both systems. Park Row entry to Park Row exit	
Between main transfer points	198.38
Loop trips to terminals	123.21

You will note a detour from the Bowling Green station of the East Side I. R. T. subway by way of South Ferry to the West Side I. R. T. subway. This transfer can be made only after 8 P.M. when the South Ferry trains of both systems pull in at the same station. Before 8 P.M. and some indefinite time in the early morning, the East Side subway South Ferry shuttle discharges at a separate station at South Ferry that has no free transfer to the West Side subway. In other words, it is necessary to time the trip so that the South Ferry transfer can be made during the hours when the single station is open at that point.—HUGO E. HANSER (consulting engineer), 40 Wall St., N. Y. City.

"Hi there, PIMPLY FACE!"

But soon . . . they changed this ugly nickname

TOM, I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST CAKES. PLEASE DO GIVE THEM—AND YOUR SKIN—A CHANCE!
OH, AW RIGHT, SIS—ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU QUIT NAGGING ABOUT IT.!

TWO WEEKS LATER
FOR THE LOVE O'MIKE—IF IT ISN'T OLD PIMPLY FACE—IN DISGUISE!
SURE AS I'M BORN—WHAT HAPPENED?? HAVE TO START CALLING YOU "HANDSOME" NOW!

Don't let adolescent pimples brand YOU with a hated nickname!

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons get into the blood and irritate the skin, making it break out in pimples.

But you can clear these skin irritants out of your blood—with Fleischmann's Yeast. Then the pimples disappear!

Eat 3 cakes a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!

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—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

OCT. 1935 RAILROAD STORIES 15¢

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies
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